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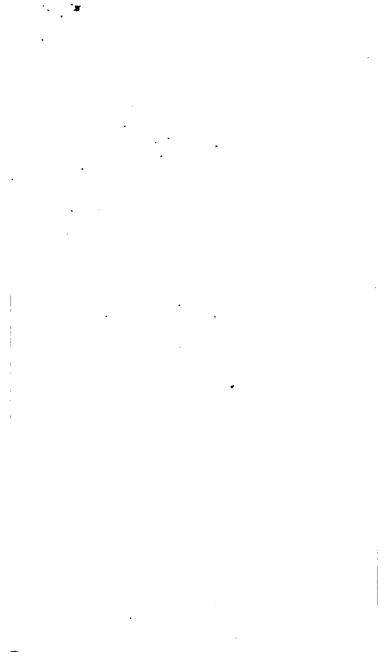


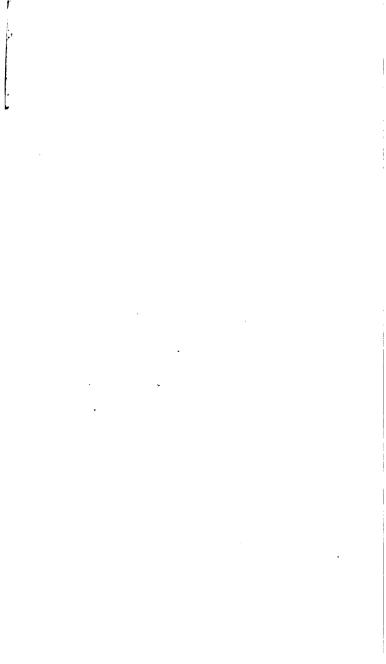
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THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR.

EDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

A happy new year to all our friends! We feel it to be a great cause of thankfulness that we are able to address our Readers once more at the beginning of a year, and that God has both spared life and has prospered our little periodical so far. "Hitherto," we may say, "hath the Lord helped us." Few publications of this sort have been so long before the public; and few (we have every reason to believe) have been so well received and so much blessed. It is not seldom that we receive testimonials of its usefulness; and often do friends write to beg that we will never give up. It is true that we have had some fears on this point; but we are thankful to be able to say (and we are sure that our Readers will be glad to hear it), that we have been increasing in the number of our supporters considerably of late. This is the main thing that must keep us going—the individual effort of our friends to increase our circulation, as old friends die off, and the excessive competition of new periodicals of the same sort, year after year presses upon us.

But, so long as God is pleased to continue the existence of the FRIENDLY VISITOR, the next great thing that we long for is, that He will bless it, and make it useful. Who can

tell where our pages are scattered in the course of the year? They find their way into the school and the cottage kitchen; into the poor man's sick room, and the servants' hall of the great house; into the prisoners' cell, and the drawing-room of many rich and great people. They go out to our soldiers abroad, and to our vast colonies of Canada and Australia. Who can tell the places which they visit, or the persons to whom they speak, all over the world?

Pray, then, dear Reader—pray for us, and remember us in your prayers; that God's Holy Spirit may be with us, may go out with us, and may use us as an efficient instrument for the gathering in of His eternal harvest. To know that we have many praying friends—this, indeed, will add not a little to the happiness of our labours this new year.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD." MARK XIV. 8.

(For the New Year.)

Comporting and cheering words for all those who wish to love and serve God, when we call to mind who the speaker of them was, and what was the occasion on which they were spoken. The speaker was Jesus Christ, who saw and knew the innermost thoughts; the occasion was that, when a poor woman who had been a great sinner, was reproved by the Pharisees for washing and anointing her Lord's feet. Now, in itself, her act was what in the world we should call nothing; and yet by the Searcher of all hearts she was pronounced to have done what she could. Of the great and mighty king Belshazzar, feasting amongst his courtiers, surrounded with luxury. and mighty in earthly pomp and grandeur, it was said in the midst of all this state and greatness, "Thou art weighed in the ba-

lance and found wanting." Whilst of the poor, erring Canaanitish woman, who was shunned and loathed of men, the Son of God said, "She hath done what she could." And though the outward act was small, it was accepted in His sight, because it proceeded from the heart of faith.

Now these are comforting words, because they show us that, to be acceptable in God's eyes, it is not necessary that we should work any great or mighty acts, but that the humble, penitent, faithful heart is what He prizes.

Amongst the multitudes who throng this earth, there are but few to whom it is given to shine as glorious lights; but we here see that, in order to be acknowledged by Christ, this is not necessary, and that, through His

infinite mercy, there are none who may not be accepted by Him. Let us but try and ascertain the one point, that "we have done what we could;" and, having ascertained that, let us rest patient and happy at our Lord's feet, always remembering that we are saved, not by any merits of our own, but by the blood of Jesus Christ; eternal life being the free gift of God.

The same spirit pervades all our Lord's teaching. Does He speak of charity? Whose gift represented so acceptable as the widow's mite? And, again, more strongly to enforce the value of the willing heart upon us, does He not say, that "whosoever giveth even a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord shall not lose his reward?" And, again, in all gifts he enjoins, "that there should be first a willing mind."

Now what season can call on us more closely to examine ourselves than at the close of one year, and the beginning of another? How far, then, may it be said of us, "She hath done what she could?" Remember, the examination must extend to all our lives. Look back on the past year, review the different talents entrusted to your charge, and ask yourselves how have you used them? Your influence (for all have some), has it been employed for God, or the devil? Have you tried, as far as in your power, to forward God's cause; or has your aim been to push on worldly interests and worldly motives? And remember, also, that if, without actually using your influence for the world, you have let it lie passive and inert,

it cannot be said of you, "She hath done what she could."

Your money, however small the portion entrusted to you may be—has the widow's mite ever been remembered here? Has the effort of your life been to "render unto God the things that are God's?" Your time—has the apostle's solemn injunction, "redeeming the time," been ever present in your mind, governing and arranging the disposal of it? In short, has God been present in all things; has your one aim and end been to live unto Him here, and with Him hereafter?

We must, indeed, all say and feel, "who is sufficient for these things?" but, thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, we may also, if we will, say, "I can do all things through Christ which

strengtheneth me."

The past year, with all its mercies, all its changes, all its joys or sorrows, is now gone; our opportunities in it are over. Let him, who is in God's power now striving to live to Him, remember, that "when we have done all, we are unprofitable servants: we have done but what was our duty to do; that without Christ we can do nothing; and that it is He alone who worketh in us both to will and to do. But let him go on in the Lord's strength, remembering who it is that has promised never to leave us nor forsake us; and has added this blessed assurance, that "if we be not weary in well-doing, in due season we shall reap;" and has also told us, that "a life of godliness is profitable to all men, both in this world, and in that which is to come."

To him who has not yet en-

tered as a labourer into His Lord's vineyard, I would say, "Oh, come and taste, and see, how gracious the Lord is; seek Him while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near; work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Oh! remember the Lord's parable of the barren fig-tree; how patiently, three separate times, our Lord visited it; but at the last the solemn order came, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

E. C.

"AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

WE often hear these words of our Lord quoted in reference to faith; but have we ever considered what the faith of a little child really is, and what our Lord meant when He said, "Except ye receive the kingdom of God as a little child, ye shall not enter therein?? Let me tell you a fact which came under my own notice. One of my little nephews, a child of three years old, had been guilty of telling a lie. He had been frequently punished for the same thing; so this time I showed him how he had sinned in the eyes of God, and begged of him to kneel down and ask for forgiveness, for Jesus Christ's sake. He immediately burst into tears; but, after a severe inward struggle, he consented to do as I wished. Not many moments after, he came and sat on my knee, and repeated (as he was very fond of doing) some hymns which his mamma had taught him, one verse of which ran

't Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell."

"Then, my darling," I said, "you cannot go to heaven when you die, unless your sins are all forgiven."

"But they ore, dear aunty," he replied, with earnestness.

"I fear not, dear," I continued; "you know you so often tell lies."

"Yes, they are," he again asserted; "I asked God just now to forgive them, and He has forgiven them, dear aunty," he repeated, with one of his sweetest smiles.

I pressed him to my bosom. I need not tell you how those simple words touched my heart, while I inwardly longed that I had more of this darling boy's perfect faith in God, who has said, "Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ve shall find; knock, and it shall be opened." often unbelief hides Jesus from the believer, clouds his happiness, and destroys the "perfect peace" which is promised to all whose minds are stayed on Him! My friends, do you take God at His word? Do you, when trials come—when you know not which way to turn-when you cannot move one foot—trust Him thus simply, and believe that He who has promised is "able also perform?"-that He will to

make darkness light before you, and crooked things straight, because He Himself has said so? Do you believe, when you come to God, that you will receive "whatsoever you ask in prayer, believing"? There is no limit to the promise, except what is implied in that one word, "believing." This is not a subject to be passed lightly by, for we

either honour or dishonour God when we make known our re-We honour quests unto Him. Him when we trust Him; we dishonour Him when we are of a "doubtful mind." Learn a lesson, then, from this little child: for truly it may be said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

THE PRAYER IN THE OLD OAK CHEST.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL R. was, from early life, accustomed to the sea. He commanded a merchant's ship that sailed from Philadelphia. After his marriage he again went to sea, and committed to writing, while in a highly devotional frame of mind, a prayer for the temporal and eternal happiness of his beloved wife and unborn babe. prayer, nearly filling a sheet of paper, was deposited, with his other writings, at the bottom of an old oak chest. The captain died before the completion of the voyage, in the year 1757, and his instruments, papers, etc., were returned to his wife. Finding they were generally what she could not understand, she locked up the chest for her babe (who proved to be a son) at some future time. At eighteen this son entered the army, and in 1775 marched for Boston. He gave the reins to his lusts, and for many years yielded to almost every temptation to sin. At length he was called to the death-bed of his mother, who gave him the key of his father's chest, which, however, he did not open, lest he should meet | with whom he lived entreated to

with something of a religious kind that should reprove his sins and harass his feelings. At length, in 1814, when in his fifty-sixth year, he determined to examine its whole contents. When he reached the bottom. he discovered a paper neatly folded and endorsed; prayer of Mitchell R. for blessings on his wife and child, August 23, 1757." He read it. The scene, the time, the place and circumstances under which it was written and put there, all rushed upon his mind, and overwhelmed him; for often had his widowed mother led him to the beach, and pointed to him the direction on the horizon where she had traced the last glimpse of flowing canvas that bore his father from her, never to return. He threw the contents back into the chest, folded up the prayer, and put it into the case, with his father's quadrant, locked up the chest, and determined never again to unlock it. But his father's prayer still haunted his imagination, and he could not forget it. At length his distress became extreme, and a person

know the cause. He looked on her with mildness, and replied, "I cannot tell you." This only increased her solicitude; he intreated her to withdraw; as she left the room, she cast an anxious and expressive look upon him, and he instantly called her back. He then, with all the feelings which an awakened guilty conscience could endure, told the cause of his agonies—his father's prayer found in the old chest.

She thought him deranged; his neighbours were called in to comfort him, but in vain. The prayer had inflicted a wound which the great Physician of souls only could heal. From that period he became an altered man, forsook every way of sin, united himself to the Church of Christ, set his slaves at liberty, and lived and died an humble, exemplary Christian.

THE DRUNKEN PARENT.

Take up the *Times*, or any other newspaper of any date, and read over the "Police Report." You will be almost sure to find accounts of some of the working classes, who have got into trouble through drinking.

A most affecting case is recorded in the London newspapers during the month of

May, in the past year.

A blacksmith, residing in Maiden-lane, Islington, left his forge, and went to the public house to have "a glass." One glass led to many more, and he became like a madman.

A more striking illustration of the sad effect of strong drink in destroying all the feelings of parental offection was perhaps never witnessed. On returning home, he had his little girl, two and a half years of age, with him. The poor thing began to cry. This enraged the drunken father. He shook and cursed the child in a manner too fearful to describe. No wonder that it cried still louder. He then seized the helpless little one by

her legs, and carried her for some distance with her head hanging down and dragging

upon the ground.

A lady and gentleman, who were passing, remonstrated with him, and he promised to use the child better. He had not, however, gone much further before he was heard to say, "I'll do for you," at the same time dashing the poor child's head against the railings of the house he was passing. Strange to say, no one dared to interfere, and the police were not within hearing.

He continued to drag the girl along the ground until he came to a brick-field, when he threw the child like a stone upon the ground, and then with all his weight rolled himself over its

feeble frame.

A policeman was now at hand, who took the drunkard into custody. Strange to say, the child was not dead. Her little bonnet and hair had got filled with earth and sand, and thus warded off the effects of the blows. Her wounds were

dressed, and by medical care and attention she was sufficiently recovered to appear at the police office on the following day.

When the man was asked by the magistrate what had induced him to treat his poor child with such cruelty, he replied, "I had been drinking, or I should not have done it." The magistrate would not inflict a fine, but sent him to prison.

Let this fact be a warning to working men. Keep on the right side of the public house, that is the outside. Touch not, taste not, those drinks which produce such fearful results.

PEARL FISHERS IN CEYLON.

It is said that in the island of Ceylon, the pearl fishers, when they have dived beneath the waves for their precious treasures, and gathered a large quantity of the pearl oysters, heap them together, and leave them to rot under the burning sun of that tropical climate, until the whole atmosphere around is poisoned with the loathsome effluvia of the corrupting mass.

And then, when the work of corruption has taken place, the fair and lustrous pearls are found loosened from their putrifying inclosures; and the most precious are eagerly collected, and are sold to gleam amongst the jewels of the great ones of the earth. What an emblem of death!

Jesus shall come and change this vile body. Then, this cor-

ruptible shall put on incorruption. Now the precious pearl, how hidden, how tarnished and sullied, while lying in the fleshly, corrupted nature! Even a holy Job could say, "I abhor myself." Even a holy Paul could only compare himself to a malefactor, with a loathsome dead corpse chained to his leg, leading him to exclaim, in his mental anguish, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But the hidden pearl shall soon be rescued from all the mass of corruption which lies upon it.

The full manifestation of the sons of God, purified from all the dross of evil nature, and far and for ever removed from the influences of the evil one—who can conceive this blessedness? W.

THE POINT WHERE INFIDELITY BREAKS DOWN.

Two English gentlemen, Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Weld, were overtaken with a storm on board a vessel on one of the American lakes. In the same vessel was Volney, the French atheist. The storm was violent, and the danger considerable. There were many female as well as male pag-

sengers on board, but no one exhibited such strong marks of fearful despair as Volney; throwing himself upon the deck, now imploring, now cursing the captain, and reminding him that he had engaged to carry him safe to his destination, vainly threatening in case anything should

happen. At last, however, as the probability of their being lost increased, he began loading all his pockets and every place he could think of with dollars, to the amount of some hundreds. and thus, as he thought, was preparing to swim for his life, should the expected wreck take place. Mr. Bancroft remonstrated with him on the folly of such acts, saying that he would sink like a piece of lead, with so much weight about him; and at length, as he became so very noisy and unsteady as to impede the management of the ship, pushed him down the hatchways. Volney soon came up again, having lightened himself of the dollars, and in the agony of his mind threw himself upon the deck, exclaiming, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, "Oh, my God! my God! what shall I do? what shall I do?" This so surprised Bancroft that he exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Volney, what-vou have a God now!" To which Volney replied, with the most trembling "Oh, yes! oh, yes!"

Ah! every infidel knows in his heart that there is a God:

and in danger he owns it.

OUR SIN, AND INDIA'S TROUBLES.

DEAR FRIENDS,—At a time like this, when all our thoughts have been occupied with the terrible and heart-rending accounts flowing into us of the sufferings of our beloved fellow-countrymen in India, the question naturally arises in our minds, what can we have done to call down upon us so awful a judgment? question has been repeatedly asked, and various have been the causes suggested amongst them. And perhaps the most likely to be correct, is, first, the fact that, notwithstanding the power and influence God has given us in that country, thereby giving us the means of placing his blessed Gospel in the hands of those benighted heathen, we not only neglected to do so, but actually promised that on no account would we attempt to Christianize, but would rather uphold them their pagan superstitions. Then, secondly, the living and conduct of the English in India told that the English in India

have been, generally speaking, of so godless and self-indulgent a character, as scarcely to warrant the expectation that it would be permitted long to continue so unchecked. Feeling these facts to be painfully true, we blame, and perhaps justly blame, those in authority who, as we believe, might have remedied these evils; and as our hearts are daily lacerated and torn by unheard-of atrocities, and as we cannot vent our indignation on these inhuman wretches themselves, we vent it in bitter words against those, whom we say might have prevented the sufferings.

But let us take care that, in condemning others, we are not writing bitter things against We must rememourselves. ber, a nation is made up of individuals. Then let us each ask ourselves, What have I done to avert this calamity? We are

have too often lived a godless, self-indulgent life; and have the English in England lived more godly lives? Speak, my reader. How do you live? Is it in the constant fear and love of Are you a faithful soldier of the cross, fighting manfully against evil both in your own soul and the world around you? Are you in earnest about religion, striving daily to live as not your own? Or, are you living in total forgetfulness of any or all of these things? Going to church, perhaps, on Sunday, as outward decency compels you, but from Monday morning to, it may be, late on Saturday evening, rushing madly into the world's gaieties, without a thought of your soul, of God, or of eternity? If this is your picture, my reader, do not condemn the English in India till you have "pulled the beam out of your own eye;" for believe me, it is your sin that has helped to bring this judgment on us.

And speak, my poor reader, you who have to work hard for your daily bread, have you nothing to do with this dire calamity? Though poor, you striving honestly and industriously to earn your daily pittance? bringing up your children in the fear and love of God, and hailing the Sabbath, not as a day of idle pleasure, but a day of bodily rest and soul refreshment? Or, do you live, denying (though, perhaps, not by words, yet by actions) that there is such a being as a God? Are your small earnings spent in the public-house and other worse places, while your wife and children are allowed to starve or

die? Is the Sunday nothing more than a day of extra pleasure or extra business for you? Then I tell you faithfully, "Thou art the man or woman that has helped to bring this curse on us." And, my fellow-Christians, who of us can say that we are exempt from this terrible accusation? No one! Would to God we could! It is a judgment on us for our negligence and apathy. We are not half awake, not half in earnest. We call the Government dilatory, and are we more active in spiritual matters? We call the sepoys faithless, ungrateful wretches, and are we less faithless and ungrateful to the King of kings! Oh, these are stirring times! Let us think of our responsibilities as God's people! We are the salt of the earth: where is our savour? We are a light set on a hill; how dimly do ' we shine! We are God's servants, placed here to do His work; how leisurely we do it! How easily satisfied with ourselves! We think it is a crying shame and great national sin that we have done nothing to evangelize India; and so it is. But what have we, as individuals, done towards remedying the evil? How sparingly have we given for the support of the little band of missionaries now out there? What have we done towards sending more? How few and cold have been our prayers for that idolatrous country! Oh, my brethren, with bitter shame and deep contrition we must hang our heads, and, self-accused, confess we have brought this judgment on our country!

But what now is to be done? Do not let us sit down in despair, weeping over the daily papers, as we feel what a share we have had in causing those troubles, and thinking there is nothing now to be done but patiently bear the trial. There is something to be done. We may yet avert much that, if we remain inactive, will come upon us. Did the prayers of one man ten times stay the hand of the And shall Almighty Avenger? the prayers of thousands, through the precious blood of Christ, avail less? No, dear friends, we can pray, and, oh, may it be our happy experience that the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much!"

But we can do still more; we can put our shoulder to the wheel and work. We have work to do in our own hearts vet: do not let us rest contented with a little growth in grace. But if we have a passion yet strong—if we have an unholy temper yet uncon-quered, oh, let us fight daily, hourly, unceasingly! Let us not give ourselves any rest till we have trampled the enemy under foot! We must be in earnest, dear friends; earnest to conquer, and earnest to watch when we have conquered, that the enemy does not rise again. Let personal holiness be the chief work of our life; and remember, we

must never rest satisfied till we are conformed to the *image* of Christ; till we have attained to the *fulness* of His stature.

Then there is work, also, in the world to be done. Let us not always be studying our own case, or even our own spiritual advantages and pleasures, while thousands round us are living in worse than heathenism! Do not let us condemn others for not doing for India what we ourselves neglect to do for those who are living round our doors, no better than they! And if we do these things, God may have mercy on us yet, and put an end our sufferings.

And you, rich worldling, and you, poor, depraved one, will you do nothing to put an end to this war? It may be you are even now weeping bitterly over the loss of a murdered friend. would be cruel, you say, to tell you that you could have been in any way the means of that dear one's death; and yet, deeply as I feel for you, I dare not shrink from honestly telling you, you have been intimately connected with it; and solemnly and earnestly I entreat you to turn and amend your ways, or you will daily be accumulating trouble for yourself in this life, and reap, as your reward, an eternity of misery in the next.

THE WEALTHY DRAPER AND THE BANKRUPT SABBATH-BREAKER.

Some few months ago, in company with a friend, I visited a large and flourishing market town in the north of England.

As we walked along one of the principal streets, we approached

an old building near the bank, in the pulling down of which a number of workmen were busily engaged. "Stop," said my friend, pointing to the building; "twenty years ago I was en-

gaged in that house as a draper's assistant. It was one of the largest, if not the largest, concerns in the county. My master was mayor of the place, had his country house, ran his carriage, had his livery servants, lived in great style, and was looked up to as one of the wealthiest men in the place. He died very suddenly. His affairs were found to be in a bankrupt state, and within a few weeks after his death the establishment was closed, and large posting bills announced the sale by auction of all the effects. The creditors lost many thousands of pounds, and his family were thrown on the world in a penniless condition."

"Tell me," I inquired, "how it was that his affairs got into

such a state?"

"There were, I think," replied my friend, "several causes which assisted in bringing about the downfall of this once stylish family; but the chief cause, I believe, was this-the man was a Sabbath-breaker." He usually spent the sacred day with his accounts and ledgers, and in drinking and card-playing.

have marked the history of not a few Sabbath-breaking masters, and have generally found that, sooner or later, they have had the Almighty's blight falling upon either themselves, their circumstances, or their families.''

"Do you know what became of your old master's family?" I

asked.

"I do not know what became of the daughters," was the reply, "but the last that I heard of the son—he who had been nursed in the lap of luxury—was that, after leading a career of iniquity, he was working in a gang of convicts, with a log chained to his leg!"

Reader, the above is far from a solitary case, and if you will carefully note the career of Sabbath-keeping and Sabbath-breaking men, you will find that there rests a curse on the one and a blessing on the other; for doth not the Scriptures say, " Blessed is the man that walketh in all the ways of my commandments, to do them," and "My Sabbaths they greatly polluted: then I said, I would pour out my fury upon them?"

IF YOUR SOUL WERE REQUIRED OF YOU, WHAT WOULD BECOME OF IT?

In one of the populous quarters of a foreign town, the colporteur was informed that illness had entered the dwelling of a workman, who is a man of intelligence, and with whom he had had several fruitless discussions on the subject of religion. went thither, and in one and the same bed he found the workman

and his little son, of whom he made a very idol. After some warm expressions of sympathy, the colporteur said to the sick man, "How very much I should like to be able to console you by the same means by which I find consolation in all my troubles." "With your Bible, I suppose, as usual! Why, you are always

singing the same song. Your Bible, indeed! Can your Bible cure my child?" "The Author of the Bible can do so most assuredly, should He find it good to do so, and if you pray to Him for it." "It is this Author, even according to your statement, which ascribes to Him all power here below, who is the cause of all the ills that trouble us." "And supposing that it should really prove that it is in order to give health to your soul that he afflicts your body" . . . "That is all pure nonsense. It is not, however, about myself that I am troubled, but about my child?" "Poor fellow! it is about yourself that I, on the contrary, am most concerned. God will have mercy on your child, should He have determined to take him to Himself: but what would He do to you, who so determinately reject the appeals which He addresses to you?" "Once again I tell you I am in no danger; I am not at all afraid!" "You are more than ill; you are dead. Yes, what do I say? spiritually dead, dead in your errors and sins. Dear friend, out of pity for yourself listen to the voice of Him who appeals to you, whose wish it is to give you more than Were your soul to be required of you, what would become These words, uttered slowly and solemnly, had an evident effect on the workman, who, without replying a single word, turned his face to the wall. this moment a neighbour entered for the purpose of tendering her services. She questioned him. but not a word could she get from him. Looking round she perceived the colporteur, and

seeing the Bible in his hand, she exclaimed, "Go away! what you have there tells me that you are a miscreant, nay, worse than that, a Protestant." "If you call me a Protestant, I can say, 'Yes;' but as to being a miscreant, I must answer, 'No.' Listen to what I believe." this the colporteur rehearsed his confession of faith by reading a number of passages of Scripture. Whilst he was reading, the workman turned himself round again, with an expression of countenance altogether changed; and when our friend ceased reading, the woman remarked in a mild tone of voice, "You are not. then, a heathen, as I thought you were, but a Christian." "I am but an unworthy disciple of Jesus Christ, though I feel that I can still say to Him, 'Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee.' "

In order to abridge the narrative, I will merely give the conclusion of it. The workman at length declared that he felt he had need of mercy and pardon; that the words, "If your soul were to be required of you," had overturned everything; and although the greater portion of the passages which were read to him from the Bible seemed still to be unintelligible to him, yet he had understood sufficient to convince him that he could no longer continue to live as he had lived; that he must now at any price become acquainted with God. and make his peace with Him. He bought a Bible, and with folded hands entreated the colporteur to come every day, if that were possible, to read the Scriptures to him.

THE BELIEVER'S REST.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."-HEB. iv. 9.

How bright are the prospects which open before the mind of the believer in Jesus, when by the eye of faith he is enabled to look beyond and above the trials, and sorrows, and perplexities of this mortal life, to that rest which remaineth for the people of God! But how little does the Christian ofttimes live up to his privileges in this respect. Instead of seeing him rejoicing in the mercies he now enjoys, and still more in those that are promised to him, by One whose promises can never fail, you see him grovelling, as it were, in the dust, sad and sorrowful, and it may be, almost ready to exclaim with the patriarch of old, "All these things are against me." And why is Is it not because he looks too much to himself and to the creature for support and comfort, instead of unto Him who is "the Brother born for adversity;" who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin? Did he, as the Psalmist enjoins us to do, "Cast," (or rather as it is in the original, "roll,") his burden on the Lord, we should see a happier, holier Christian; one who would show to the world around him, that there is a peace and joy in believing that the worldling knows not of. same grace that enabled St. Paul to rejoice in his tribulations, and to say that he reckoned that " the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," can enable you, also, dear reader, whatever your

sufferings and trials may be, to possess that peace which passeth understanding, and which no storms can disturb.

But let us, feebly as we may, look at some of the prospects which belong to those through faith and patience inherit the promises. And what is it to which the child of God looks forward with the most earnest longings? Is it not to see Him, whom not having seen, he loves? Is it not to be with Him who has redeemed his life from destruction, and made him an heir of glory? Jesus is precious to him now; but he longs, indeed, for the time when he shall see Him as He is, and when there shall be no more sin, and no more earth-born feelings and affections to draw him away from that allabsorbing, all-engrossing love. Ask the child of God, as his feet stand on the brink of the river of death, what is it that gives him the peace he now possesses, and enables him so calmly to leave all that he has so long loved on And will he not tell you, "Jesus, my Saviour, is with me; I now see Him through a glass, darkly, but soon I shall see Him face to face; the veil is being withdrawn; a few more struggles with this my earthly tabernacle, and mine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty."

Sweet is it, also, to the Christian to feel that there is a time not far distant (and it may be nearer than he thinks), when he shall lay aside this body in which he now so often groans, being

burdened, and when he shall stand complete in the image of his Saviour. There shall be no more sin there; Satan, the great enemy of his soul, shall have no power over him then, for there shall in no wise enter into that holy place anything that defileth. The trials that the Christian meets with are many and grievous; but what is it that causes him to be lowest in the dust? Is it not when he looks within himself, into the deep recesses of his own wicked, sinful heart, and sees how deeply he has offended against that loving Saviour, who has given Himself for him, the just for the unjust, to bring him to God? How does he look forward to that time, when he shall be clothed in the robe of Christ's righteousness, and shall serve Him day and night in His temple! Faint not, Christian! Soon will the last battle have been fought; soon will the race be run. and thou shalt hear the voice of thy God saying unto thee, "Come up hither;" and thou shalt join the company of the redeemed before the throne of the Lamb, to go no more out, but to be for ever with the Lord.

And is there anything else to which the Christian looks forward with delight, when contemplating that rest which is reserved in heaven for him? He feels that the presence of Jesus, and the freedom from sin, would, of themselves, form a heaven for him; yet still there is something that gives it a home aspect. He looks around him, and how many familiar faces does he miss, and finds they are not here! He must now tread the rough places of the world alone; they will

never rejoin him here; but he is enabled to look forward to the time when he shall meet them again, and enjoy with them the sunshine of Jehovah s smile.

It may be, dear reader, that the Lord is now dealing with you in this very way; that He is now emptying you, as it were, from vessel to vessel; that He is taking away first one prop, and then another, and thus leaving you, as regards those who have been your comfort and support, alone in the world. Oh, dean Christian! what is the reason or this? May it not be because you have loved them too fondly? God gave them to you to sweeten your path through this wilderness world, and you have abused that gift; instead of loving it in remembrance of Him who gave it, your love has been centred on it; and had not your heavenly Father in mercy taken that blessing from you, it might be that you would have wandered further and further from your He saw your danger, and, to draw your love more to Himself, He took from you those upon whom your heart's best affections were placed. Oh, how differently will you view this sorrow, as seen in the light of eternity; you will then know the reason for it which now you cannot trace; and you will learn how this and every other trial through which you have passed was needed, and how each one of them has been fitting and preparing you for that place which you shall be privileged to occupy in the temple of the Lord of Hosts. E. E. N.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

We are now advancing heavenward with accelerated rapidity; things are hastening to a conclusion with us. My dear wife had for some time been showing evident symptoms of decline, and, since we have been here, things have been more rapidly coming to a crisis. weak almost to inanity, and can scarcely speak; but her faith is strong, and she often says, "I long to be gone: I long to be in heaven;" though she is desirous that patience should have its perfect work in her, and that she should accomplish, as the hireling, her day. She says, "You cannot surely wish me to be here any longer, sufferer as I am." Indeed her loins are girt, and her light burning; her wings stretched out; and she only waits the word to be given, "Come up hither." For me, I go about exclaiming, Ob, the blessedness of faith! oh, the vital reality of Christianity! The Bible is true; God is our Father again in Christ; Christ is our Brother in the flesh, the glorious Conqueror of hell, and death, and the grave, who conquers for and in His people also; the Holy Spirit is a Comforter, indeed, who seals all glorious truths to our hearts, and confirms them in our experience; so that the Spirit does actually "bear witness with our spirit that we are the children of God;" and thus we have the best of evidences of its truth; for we have the witness in ourselves; and that I myself see is, after all, the best evidence that there is such a thing as sight! The Lord God carry us triumphantly through this last field; be on our right hand, and "make us more than conquerors through Him that loved us."—Memoir of Henry Budd.

The spiritual hand whereby we receive the sweet offer of our Saviour is Faith; which, in short, is no other than an affiance in the Mediator. Receive peace, and be happy; believe, and thou hast received. — Bishop Hall, 1640.

They whom privileges make languid may justly expect to find their privileges diminished. But they, on the contrary, who pray the more fervently as their privileges increase, will find, in every spiritual blessing, a germ of a brighter.—H. Melville.

Faith sucks the honey of contentment out of the hive of the promises. Christ is the vine; the promises are the clusters of grapes that grow upon this vine, and faith presseth out of them the sweet wine of contentment. I will show you but one cluster: "The Lord will give grace and glory."—Watson.

There are degrees of grace and degrees of faith. Those who have most faith and grace will have most happiness.—J. C. Ryle.

It is a mark of God's people that they are not of the world. They do not follow its fashions. They are not found among its pleasure-seekers. They do not amass its wealth. They do not work for its applause. They do not court or covet its friendship.

They have here no continuing city. Yet they are in the world. Christ's strongest sons can go with safety farthest in. safety of the weak must often consist in flight. The perfection of human life is, to be in the world solely for its good, and to

bring out of it none of its evil. Our Master had not even a home in it. Let our citizenship be in Heaven, where our Father's house is. Let our hearts be there, and then can we best be in the world, and yet not of the world.

THE DECEPTION OF POPERY.

Popery is a system of deception. Its followers are required to believe lies, and encouraged to speak them; a man is thought to be quite right if he tell an untruth, in order to screen himself, or to justify his Church. are told in 1 Timothy iv. 2, of those who speak "lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron."

I was visiting a poor woman the other day, a Romanist; and in the course of conversation, she told me that, since my last visit to her, her priest had been to see her, and that he had asked her if she had seen any Protestant visitor. "Well," said I, " of course,

vou told him I had been to see you?" "No," said the woman : "I told him I had seen none." "But," I replied, "does your religion teach you to tell a lie?" "Oh," said she, "he would have rowed me so." And I could not in the least induce her to believe that she had done wrong in telling an untruth. This poor, ignorant woman was only acting up to the principles of her priest. She has often told me that she believes everything that he tells her. She cannot read for herself: and as she considers him to be her spiritual guide, she thinks he must know better than herself. F. E. W.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

THE Rev. Dr. Hamlin, missionary at Constantinople, while recently in England, visited the Isle of Wight, to hold a public meeting in behalf of the Turkish Missions Aid Society. Having a leisure day, he improved it by going to Arreton, a small, quiet village in the interior of the island, in whose churchyard the "Dairyman's Daughter" was buried, making this "a place of pilgrimage to thousands from

path to her grave is hard trodden, and it is the only object which seems to be honoured and cherished, though the churchyard contains the sleeping dead of From many centuries. church he went about a mile to the dairyman's cottage, which he found very much as described in the narrative, and occupied by his descendants, still following the same business. He then went to Brading, where Legh many Christian lands." The Richmond commenced his ministry, and where the "Young Cottager" is buried, finding everywhere the descriptions of natural scenery given in those tracts perfectly fresh and accurate.

Mr. Hamlin adds a striking fact. "'The Dairyman's Daughter.'" he says, "was translated into Turkish by the Rev. Dr. Goodell many years since; and a copy presented by him to the Armenian church of Nicomedia. was the means of the conversion of the two priests, Der Herootiane and Der Vartones, both of them still our faithful helpers, bringing forth fruit in old age. From that beginning came the church of Nicomedia, and then Adabazar and Boghchejok. Here, in this secluded spot, in the Isle of Wight, sixty years ago, commenced a spiritual conflict in the heart of a poor and humble servant, the results of which are now spreading over the mountains and valleys of Bythnia.

Here dwelt, and preached, and prayed that man of God, whose tongue is silent in death, and yet in how many languages do they now publish salvation!"

Dr. Hamlin follows "the chain of second causes one link further back." In 1798, a vessel about to go to sea was detained by a change of wind, and came to anchor near this place. The Rev. Mr. Crabb, a chaplain, "with characteristic zeal, goes on shore, gets up a meeting, and preaches from the text, 'Be ye clothed with humility.' It was the message of God unto salvation to Elizabeth Wallbridge, the 'Dairyman's Daughter.' The wind fills the sails again, bears the chaplain away to India, and for many a year he knows not

"How wonderful and beautiful," continues Dr. Hamlin, "is the providence of God in the works of redeeming grace!"

but he has laboured in vain."

IMPORTANCE OF A TRACT.

A person belonging to the congregation of a respectable clergyman in the neighbourhood of London had been for some time confined by sickness, and had been reading a particular tract, from which he had received great benefit. An acquaintance visited him just at this period, and, from some hints that he dropped, appeared to be labouring under deep depression of mind. sick friend pointed to the tract lying on the table, in the perusal of which himself had been benefited, and requested him to sit down and read it to him. The visitor assented and had not proceeded far before his whole atten. tion became absorbed by the contents of the tract. read on, his heart became more and more affected; at length, unable to control his feelings, he burst into tears, and pulling a weapon of destruction out of his pocket, threw it upon the floor, exclaiming, "With that weapon I was just going to take away my own life, but thought I would first look in to see you once more before I committed the horrid deed. What I have now been reading has saved me."

Reader! are you a distributor of tracts? Let this affecting and interesting case encourage you liberally to scatter those silent yet powerful preachers of righte- | Christ for life and salvation.

ousness; and accompany your distribution with fervent prayer, that they may be the means of leading sinners to the Lord Jesus

Intelligence.

FATE OF MISSIONARIES IN INDIA. -It appears that many missionaries have been, and are still, in the most imminent danger from the Sepoy mutineers, and that eight or ten, at least, including four Baptist, have been cruelly massacred; namely, Mr. Mackay, Mrs. Thompson (widow of the late missionary), and her two daughters, Maylayat Ali, a native Christian, who was with Mr. Mackay, as also Mr. Roberts and his family, in Delhi. The Rev. Mr. Gregson, of Benares (late of Beverley), had been in imminent danger; but it is hoped his life had been spared. The details of these atrocities are from Silas Curtis, a native teacher employed by Mr. Mackay, who had himself narrowly escaped, and fled to Agra. He said he saw the dead body of Maylayat Ali lying on the road-side, hacked and mangled. His furious murderers hacked him leisurely with their swords, saying between each cut, "Now preach to us!" His two sons were also murdered. Mr. Mackay, it appears, on the outbreak of the mutiny, fled for refuge to a large house near his own, and he and some Europeans defended themselves for some time Their enraged enein the cellar. mies, not being able to get at them, obtained artillery, and battered the house to the ground. One of Mr. Mackay's servants reported that Mrs. Thompson and her eldest daughter were dead, and Grace, the youngest, was dying. names of the Rev. Messrs. Hubbard

and Sandy, of the Propagation Society, and the Rev. N. Jennings. Government chaplain at Delhi, and his daughter, are also among the dead.

THE BRITISH RESIDENT AND THE Indian Rajah. — Force of Ex-AMPLE.—One of our bishops, at a late missionary meeting, said:—
"The other day I met a gentleman connected with one of the highest families, who was a resident in India for thirty years. He told me, that, upon one occasion, the Rajah of Gwalior, the ancestor of that rajah who has stood so faithfully by us in the present mutinies, said to him, 'How is it that you English have so great a command over us?' His reply was, 'It is because you pray to an idol which can do no good to you, while we pray to the God of heaven, through his only Son, and our prayers are heard.' The man was still for a moment. At last he said, 'I believe you are right.' Mark how curiously you may trace the hand of God in this last outbreak. Why did that man's family remain faithful to us? I verily believe that it was mainly on ac count of the moral and religious influence which the resident obtained over that man's heart. had got to trust him implicitly The resident had helped him: recover a large debt, of which he had always despaired, and when it was paid it came home in bullock waggons, and the rajah sent to say that he had ordered a certain number, containing 400,000l., to stop at the resident's door, as his share. Of course the resident's answer was, 'I cannot take a single penny from you. What I have done I have done as a matter of right and justice.' The rajah said to him, 'What a fool you were not to take the money! Nobody would have known it. I should never have told it.' 'But,' said the resident, 'there is One who would have known it-the Eye that sleepeth not; and my own conscience would never have left me a moment's rest.' Upon which the rajah said, 'You English are a wonderful people! no Indian would have done When the resident was going away the rajah sent for him, and asked him for advice as to his future policy. 'I will give you this advice, said the resident; 'it is very likely that troublesome days will come-but don't be led away. It may appear as though the power of the Company was going to be swept away. Don't believe it; it never will be; and those who stand firm by the Company will in the end find that they have made the best choice.' The rajah's reply

was, 'I believe you are right;' and he transmitted that doctrine down to those who came after him. There, I believe, is the history of Gwalior remaining firm, when so many other princes have fallen from us, because Christian principles had been there brought to bear upon the rulers of that people."

Prayer Answered. — At Allahabad, a party of ladies and gentlemen were surrounded by the mob, who were afraid to come to close quarters. They had fled to the centre one of three bungalows, and resolved to make a stand. Having plundered one of the bungalows to windward, the wretches set it on fire, hoping to burn out the little party of refugees. the latter cried unto God. heat was becoming intense, when suddenly the wind changed, the smoke and flame were driven away from them, and they experienced The mob then immediate relief. fired the other bungalow; but again the wind changed, the fire burnt out without harming them; and at some sudden impulse the rioters fled, and left the fugitives to make their way into the fort unmolested.

Paetry.

WHAT IS POVERTY?

Is it that we possess no earthly store;
To stand neglected at the rich man's door;
To pass unheeded in a mean attire;
To take the humblest walk, nor dare look higher!—
This is not poverty.

To know that all who pass us idly by See in us nothing that can please the eye; Perhaps would rather shun us than advance, Or if, when noticed, know us not, perchance — This is not poverty. Though lorn our aspect, not so hard our fate; Though scann'd as nothing by the worldly great, With aspirations which to heaven ascend, Viewing above this earth a steadfast Friend— This is not poverty.

If in our hearts we feel a cheering glow,
Which gilds and animates where er we go;
If we possess a conscience void of guile.
If recognition dwell with us the while—
This is not poverty.

But should we glitter with the brightest gem
That might adora a monarch's diadem,
And 'mong the highest take the loftiest place,
And there add lustre, dignity, and grace;
To know that in our minds no place is given
For God—for Christ—not e'en a wish for heaven,
A beaming creature, with a thankless soul,
O'er which the world has absolute control;
Receiving all that heaven on man bestows,
And not adore the source from whence it flows—
This—this is poverty.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. To whom do "the secret things" belong? and to whom the "things which are revealed"?
- 2. Where are we told that "God tries the heart, and has pleasure in uprightness"?
- 3. Where are we told that "the ways of a man are before the Lord"?
 - 4. What is "the work" and "the effect" of righteousness?
 - 5. Where do we read of "idols in the heart"?
- 6. The presence of Jesus once caused trouble to some people, but He allayed it by "immediately talking with them." What did He say?
- 7. What distinction does Jesus make between His "servants" and His "friends"?
- 8. How does St. Paul describe "the life" which he "lived in the flesh"?

Answers to Questions of Last Month.

(1.) Gen. viii. 11. (2.) Acts viii. 27, etc. (3.) Joshua xiv. 6, etc. (4.) 2 Sam. vi. 6, etc. (5.) Acts xiv. 19, etc. (6.) 2 Chron. i. 16. (7.) Mark xvi. 42, etc. (8.) 1 Sam iv. 19, etc. (9.) 2 Kings xiv. 9. (10.) Gen. xvi. 15; xxi. 14, etc. (11.) Job i. 17.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR.

EDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

GOD'S PATIENCE.

There is no more wondrous subject than the patience of God. Think of the lapse of ages during which that patience has lasted—six thousand years!—think of the multitudes who have been the subjects of it—millions on millions, in successive climes and centuries! Think of the sins which have all that time been trying and wearying that patience—their number, their heinousness, their aggravation. The world's history is a consecutive history of iniquity—a length-ened provocation of the Almighty's forbearance. The Church, like a feeble ark, tossed on a mighty ocean of unbelief; and yet the world, with its cumberers, still spared! The cry of its sinful millions at this moment entering "the ears of the God of Sabaoth," and yet, for all this, His hand of mercy is stretched out still.

And who is this God of patience? It is the Almighty One, who could strike these millions down in a moment; who could, by a breath, annihilate the world; nay, who would require no positive or visible putting forth of His omnipotence to effect this, but simply to withdraw His sustaining arm!

Surely, of all the examples of the Almighty's power, there

is none more wondrous or amazing than "God's power over Himself." He is "slow to anger." "Judgment is His strange work." He "visits iniquity unto the third and fourth generations!" God bears for fifteen hundred years, from Moses to Joshua, with Israel's unbelief; and yet, as a devout writer remarks, "He speaks of it as but a day:" "All day long have I stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gain-saying people." What is the history of all this tenderness? "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord!"

WALK CAREFULLY.

More harm is done to the cause of Christ by the inconsistencies of professing Christians, than probably by all other causes combined. If there is one thing every Christian should aim to do, it is to set a good example, in little matters as well as great. "Let not your good be evil spoken of," says the apostle. And even if our good should be so done as not to give occasion for evil, how in all other matters should we aim to be consistent! Says a distinguished modern writer, "With what frightful prominence does this stand out in the answer-never-to-be- forgotten answer of an Indian chief -to the missionary who urged him to be a Christian! The plumed and painted savage drew himself up in the consciousness of superior rectitude, and with indignation quivering on his lip, and flashing in his eagle eye, replied, 'Christian lie! Christian cheat! Christian steal, drink, murder! Christian has robbed me of my lands and slain my tribe!adding, as he turned haughtily on his heel, 'the Devil Christian! I will be no Christian." Let such reflections teach us to be careful how we make a religious profession; but, having made it-cost what it may cost-to be careful in acting up to it.

THE CHRISTIAN'S COMFORT.

It is the grand comfort of a Christian to look often beyond all that he can possess or attain here; and as to answer others, when he is put to it concerning his hope, so to answer himself

concering all his present griefs and wants: I have a poor traveller's lot here, little friendship and many straits; but yet I may go cheerfully homewards,—for thither I shall come; and there I have riches and honour enough, -a palace and a crown abiding me. Here, nothing but depth calling unto depth, one calamity and trouble (as waves) following another; but I have a hope of that rest that remaineth for the people of God. I feel the infirmities of a mortal state; but my hopes of immortality content me under them. I find strong and cruel assaults of temptations breaking in upon me; but, for all that, I have assured hope of a full victory, and then of everlasting peace.

A WORD IN SEASON.

A FRIEND of mine was walking on the Hoe at Plymouth, when he saw at a little distance a sailor sitting and reading. On going up to him, he found he was reading his Bible. "Have you learnt to love that book?" said my friend. trust, Sir, I have, and to love that blessed Saviour of whom it tells. He is now all and everything to me." "And what led you to this happiness?" "Sir, I will tell you. I was a careless, ungodly fellow in the Crimea, and as I was swearing dreadfully, an officer passed me. He heard my horrid oaths, and stopped. 'Gently, poor fellow,' he said, 'think what you are about. Why thus insult your Maker, and ruin your poor soul for such a trifle?'

Much more he said, and in such a kind loving way that I He then could not get over it. gave me a tract, called 'The Sinner's Friend;' and if you will come with me to the barracks, Sir, I will show it you. I treasure it up as old gold.'"

My friend then asked if he knew who the officer was? "Yes, Sir," he said, "it was Captain Vicars, of the 97th. I did not belong to his regiment; but I shall have reason to bless God through all eternity, I trust that he had pity on me a poor thoughtless swearing sinner."

Oh, what an encouragement to abound in the work of the Lord.

HEAPING ON COALS.

A man had been in the habit | night he would go softly to the of stealing corn from his neigh- crib and fill his bag with the bour who was a Quaker. Every | ears that the good old Quaker's

toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile. This was very annoying, and must be stopped --- but how? Many a one would have said, "Take a gun, conceal vourself; take a gun, wait till he comes and fire." Others would have said, "Catch the villain, and have him sent to iail."

But the Quaker was not prepared to enter into any such severe measures. He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time bring about his reformation, if possible. So he fixed a sort of trap, close to the hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting

the corn.

The wicked neighbour proceeded on his unholy errand at the hour of midnight, with bag in hand. Unsuspectingly, he thrust his hand into the crib to seize an ear,-but lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it. In vain he tugged and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it the more secure. After a time the tumult in his breast measurably subsided. He gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping comfortably in their beds while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him. and his heavy eyes would fain have closed in slumber—but lo! there was no rest, no sleep for him: there he must stand and watch the progress of the night, at once desire and dread the return of the morning. Morning came at last, and the Quaker looked out of the window, and found he had "caught the man."

What was to be done? Some would say "Go out and give him a good cow-hiding just as he stands, and then release him: that'll cure him." But not so said the Quaker: such a course would have sent the man away embittered, muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started at once to the relief and punishment

of his prisoner.

"Good morning, friend," said. he, as he came within speaking distance. "How does thee do?"

The poor culprit made no answer, but burst into tears.

"O fie?" said the Quaker, as he proceeded to release him. "I'm sorry that thee has got thy hand fast. Thee put it in the wrong place, or it would not have been so.

The man looked crestfallen. and begging forgiveness hastily turned to make his retreat. "Stay," said his persecutor for he was now becoming such to the offender, who could have received a blow with much better grace than the kind words that were falling from the Qnaker's lips-"stay friend, thy bag is not filled. Thee

needs corn, or thee would not ! have taken so much pains to get it Come, let us fill it." And the poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag, while the good old man filled it, interspersing the exercises with the pleasantest conversation imaginable - all of which were like daggers in the heart of his chagrined and mortified victim. The bag was filled, the string tied, and the sufferer hoped soon to be out of the presence of his tor-mentor; but again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay!" said the Quaker, as the man was about to hurry off. having muttered once more hisapologies and thanks, "Stay! Ruth has breakfast ere this; thee must not think of going without breakfast. Come, Ruth

is calling!"

This was almost unendur-This was "heaping on coals" with a vengeance! In vain the mortified neighbour begged to be excused; in vain | him in his downward course.

he pleaded to be released from what would be to him a punishment ten times more severe than stripes and imprisonment. The Quaker was inexerable. and he was obliged to yield.

Breakfast over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim to shoulder the bag. "if thee needs any more corn, come in the daytime, and thee

shalt have it."

With what shame and remorse did that guilty man turn from the dwelling of the pious Quaker! Everybody is ready to say that he never again troubled the Quaker's corn crib. I have something still better to tell you. once repented and reformed, and my informant tells me that he afterwards heard him relate, in an experience-meeting, the substance of the story I have related, and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Quaker had pursued to arrest-

HAPPY NANCY.

THERE once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken-coop. a solitary woman. She was some thirty years of tended her little garden, knit and soun for a living. was known everywhere, from village to village, by the cognomen of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives; she was half blind, quite lame, and very her sunny smile.

crooked. There was no comeliness in her,—and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set His royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again!" would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"Ah! yes, I'm for ever at it. I don't know what people will think:" she would say with

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"Well! that's a fact; I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy; you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant rounding—what is the reason

your'e so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got nobody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks, like you, depend upon their families and houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children. they're always mighty afraid of trouble ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night, make my garden-things come up the same, season after season, he can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose-"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people so unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head. "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart—he'll do your a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right; we do take the demon of care, of distrust. of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and pet and cherish the ugly monster, till we assimilate to their likeness. canker every pleasure this gloomy fear of coming ill; we seldom trust that pleasures will enter, or hail them when Instead of that. they come. we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our misanthropy.

It would be better for us to imitate "Happy Nancy," and "never suppose." If you see cloud, don't suppose it's going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow.—do whatever your hands find to do, and there leave it. Be more childlike towards the great Father who created you; learn to confide in His wisdom, and not in your own; and, above all, wait till the "suppose" comes, and then "make the best of it." Depend upon it, the earth would seem an Eden, if you would follow "Happy Nancy's" rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.

MEMOIR OF A-S-

THE Lord does not leave Himself without witness that He is, as in the days of old, the Shepherd of Israel. Although His sheep are scattered upon the mountains of this evil world. yet we see the Great Shepherd of the sheep searching and finding them out. The same overruling providence that led the woman of Samaria to Jacob's well, and there, whilst she drank of its natural water. gave her also to drink of the living water,—Christ Jesus,led A—S—to the village of B----to procure the bread that perisheth; and there by an affliction laid her aside, and gave her of His own free and sovereign grace to eat of that "bread of life, which cometh down from heaven."

A---- S----, at the time of her death, was twenty-one years of age. She had always been a dutiful daughter; was brought up in the Sunday-school, and enjoyed the privilege of a godly parent. She was strictly moral; and in the eyes of the world, a good young woman. For the first three or four weeks of her illness she built herself up with hopes of shortly recovering: but at the end of this time her symptoms returned; and for the first time she felt that it was possible that her sickness might be unto She mentioned this to her nurse, who asked her if she would like to see any one to speak to her of her eternal interests; to which she readily consented.

A neighbour was called in, one who was always ready to speak a word for his Master, and found her labouring under deep convictions of sin, so that it was evident that before she had spoken to any one, God by his Spirit had been working in her heart. The day after this visit I was led to see her, and found her greatly distressed. For many days and nights she never slept, her conscience was so burdened with a sense of sin; night and day her prayer went up to God.—"God be merciful to me a sinner;" "Je sus, save me now!" Her Bible was constantly in her hands; and often during the night she would have her nurse to hold. the candle, whilst she read those. texts with which she had been made familiar at her Sunday-school, and which were now being applied with power to her heart. Her state at this time is minutely and strikingly portrayed by the Psalmist: "I cried unto Thee; save me, and I shall keep thy testimonies. I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word. Mine eyes prevented the night watches, that I might meditate in thy word." cxix. 146-148. How clearly her case shows, that a life however moral, and a name however good, in the sight of man, is, in the sight of God, altogether sinful: she saw and felt that all man's righteousness is only as filthy rags.

Nov. 9th. I found her much more able to see Christ as the

Saviour of sinners. As I spoke to her of Him, she said, "I hope I can say that Jesus is precious to my soul." I read to her Psa. xxifi.; and as I finished it, she said with much feeling, "He is my Shepherd,-it is unbelief that makes me doubt .---He will save me." From this time she was enabled to cast her soul entirely on Christ; and although often distressed by doubts and temptations (for she often used to say, "The old enemy comes and tempts yet whenever these me "), things assailed her, she directly turned to her Bible, and by the sword of the Spirit was enabled to quench the fiery darts of the wicked one.

Nov. 12th. I spoke to her searchingly to-day; and as I showed her the corruption of the heart, her faith was sorely tried. She cried, "What an unbelieving heart I have!" and tears of sorrow rolled down her cheeks. I then pointed her to Christ: and directly her countenance brightened as she said, "He is precious to my soul!" I asked her if she could wish it otherwise than it was; when with much sweetness, and with her face lit up with joy, she said, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Nov. 13th. She was thought to be in a dying state to-day, and when I saw her in the afternoon, I thought she would soon pass away from this world; but in going in late in the evening, I found she had rallied again. Her words to me as I approached her bed were, "Oh, I find Jesus to be so precious to my soul!" I quoted to her

Isa. xliii. 2, 3,—or rather, began to do so, for she took it up and finished it, and as she did so, said, "No, He will not let the fire kindle upon me!" Before leaving her, I said that many at the Hall bore her on their hearts at the throne of grace; and her countenance became sad and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she exclaimed. "What a stony heart! a stony heart! a stony heart! I have! they pray for me, and I never scarcely pray for myself." Still. I know that she had spent the whole of the previous night in prayer as she had done many others; so thoroughly did she see and feel what she did was nothing.

Nov. 14th. On asking her how she was to-day, she replied, "I do not feel so well this morning, I am so tried-I feel as though all my sins were placed upon me this morning." I spoke to her of Him who had borne the sins of His people. and read to her a verse of a hvmn which she loved. He was crucified for me!" she exclaimed; and, after a pause, added, "It is my poor faith that cannot believe;" and as I reminded her of the prayer of the lunatic's father, she took it up, and with much emphasis said, "Lord, I do believe, help my unbelief,-help my unbelief."

Nov. 17th. She had so much improved, that her doctor entertained strong hopes that she would recover. I told her what he had said; and she remarked, without being moved in the least, "I don't mind which way it is,—I am content either way."

Nov. 25th. Found her apparently much better again today; her heart seemed to overflow with gratitude for the refreshing sleep she had enjoyed during the night. She said to her nurse, as she composed herself for sleep on the previous evening, "I will go to sleep, nurse, and Jesus will take care And after having soundly, her slept waking words were, "Jesus has taken care of me." As I spoke to her of the safety of the believer, she repeated the following verse :

"Jesus protects; my fears begone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in His arms I lay me down,
His everlasting arms of love."

Dec. 16th. Found that her symptoms had returned with increased violence; she was in great suffering. I quite felt that her dissolution was drawing very near. I was led to speak to her as though she was already before the Throne. read Rev. vii. 15-17, and when I came to the name of "the Lamb," she said, "Bless His dear Name." Her nurse was much affected, but said she felt that A---- was ready, and had no need to fear. "I doubt it sometimes," she remarked. I then whispered in her ear. "Jesus never doubts." "No. He never alters;" she at once replied. I had often noticed that when anyone spoke of her own readiness or preparedness. that doubts arose: it was only when Christ was set forth that she could feel that all was well. I was often cheered to see the change wrought in her as she turned from views of self to look upon Christ.

This was the last interview I had with her; for at a quarter before twelve o'clock P.M. of this day she departed to be with Christ, and to realize the truth of her own remark, "The sweetest moment in my life will be that when I go to Jesus." The day was one of uninterrupted suffering, which continued to the last; but her faith remained unshaken. friend went in about two hours before she departed, and found her tossing with pain: he reminded her of a few of the eternal promises, upon which her faith laid hold; and upon these she was enabled to rely. and, although her sufferings did not abate, from this time she became composed, and remained so till she fell asleep with a favourite verse upon her lips:

"Oh remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.'

Oh the wonder-workingpower of grace which could enable one who a few weeks before was wedded to this world to leave all that was near and dear to her in it, and count it all loss so that she might win Christ!

That every one who may become acquainted with her case may have her dying prayer answered abundantly to their own souls, is the prayer of him who was privileged to witness the power of Christ manifested in her salvation.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

"THE GOD of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." Oh! what words of comfort and encouragement to the believer! St. Paul was addressing them to those who were the "Saints, and beloved of God." whose "obedience had come abroad unto all men;" and "whose faith was spoken of throughout all the world." These Roman converts were people upon whom religion had produced a wonderful effect; who were seeking in all things to glorify God; who were diligently labouring for Him. And yet they had a hard fight with sin and Satan to carry on and maintain; and St. Paul felt it necessary to encourage with these assuring words, "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet."

Though they had arrived at a very high state of Christian holiness, yet they were not entirely perfect—yet they had their foes to contend with. Oh! what an encouragement for all God's people! You may love much, and you may obey much; and yet, perhaps, you are mourning continually on account of indwelling sin-of and inconsistencies which distress and grieve you. You long for that time when your love and your obedience shall be perfect and unim-Well, be not discoupaired. "The God of peace raged! shall bruise Satan under your feet." But mark, it is to be done "shortly." Yes; you are yet to wait a little. God wills that you shall fight, and contend, and watch, and strive yet a little longer; but do not let this dismay or cast you The promise is sure. All that now grieves and harasses you, all that now makes you mourn and exclaim with St. Paul, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" all this shall shortly be trodden under your You shall yet be victorious over all; only wait the Lord's time. It shall be shortly." Meanwhile, go on watching and praying. member that you must expect Satan to assault you; your sonship with God does not secure you from his attacks: only you have a Father's ear to speak to—a Father's arm to lean upon—a Father's strength to assist you when they come upon you. With such a God to help you, you shall be victorious even in this world; and "shortly" the time shall come when your warfare shall cease. your fightings be over, and Satan shall be completely and entirely "bruised under your Yes, the Captain of feet." your salvation has pledged His word that it shall be so; therefore, believer go on,—fight now the good fight, patiently, perseveringly, looking unto Jesus the "Author and finisher of our faith."

A FEW WORDS TO ROMAN CATHOLICS.

1. It is a great fact that all the Protestant religion is in the Roman Catholic Bible, but none of the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion are in the Roman Catholic Bible.

Who, then, will remain a

Roman Catholic?

2. Can mortal man, who does not know your heart, forgive you?

"Who can forgive sins but God only?" Mark ii. 7. Roman

Catholic Bible.

Have you read in the Roman Catholic Bible, "Thou (Almighty God) only knowest the heart of all the children of men?" 1 Kings, viii. 39.

St. Peter preached thus, "By His (Christ's) name all receive remission of sins, who believe in Him." Acts x. 43, Roman

Catholic Bible.

And St. Paul likewise, "In Him (Christ) every one that believeth is justified." Acts xiii. 39, Roman Catholic Bible.

If the Son of God Himself does this for you, how can you need a sinful priest?

Think of this; be wise in time!

3. The Roman Catholic Bible does not contain: First,—Any Revelation from God. Second,—

Any Declaration from Christ. Third,—Any Epistle from an Apostle, which teaches the new doctrine of the Immaculate of the blessed Conception Virgin Mary: but the "Koran" of Mahomet does contain this doctrine, according to Jesuit Miracci (See Miracci on Alcoran, tom. ii. p. 112); it is, therefore, a Turkish, and not a Christian doctrine.

Roman Catholics, will you follow Mahomet's "Koran" instead of your own Bible?

4. St. Paul, St. James, St. Peter, St. John, and St. Jude, wrote twenty-one Epistles, inspired by the Holy Ghost, to the early Christians, teaching them whom to worship, and how to worship. How is it that the name of the blessed Virgin Mary is not once mentioned in any of their Epistles? Would this be the case if she were in any way to be worshipped?

The blessed Saviour Himself said, "It is written, the Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve." St. Matthew's Gospel, iv. 10.

"Douay Bible."

Reader, if you are a Roman Catholic, consider and weigh well these things.

A SHINING LIGHT.

Off the west coast of Scotland | one, which by reason of the lie the Hebrides. Among this | tides is more easily reached group of Islands, there is by night than by day. The

Government however have refused to erect any beacon to direct the mariners in coming thereto, and the consequence is that many are annually wrecked in the attempt. A poor widow has a cottage so located, that a light from her front window can be seen far off upon the water: and this light from month to month and year to year she punctually and invariably places there. Why? Because she once had a husband, who, in sight of the Island, was swallowed up by the waves: this moves her at her own expense to set that is in heaven."

lamp in the window of her cottage,-and it is said that its shining flame has saved the lives of hundreds. Sinners around us are exposed to a dreadful calamity: they are in danger of being dashed on rocks of destruction! Christian, what are you doing to save them? Is there any light of your kindling, by the aid of which they may be piloted into the harbour of salvation? "Let your light so shine," that it may accomplish this, save souls from death. and "glorify your Father which

THE FAITHFUL CATECHIST AND THE YOUNG OFFICER.

A SCENE FROM THE INDIAN MUTINY.

It is now twenty-five years since, in the accounts which Dr. Duff transmitted from Calcutta of the proceedings of the Scotch Mission in India, under his superintendence, mention was made of an interesting youth of the name of Goopenath Nundi, who, having been trained in the Mission School, had renounced Mohammedanism and embraced the Christian faith. There was something singularly striking in the circumstances then related about this young man. mind having been opened to receive the truth, every effort to make him swerve from it was fruitless. His companions jeered him, and his friends threatened to remove him from the Institution. At last their

conduct obliged him to leave his home, and to take refuge in the Mission-house, where he resolved to remain. Once, however, he was induced to pay a visit to his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached. On that occasion, all possible means were employed to persuade or to compel him to abandon Christianity, and return to his friends. His mother wept and entreated - his brothers endeavoured to coerce him—all his relations remonstrated and implored, but they could not prevail. He broke from them, and took his way to the Missionary Institution. Some members of his family followed on the road, striving anew, by a thousand motives and considerations, to persuade

him to return; and his mother hung upon his neck, appealing to the deepest feelings of his nature. At last he burst from her, crying out, with the strongest emotion, "O no, mother! no—I cannot stay!"

The impression made by the circumstances, of which this is a short and imperfect sketch from memory, led an excellent lady, who had a quick imagination as well as a clever pencil. to make a drawing of the supposed scene of this young man's final parting from his mother and his friends,-which we recollect sending to Dr. Duff at the time, in order to show him the impression which had been made upon some minds home by the history of Goopenath Nundi. When Dr. Duff was last at home, we made special inquiry as to the after course of the young convert. His account of him was highly satisfactory, giving the pleasing assurance that he had continued steadfast in the faith. and was employed as a Catechist at a western station in Bengal, where he was rendering himself most useful in his own sphere, and promoting the great ends of the Christian mission.

Of this young man we have often since thought, but we never heard anything further, until a few days ago, when perusing some of the letters which have been published, containing an account of the scenes consequent upon what we consider the most formidable and extensive mutiny which has occurred in the history of the world. In these

letters—" written both within and without, with lamentations and mourning and woe,"— we found mention made of the person (we do not think we can be mistaken as to his identity) who long ago thus peculiarly arrested our attention.

The 6th regiment of Bengal infantry mutinied at Allahabad, and murdered many of their officers. Among the few that escaped was a Mr. A. M. Cheek (son of Oswald Cheek, Esq., of Evesham), a youth only sixteen years of age. He was desperately wounded, but contrived to escape from his cruel assailants, and to make his way to a ravine near the Ganges; where, almost without food, his life was preserved for four days and nights, he raising himself with difficulty into a tree for preservation from the jackalls. On the fifth day, however, he was discovered in a dving state, and dragged by the cruel Sepoys, more ferocious than the beasts of prey, to the headquarters of their leader, to receive sentence. There he found another prisoner, who was no other than Goopenath Nundi, described as a Christian catechist, and formerly a Mohammedan, - whom his expected executioners were tormenting. in order to terrify him into a recantation of his faith and a return to Islamism. Observing this, young Cheek addressed him, "O Padre, Padre! do not denv the Lord Jesus!" this moment, the alarm of a sudden attack by Colonel Neill and the Madras Fusileers caused the instant flight of the

murderous fanatics. The cate- 1 chist's life was saved, but the young officer entered into his rest. Before his death, however, it would appear, from the account, that Goopenath Nundi had showed him great kindness. Ere he was forcibly separated from him by some of the merciless Mohammedans, he had endeavoured to procure him some milk to assuage his thirst, had conducted worship with him and some other Christians who were present, and declared his faith before his scoffing persecutors, until they put his feet fast in the stocks. No further particulars are given; but enough is related to prove that this good catechist, in very awful circumstances. was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. "Every plant," said our Lord, "which my heavenly Father has not planted shall be rooted up." Goopenath was not of those who, because they have no root, wither away: but he appears to have brought

forth good fruit in the season of trial and of terror.

There is much ground also for hoping and being assured, that young Cheek had obtained mercy of the Lord Jesus, to whom he exhorted his survivor to adhere, whom he found to be the all-sufficient Saviour during his terrible sufferings, and in whom he triumphed at the moment of his departure.

When that blessed Gospel. which is "the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth," with all its enlightening and civilizing influences. has penetrated and pervaded the dominions of Great Britain in India, and when our rulers shall seek to hold our possessions there, not merely for worldly gain and aggrandizement, but primarily for those higher and nobler purposes for which that vast empire has been subjected to our powerthen, and not till then, shall our hold of it be secure, and these terrible calamities shall pass away.

FALSE DIGNITY.

Some years ago a young lady, who was going into a northern county, took a seat in a stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as governess for the grand-children of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid-day the coach stopped

at an inn, where dinner was provided, and she alighted, and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed and sat down also. The young lady arose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, "Here is an outside passenger: I cannot dine with an outside passenger." The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon, Madam; I can go into another room;" and immediately retired. The coach soon after-

course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the aged outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered. "As soon as we have attended to his Lordship, we will come to you." A few words of explanation ensued; and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearance that evening was more than pretence. The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night to danger of false dignity.

wards resumed its onward pass thus," said he to the countess; "you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bedtime." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced,—assuring her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions. He refused to accept any apology that did not go the length acknowledging that the thought was wrong; and when the right impression appeared to be produced, generously gave her his hand. Was not this at once noble and Christian?

Young persons especially may here learn a lesson: highflown notions are seldom productive of advantage,-but on the contrary, as in the case above cited, may lead such unguarded and self-deceived individuals to be tray their folly, and incur blame, while a modest and unassuming demeanour might ensure proper consideration and respect from those who are placed in superior positions, and serve to guard against the

RELIGIOUS DEPRESSION.

THE best way to dispel the fears of our personal safety, is to labour for the salvation of Professed Christians often get into a morbid state of mind about their religious prospects: they are afraid they shall not be saved. Perhaps they will not: if that is their chief anxiety, they do not deserve to be. It is very selfish

always to be thinking about. their own future happiness: and in their terrible fears they are paying the just penalty of. their low ambition. But let them go out of themselves, and try to secure the salvation of others, and all their fears Then they are are gone. doing God's work, and they have no doubt of His love.

A MOTHER'S FAITH.

A VENERABLE old lady, who all your children are conlooked serenely happy, was asked if her children were

converted.

"Yes," she replied, "all my children are members of the Church of Jesus. Two of my sons, who were converted when they were fourteen years old, are just where they ought to be,—ministers of Christ."

"It must be very cheering to you, madam, to know that

verted," remarked her friend.
"Yes," she replied, while a.

beautiful and heavenly smile played round her lips ;- "yes : but I always had faith in the

promises."

you such Parents. have faith? Children, have you gladdened the hearts of your parents by giving yourselves to Christ?

HOW TO LIVE IN PEACE.

1. MIND your own business. 2. Keep your tongue from

evil.

3. Do not contend for every trifle, whether it be matter of right or opinion.

4. If others neglect their duty to you, be sure that you perform yours to them.

render railing for railing, is to return sin for sin.

5. Make your enemy see and feel your love to him.

6. Beg of God for universal charity.

7. Be humble.

8. By faith wait for the pro-To | vidence of God.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

PROBABLY in no part of God's dealings with His people is the perfection of His work more apparent — His wisdom, love, and power, more clearly seen than in fitting them for the exact niche in life He had preordained them to fill. And it is no slight mercy for the Christian to have a clear, unmistakeable perception of the Lord's mind concerning this matter; and then, be his mission lowly or exalted, his post of duty one of honour or

humiliation, to have grace vouchsafed, cheerfully to acquiesce, and promptly to obey. -Rev. Octavius Winslow.

How often when our heart is melted, our spirit tender, we are led to say, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." What is His answer? "Go and show it." The test of our love is obedience. This is the touchstone! It sweeps away a whole mass of natural feeling, and shows what is gold

Evans.

When we get into the region of second causes, we are not far from the region that is without God. - Ibid.

It is the great test-principle to go on our way, day after day, year after year, in the strength of the Lord, willing to be out of sight if He pleases, but only anxious to fill up our sphere.—Ibid.

Whatever your trial, you have Jesus in it, and Jesus for it;—though it be bitter, a Father's eye, a Father's hand, a Father's heart ought to make all sweet: the eye, the hand, the heart of Him who gave his Son. Each Christian has his cross, and each has his cross-bearer. There is nothing so mean but I may sin in it; therefore, there is nothing too mean for me to pray about.— Ibid.

The finished work of Jesus! the only reposing point for a weary spirit. I believe many a dying pillow hath its thorns because this doctrine of the

and what is brass.—Rev. H. J. | finished work of Jesus has been feebly held, and mixed up with The wine human tradition. hath been so mingled with water, that it has lost its power to cheer .- Ibid.

> "With length of days will I satisfy him." The Lord's people shall live long enough, they shall be continued in this world till they have done the work they were sent into this world for, and are ready for heaven,—and that is long enough. Who would wish to live a day longer than God has some work to do, either by him or upon him? A man may die young, and yet full of days -satisfied with living.-Matthew Henry.

Many miss peace because they seek it only by conquest of sin: whereas it is the fruit of forgiveness, as forgiveness is of faith.

I can conceive a living man without an arm or a leg, but not without a head or a heart; so there are some truths essential to vital religion, and which all awakened souls are taught.

Intelligence.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW .--Letter from a Lady, dated September 26th, one of the rescued party:

"Death stared us in the face; we were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be The engineers had said so,

strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us,—such as carrying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. and all knew the worst. We women | I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially on that day, when the recollection of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing.' She at length fell into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting on my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream, close to my ears: my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!' Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! hark to the slogan! -to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'. Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words on the soldiers, would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the

wailing of the women who had flocked out began anew, as the Colonel shook his head. dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line,—' Will ye no believe The slogan has ceased it noo? indeed, but the Campbells are coming! d'ye hear, d'ye hear?' At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the bagpipes of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound which rose above all other sounds. would come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succour to their friends in Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the Residency but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs, and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed bagpipe. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied in the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears,—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot," etc. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the

officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table, playing once more the familiar air

of 'Auld lang syne.'"

General Havelock, in a despatch giving an account of the relief of the Lucknow garrison on the 25th of September, after describing how his gallant troops, incessantly cannonaded for twenty-four hours, fought their way inch by inch through the swarming foe, concludes as follows: "Darkness was coming, and it was proposed to halt for the night. I deem it of such importance not to leave this beleagured garrison, (not) knowing that succour was at hand, that I ordered the main body of the 78th Highlanders, and the regiment of Ferozepore to advance—(the sound of the bagpipes, musical then at least, was, according to the accompanying letter, the first intimation to the inmates of the beleagured garrison that the succour so long wished for, and almost despaired of, was at length at hand). column rushed on with a desperate by Sir James Outram and myself, Lieut. Hudson and Havelock of my staff, and, overcoming every obstacle, established itself within the enclosure of the Residency: the garrison may be more easily conceived than described," etc.

N.B.—The difficulty of sending this despatch to Cawnpore, may

account for the gaps in it.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.—From a Letter of-the Rev. Dr. Duff, dated Calcutta, November 7th, 1857.

"Sir Colin and his staff, unaccompanied by any escort in the neighbourhood of the river Sone, came suddenly on two companies of the mutinied 32nd, who had recently killed their own officers; they were then in the act of

crossing the trunk road, with fourteen elephants, two guns, and a small body of Sowars or irregular native cavalry. Sir Colin's garry, or travelling carriage, was ahead of all the others, and although the native coachman warned him of the danger, he still pushed on till an aide-de-camp directed his attention to the mutineers crossing the road at a distance of not more than five hundred yards. At first the chief would not go back, but got on the top of his garry with a glass, and only when he saw some cavalry sent to cut off his retreat, did he think it proper to stop. Had they been a few hundred yards further on the whole party must have been cut off to a man, since, having no escort, the odds opposed to them were so tremendous as to render effectual resistance impossible; as it was, their coming up with such apparent boldness, so very near to the rebels, evidently soon impressed the latter with the conviction that Sir Colin and his party formed only the advanced-guard of an avenging column; and so, after a little hesitation, they made off as fast as they could, elephants, guns, and all, while Sir Colin and his staff instantly turned back and retraced their steps for ten miles, till they came up with a bullock-train party of soldiers. What a narrow escape what a providential interposition! A few minutes sooner, and the brave Sir Colin, with his whole staff, would have been ignominiously butchered. What, then, of poor distracted British India? May we not, then, hail a personal escape so remarkable, as the token of an overruling Providence, that he, who was thus marvellously delivered, himself is destined to become the instrument of signal deliverances to others, and as an agent, in the hands of a gracious God, for restoring order and tranquillity to this sadly convulsed and sorely scourged land?"

Poetry.

LEANING ON THE BELOVED.

JESUS, my Lord, 'tis sweet to rest Upon thy tender, loving breast, Where deep compassions ever roll Towards my helpless, weary soul. Thy love, my Saviour, dries my tears, Expels my griefs, and calms my fears; Sheds light and gladness o'er my heart, And bids each anxious thought depart. Blest foretaste this of joys to come In thy eternal, heavenly home; Where I shall see thy smiling face, And know thy rich unfathom'd grace. That grace sustains my spirit now, Though still a pilgrim here below; That grace suffices, comforts, guides, Upholds, defends, preserves, provides. Yes, Thou art with me, O my God, To bear me on to thine abode, Where I shall never cease to prove Thy deep, divine, unfailing love. Help me to praise Thee day by day Till earth's dark scenes are pass'd away,-Till in thine own unclouded light Thy glory satisfies my sight.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

9. Who forsook Paul, in consequence of loving this present world?

10. For what special thing did St. Paul bless the Lord three times?

11. Who says that He "came not to be ministered unto, but to

11. Who says that He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister"?

12. Who are they that the Lord will bless, "both small and great"?
13. On what occasion did a Jewish king stop all the fountains to

deprive an enemy of water?

14. Who was threatened with immediate death if he was found passing over the brook Kedron?

15. What is told us about "the mixed multitude" who came up with the Israelites out of Egypt?

16. There are seven celebrations of the Passover, particularly remarked in Scripture; which were they?

Answers to Questions of Last Month.

(1.) Deut. xxix. 29. (2.) 1 Chron. xxix. 17. (3.) Prov. v. 21. (4.) Is. xxxii. 17. (5.) Ezek. xiv. 3. (6.) Mark vi. 50. (7.) John xv. 15. (8.) Gal. ii. 20.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR.

EDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

"WE all know that God is every where present; but it is amazing how little we think of his presence. It is at once a part and proof of our natural ungodliness, that, till our hearts are renewed, we habitually forget it. We live and feel as though God were far away. But when a man really becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus, he begins to feel himself, for the first time, in the presence of the living God. The truth he before knew and forgot, he now cannot forget; it assumes a startling importance in his eyes. A part of the grace he has received consists in his lively impressions of it. Do you ask who is a godly man? I answer, he who habitually moves about the earth with this thought in his mind 'Thou, O God, seest me. I am in Jehovah's presence. The God who made me, is near me.' At first, this thought excites in him, perhaps, pain and terror. He had rather God were not near him. He is ready to say to him, with frightened Peter, 'Depart from me,

fol m a sinful man, O Lord.' He feels, in God's presence, as a criminal feels in the presence of his judge. But when the man begins to acquire a knowledge of God as a gracious God, and begins to hope that he is or may be gracious to him, when his faith gains confidence, and he can say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd;' then none but the man himself oun tell how he

rejoices in the fact that before terrified him. 'My Shepherd,' he says 'Is not one far away from me, one whom I have to call from a distance when the storm overtakes me on the bleak mountain, or the torrent comes rushing down in the dark valley, or when I am faint with hunger in the barren wilderness; he is ever by my side; he never leaves or forsakes me. Whither shall I go from his Spirit; or whether shall I flee from his presence? I can go and flee nowhere, and nowhere do I wish to flee. It is my comfort and strength to believe Him near me, and it is the highest earthly joy my soul knows, to feel Him near; when my foolish heart tells me He is gone from me, I become a fearful and troubled man.'"

UNCLE ABEL; OR, THE EVILS OF TEMPER.

"Please, sir," said Hannah, our chambermaid, speaking in a heaitating manner, as if she knew the communication about to be made would produce a disagreeable impression.

"Well, Hannah, what is it?" returned Uncle Abel, looking at her over the top of the morning paper, which had proved more attractive to him than the cup of coffee, which he had only tasted and left to cool on the table beside him. The expression of the good man's countenance showed that he was prepared for somehing disagreeable.

"Mr. Edwards' girl is at the

door, sir."

"Well, what does Mr. Edwards' girl want now?"

The Edwards family were inveterate borrowers, and my uncle was beginning to lose all his patience with them.

"She says you will please—"
The chambermaid hesitated.

"Send what? It's lent, of course!"

The old gentleman's face was crimsoning.

"I'll say you're using it," replied Hannah, in as soothing a tone as she could venture to assume.

"No you needn't!" angrily replied my uncle. "I don't want you to put words into my mouth. Tell the girl to tell Mr. Edwards, that, if he wants to read the morning paper, he can subscribe for it as I do."

Hannah looked doubtingly at the excited old gentleman. She did not wish to be the bearer of such a message.

"D'ye hear?" said Uncle Abel, in an imperative voice.

Hannah turned and left the room.

"Too bad! outrageous! The family is a nuisance!" ejaculated Uncle Abel, in an unusually excited manner. "I'll stop taking the paper, if I am to be annoyed in this way." And he fluttered the crackling sheet as he threw his hands about him.

I could with difficulty repress a smile, as I looked at the really kind-hearted old man, in his temporary excitement.

"Is it well to be angry?" I said, the moment I saw that I could speak to his reason.

"No, it is not well. Kate." he answered, in a subdued voice. "It is not well; and I am old enough to do better."

"That was a very rough message you sent to a neigh-

bour."

"What did I say?" The old looked gentleman a

frightened.

"Why, you told Hannah to girl to tell Edwards, if he wanted to read the morning paper, to subscribe for it, as you did."

Abel Uncle sighed, and looked down upon the floor with fixed, absent gaze.

spirit was troubled.

"Mr. Edwards appears to be a very gentlemanly person," said I.

"It isn't gentlemanly to be for ever annoying neighbours, and coveting their property," retorted Uncle Abel, a little sharply.

He was making a feeble effort at self-justification, but it wouldn't answer. His own conscience was not satisfied.

I, "Mr. "Perhaps," said Edwards' paper failed to reach him."

"I got mine," he answered. "It's no use to argue the matter, Kate, and try to place me in the wrong," said the old gentleman, warming up. "There's nothing to justify his conduct."

Well, Uncle Abel's breakfast

was spoiled for that morning-He laid down the paper, tasted cold coffee, and then pushed the cup away.

"Your coffee is cold," said I: "let me pour out another

cup."

· "No, I don't want any more," he answered, getting up and

leaving the table.

What a troublesome thing a quick temper is, and the more so, if it leads to a hasty speech! Some of the best-hearted people naturally are quick They tempered. suffer, course, greatly from their infirmity, but never seem to gain much power over it. Of this class is my excellent uncle, to whose affectionate care I am indebted for a pleasant home.

I noticed that he did not leave the house quite as early as usual, and that, as he walked uneasily over the parlour floor. he every now and then bent listeningly an ear toward the street. In truth, he was waiting until he was certain Mr. Edwards had left home, so as to run no risk of meeting him.

uncle was, in heartily ashamed of his little outbreak of temper, and he felt that he must appear very badly to the eyes of his neighbour. It was not an unusual thing for them to meet during the day, and to pass a friendly greeting. How could uncle look Mr. Edwards in the face, after what had happened? And, on the other hand, how would Mr. Edwards treat him, should their paths cross each other during the day?

Poor old gentleman! He was

sorely troubled in consequence of his hasty speech.

The day, as he had feared, proved one of serious annoyance. Once he saw Mr. Edwards, a few dozen yards in advance, and coming towards him. A friendly corner was at hand, and a short turn enabled him to escape the unwelcome contact.

Again, on entering a shop, he saw Mr. Edwards talking to the proprietor. The former did not observe him, and he very quietly withdrew, feeling something like guilt in his

heart.

Once he met Mr. Edwards face to face. The latter bowed with his usual politeness, as if nothing had happened; and this was to Uncle Abel a most cutting rebuke. He would have felt better if Mr. Edwards had met him coldly or with disdain.

The fourth and last time that he came in contact with his neighbour, was late in the afternoon, when he was within a few paces of his own house. Mr. Edwards overtook him, and, offering his hand, remarked cheerfully on the state of the weather, and the news of the day. As they were parting at our door, Mr. Edwards drew from his pocket a newspaper, and said, as he handed it to my uncle,

"I received a late copy of the Times to-day. It contains an article which I am sure will

interest you."

"Thank you, thank you!" stammered Uncle Abel, pushing back the paper; "but don't let me deprive you of the pleasure of reading it."

"Time enough for me," replied Mr. Edwards; "time enough for me. I will enjoy it the more for knowing that its perusal has given you pleasure. So take it, and you can send it in any time. Good evening." And Mr. Edwards passed on, leaving the paper with Uncle Abel.

Now, this was too pointed, and my uncle felt it keenly. He came in, looking hurt and depressed, and laid the paper

quietly down.

I happened to be standing at the parlour window, and heard what passed between the two gentlemen. My uncle's state of mind was, therefore, no

mystery to me.

"Pretty severely punished," thought I. It was all in vain that I tried to win his thoughts from unpleasant reflections. He answered me only in monosyllables. Even his favourite airs on the piano failed to restore a cheerful shade to his spirits.

"Alas!" thought I, "how much of suffering we draw upon our own hearts! These quick tempers and hasty words, how like the foxes do they

spoil our tender grapes!"

"Hannah," said I, as we sat at the tea-table, (Uncle Abel had spread the butter on both sides of his bread, played with his spoon, done, in fact, almost any thing but eat his supper), "what message did you send to Mr. Edwards this morning?"

Uncle Abel started.

Hannah grew crimson in the face, stammered forth something that neither of us could make out.

"What was it, Hannah?" | through with it. I hope I

said I.

"I-I-I-I told the girl th-that I would send Mr. Edwards the paper in a few minutes."

"You did?" said Uncle Abel, in a tone of surprise.

"Ye—yes, sir."
"And why did you say that?"

"Be-because, sir, I thought that was what you would say on reflection."

"And did you send the paper

in ?"

"Yes, air, when you was

haven't done very wrong!"

"No, Hannah," said the dear old man, getting up and assuming almost a respectful air towards the girl; "you did very right, and I thank you for your discretion."

Hannah, relieved in heart. turned away and glided from

the room.

Uncle Abel was restored to himself; and I think what he suffered through that day has helped him to a little selfcontrol.

WHY SLEEPEST THOU?

AT a Sunday-school Teachers' Bible-class, at which I was present some time back, the chapter for consideration was the one in which the account of Eutychus is recorded.

It was the superintendant's place, who conducted it, to draw out the minds of the teachers by a system of close questioning. Now, the record of Eutychus sleeping during the worship of God and the preaching of his word, being, as we well know, generally held up as a solemn warning to church slumberers, it somewhat surprised us to hear the question asked, whether we were te condemn a person as guilty of careless indifference. if we saw him sleeping in We were all much church. inclined to answer, "Yes," though feeling inwardly how often we had been guilty of the same thing; but, before we

had time to answer, the superintendent, noticing the little " Suppose, hesitation, said, now, you take the case of a man working up to the last minute on the Saturday night, would it be a matter of surprise to see that man, when the strong mental excitement was removed that led him on, and quietly listening to a sermon. falling into a state similar to Eutychus: though it might not justify it, would it not, in some measure, account and atone But," said the superfor it? intendent, "while I say this. which cannot apply to those who habitually compose themselves for a good nap in the house of God, but only to those who, under great bodily or mental exertion, are overcome by a tendency to sleep, and who really mourn over it and strive against it,-I would suggest a remedy, which, if

followed, would, methinks, lessen the number of our Eutychuses. It is to be found in St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, ninth chapter, twenty-fifth ' Every verse: man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.' Now, if that man had abandoned the vain attempt of living two lives in one, and been temperate in working, we might expect to see him, not sleeping, but listening with the avidity of one desiring the 'sincere milk of the Word.'"

Perhaps few people have ever considered St. Paul's statement in this light. Some, indeed, imagine that temperance can apply only to excess in eating and drinking, forgetting the many ways in which we almost daily overstep the bounds of temperance — that moderation which should be known to all men. I will illustrate what I mean. makes that young man look so pale and careworn? He has no trouble to try him; he runs to no excess in boating or wine parties, like many of our Oxford students; he is what is termed a temperate man. But stop. Fired with an intense desire to take high university honours. and be crowned with earth's perishable laurels, night after night has seen him stealing the hours of rest for hard study. He has gained the prize, but is (for the present, at least) a Is this being "temwreck. perate in all things?"

A. M. B. M.

FAMILY RELIGION.

Mr. B. and Mr. C. were heads of families of about the same age, intimate friends and members of the same Church, and both prominent men in the community. They were both upright and honourable men. and, in their intercourse with the world, both stood about equally fair, and both provided equally well for the temporal wants of their families, governed them perhaps about equally well, and were alike punctual in attending public worship. But here a marked divergence between the two men com-Mr. B. maintained menced. with family worship strict punctuality, counselled his chil-

terests, taught them, from their early childhood, the right way of the Lord, and let them hear his voice in exhortation and prayer, in meetings for social worship.

But Mr. C. neglected all this. He had no family altar for the morning and evening sacrifice. Their meals were taken without acknowledging God, asking his blessing, or giving Him thanks. He gave his children no religious instruction, took no part in, and seldom attended social religious meetings.

between the two men commenced. Mr. B. maintained family worship with strict punctuality, counselled his children, who lived to a madren as to their spiritual in-

having made a public profession of religion, but not without hope. Of the nine others, all became professors, and honoured their profession, and one became a successful minister of the Gospel.

How was it with the children of Mr. C? He had two sons. one died young, suddenly, by a casualty. The other was a talented, but wild youth. During a long season of severe affliction, he had some religious experiences of doubtful character, but his religious impressions left him with returning health, and he became intemperate and sceptical, and died before his father, an abandoned inebriate. and scoffing infidel. Mr. C. had three daughters, who married and were respectable, but it is not known that one of them ever became pious.

It may be added, these two men have long since gone to their final account, and many of their children are dead, and those that remain are old and greyheaded; and while in the family of Mr. C., as far as

him; in the family of Mr. B., not only all the children, but many, if not all, the grandchildren became pious. Incalculable results for good or for ill may yet be developed in the families of these two men. flowing directly out from the different course which each pursued-results reaching all along the track of future time. and entering into the retributions of eternity.

Family religion and parental faithfulness are important beyond all possible estimate. This, God's providence proclaims, not only in the cases above sketched, but in numerous others, passing constantly under our own observation, if we will but observe them. Little moments go to form the days, the years, and eternity. So the daily acts of the parent go to mould and form the character and destiny of his children and posterity, for all time and eternity. is a solemn thing to wield a parent's influence, for its results will be glorious or dreadknown, religion died out with | ful, and durable as eternity.

YOUR MEDICAL ATTENDANT.

IT is sometimes our privilege to hear of the devoted faithfulness of a Christian physician or surgeon, who is constrained, by the love of Christ, to consecrate his talents to the Lord's service. But, while we rejoice to meet with such instances, we regret that they are comparatively so rare. If we consider the peculiar oppor-

tunities afforded them to speak of Jesus, and to point their patients to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," does it not become the duty of believers to pray earnestly for the conversion of all who devote themselves to che medical profession, while tach may specially plead for those who are personally known to them, and for whom they may feel doubly interested. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with us, that God should raise them all from death unto life? Let us not limit the Holy One of Israel. Oh! if we would but "ask in faith," and intreat the Lord to pour out His Holy Spirit without measure upon them, what blessed results we might anticipate! If He gave the word, how great would be the company of those who would thus publish the glad tidings of salvation by the bedside of the sick or dying. Would not every faithful minister rejoice to have such a helper, or rather one "to prepare the way" for him. He is always a welcome visitor; and so, while seeking by kindness and skill to check disease of the body, he could speak of the danger of eternal death, to which the soul is exposed through sin, and thus be the happy instrument of "converting a sinner from the error of his ways," before a minister would be allowed to enter the chamber of sickness. or when an attempt to do so. would be deemed an intrusion. And oh! how great his reward. if he found that "the sickness was not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." And, again, how would the sufferings of God's

children be alleviated, if they recognized, in their medical attendant, a brother in Jesus, who would accompany every prescription with prayer for the Lord's blessing thereon; and who could "speak a word in season, when they were weary," by reminding them of the home and rest prepared for them, where "the inhabitant shall not say I am sick: for the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquities." Would he not find. in both cases, that his "labour was not in vain in the Lord." for "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." And the self-denial which might be exercised when he lingers awhile to comfort the heart of a drooping saint, may be had in remembrance by Him who will say at last to His faithful followers, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." These imperfect remarks on a subject deeply interesting to the writer, are merely offered with the wish that some one far more competent enlarge upon them; and if it any are stirred up thereby to cry mightily unto the Lord for themselves or for others, this feeble attempt will not have been mede in vain.

MAKING TRIAL OF CHRIST.

THERE is no event half so im-portant in any man's life as his and suggestive of important

conversion to God. There are lessons than how any one was

led to turn unto the Lord. It is true that the blessed Spirit is the agent in every case of conversion—the Word of God, the instrument He uses. But there is the greatest variety, nevertheless, in the outward history of conversion—an individuality nicely adapted by infinite wisdom to the characteristics of each, and the special work the Lord has for them to do. Take, as an example, a case which came under my observation.

There are certain times in which men open their hearts, and, tell what they have long kept secret. It was such a time with this one. His minister and I had occasion to call upon him in connexion with some church business. We found his wife in tears when we entered. was a Monday, and the Lord had greatly blessed the Word to her which she heard the night before. I know not whether she had been truly the Lord's before, but, if so, it was one of those times of love when He draws near with such gracious power as to melt the heart She could not hide her emotion, and told us how much she had been affected. No little interesting discourse followed, softening in its character, and and bearing upon our highest interests. It was then her husband, who was a member of my friend's congregation, felt impelled to tell his minister, for the first time, how he had been drawn to the Lord.

He had been a member of another Church for some years before. But it would appear that he was one of those who have no vital connexion with

Christ, but who are mere dead formalists. Well, one day he got out very early from his own Church, and going home he had to pass my friend's, who then was just finishing his discourse. Hearing the sound of his voice, he thought he would step into the porch and listen. While he stood there the minister was pleading with his hearers most earnestly to come to Christ. "Only come," said he, "and give Christ a trial. You have tried the world, and found it wanting; come now and try Christ, and see if you do not find in Him life and joy." The simple appeal struck the man with strange power. Why, I have never in reality tried the Lord. been formal in all my services. and have never sought the living Saviour. I will try Christ this day." Such was his motive. And though years had gone over his head with their many changes and trials, said he, "I have never had reason to regret the choice I made. Christ did not cast me out, and has ever proved an all-sufficient Saviour."

Reader, have you made trial of the Lord Jesus? It won't do to be a mere member of a Church, however outwardly correct. Seek this Living One, who is proclaimed as our God provided Saviour. Cast thyself with all thy sins upon Him as thy surety and deliverer. Taste of his goodness and grace. Lean upon Him every day, and follow Him alone, and thou also shalt be able to tell that thou hast tried Christ, as a poor lost, miserable sinner, and hast not

found Him wanting.

"THERE IS THAT SCATTERETH, AND YET INCREASETH."

"How is it, Betty," said a | minister, to a poor woman in Wales, who was always observed to contribute something whenever a collection was taken,-" how is it I always see you drop something in the plate? Where do you get it?

"Oh, sir, I do not know," she replied; "the Lord knows my heart and my good will to his cause; and somehow or other, when a collection is to be made, I am sure to have my penny before me, and when it comes.

I put it in the plate."

"Well," said he, "you have been faithful in a little, take this sovereign, and do what you will with it."

"A sovereign! sir," said she; "I never had so much money in my life as a sovereign; what shall I do with it?"

"I dare say you will find means of spending it," said he, " if your heart is devoted to the Lord's cause."

Soon after this a man came round to solicit subscriptions

for some benevolent object; he went to one person, who gave him half a sovereign, and another gave him five shillings. both of which were regarded as very liberal donations. Happening to come to this poor woman, he asked her what she would do.

"Put my name down for a

sovereign."

"A sovereign!" said he; why, where did you get a sovereign from?"

"Oh, sir," said she, "I got it honestly; put my name down

for a sovereign."

She gave him the sovereign; and, in about two weeks from that time, she received a letter from Doctors' Commons, in-forming her that a friend had iust left her ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. How often do we see fulfilled that Scripture, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." -Prov. xi. 24.

"Largely thou givest, gracious Lord!
Largely thy gifts should be restored,
Freely thou givest; and thy word
Is—'FREELY GIVE.' He only who forgets to hoard,

Has learnt to live."

LIFE AND AGE.

But few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passional, mental, or bodily toil or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression,

little exaggeration in it: for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—the weak men live longer than the strong; for the "choked with passions," has strong use their strength, and

the weak have none to use. I The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live in general regular and temperate lives, have generally their proscribed term of vears. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guineapig six or seven years.

These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live to a hundred

years, according to this physiclogical law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but, instead of that, he scarcely reaches, on the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious; man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-working of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe. though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.

Life is not entirely made up | of great evils or of heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse temper-to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention. and ingratitude when we expected thanks-to bear with the company of disagreeable people, whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has provided on purpose for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises

patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance-in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humour—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigours or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage penance.

AFTER THE STORM.

A good man, in his reminiscences, tells us that, shortly after his settlement at a certain place, a heavy storm arose, which concentrated its fury in the neighbourhood of a mill he was just about establishing at the foot of a hill. the storm was over, he hastened with much solicitude to the spot, knowing that the work was one which the tempest would either make or break. To his great satisfaction he found that the freshet, instead of sweeping away his works, had only deepened them into a permanent mill-race. "Jehovah-Jireh," he may well have said, "the Lord has been our help."

It is with a similar solicitude that we should visit those on whom the storm of affliction

hass pent itself. Afflictions, indeed, never leave us the same as we were before. We are either much better or much worse. The works of Christian discipleship are either swept away, or they are deepened and strengthened into permanent habits. Particularly should the soul, after such a visitation, carefully inspect its own con-"Which way have I dition. drifted?" should it ask, when it has thus been swept from its moorings. "Have I been driven out to sea, or further up the river of peace?" Watch, then, most jealously, oh thou who art now in trouble, which way thy soul tends! For the process of affliction is violent and immediate, and the present, for the one way or the other, may decide thy eternal doom!

DANGER OF DELAY IN RELIGION.

A MINISTER, was visiting from house to house, in a certain neighbouhood, and met on his walk three young men with axes on their shoulders. He stopped and conversed with them. Two appeared somewhat serious; the third, a gay, frank young man replied, "You see, sir, that splendid white house on that farm yonder?"" Yes." "Well, sir, that estate has been willed to me by my uncle; and we are now going to do chopping in the woodland that belongs to There are some incumbrances on the estate which I

must settle, before the farm can be fully mine; and as soon as I have cleared it of these incumbrances. I mean become a Christian." "Ah! young man," said the minister. "beware; you may never see that day; while you are gaining the world, you may lose your soul." "I'll run the risk," said he, and they parted. The three young men went into the woods, and this daring procrastinator and another engaged in felling a tree. dry, heavy limb hung loosely in the top; and, as the tree was jarred by the successive strokes of the axe, it quit its hold, and | was converted; for conviction crashing through the fell branches, on the head of the young heir, and stretched him on the ground a lifeless corpse. Thus were his hopes cut off; ing religion, when I thought and, hazarding the delay of what he had just said, and saw months, he lost his soul in his end, that I determined to an hour. His fellow-labourer | neglect my soul no longer."

struck his mind when he saw the young heir quivering in death. "I felt then such a horror at the danger of delay-

THE CHRISTIAN IN SOCIETY.

CHRIST is an example to us of sisted, if they are inclined to entering into mixed society. But our imitation of him herein must admit of restrictions. A feeble man must avoid dan-If any one could go into society as Christ did, then let him go: let him attend marriage-feasts and Pharisees' houses.

Much depends on a Christian's observing his call, the openings which Providence may make before him. It is not enough to say that he frequents public company in order to retard the progress of evil.

But, when in company of people of the world, we should treat them kindly and tenderly, with feeling and compassion. They should be as-

receive assistance. But if a Christian falls into the society of a mere worldling, it must be like the meeting of two persons in a rain; they will part as soon as possible. If a man loves such company, it is an evil symptom.

It is a Christian's duty to maintain a kind intercourse, if practicable, with his relatives. And he must duly appreciate their state; if not religious, they cannot see and feel and taste his enjoyments; they accommodate themselves to him, and he accommodates himself to them. It is much a matter of accommodation on both side.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

Miss Brewster's Visit to the | honour to the King of Sardinia. MADIAI AT NICE.—February 28th, 1857.—To-day, I went to 1 Francesca and Rosa Madiai, who have now found a quiet and comfortable little home at Nice, and a congenial woman of the finest, most occupation, that of keeping a dignified presence, and might Bible depot, for which all be the mother of the Gracchi.

The Madiai are most interestiug; very different from each other, so much so that you can scarcely fancy them to be man and wife. She is a Roman

Francesco has a look of irresolution and extreme gentleness, and is evidently inferior in intellect, and exceedingly so in manners, hers being one of the most peculiarly aristocratic in its grace and dignity, that ever I saw; while his manner is more like his original station in life, yet, I think, he interested me as much as Rosa. One felt how much more he must have suffered in his terrible captivity, and how peculiarly strong the power of religion must have been, to have made him so steadfast. He suffer much more than his wife, physically and mentally, and came out of prison with his nerves completely shaken, while the long confinement caused want of circulation in the limbs, which brought on head complaint. The complete unpretendingness and simplicity of both these noble confessors of the truth very pleasant and beautiful. I showed my appreciation of Francesco, in rather a dubious way; for, after shaking hands with him most affectionately, I coolly walked off without paying for the books which I had just bought. He was too gentle and courteous to put me in mind, but luckily I remembered just in time to save my character."-Nice and Cannes.

"So terrible is God in his holiness, that we are told the heavens are not clean in His sight, and he chargeth His angels with folly; but the wayfaring man, though a fool, if presented to God by Christ,

will be found complete in Him, and will be accepted as one of those to whom it is the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom, and with it the capacity to receive and enjoy One such, fettered by the it. the limits of his natural understanding, yet manifesting a love for all heavenly truth, was questioned about the things pertaining to the kingdom of God; at last it was remarked that the way to heaven was a long way. 'Is it,' he replied; 'I thought it had been short.' 'Short do you think it! how do you make that out?' He made answer; 'It is but three steps -out of self, into Christ, into glory."—The Light of Life.

The poor are not surprised when they are told that they must ask of God to give them the light of His Holy Spirit, for they feel their ignorance. They are thankful when a cold, unready hand, supplies their need; therefore are not offended, when told heaven may be theirs without money, and without price; that it is the free gift of God to them, by His beloved Son, who purchased it for them at the cost of His own life. truth comes to them in its simplicity; and the love which bestowed so great a gift often warms them with its gloss, when the world lies around them. A rich man rising one morning from a restless night, burdened with care, left his anxiety and mansion before breakfast to try and dispel his gloom by a walk in the fields. On his way, he reached a salutary hut, the door of which stood partly open. Looking in, he saw a thin old woman, seated at a little table, on which was a crust of black bread, and a mug of water. Her back was turned to the door, and the rich man stopped a moment, unseen by her. She evidently about to take her morning meal; but before she began, she lifted up her hand, and said twice over, in a tone of thankful wonder, "All this. and Christ beside!" "All this, and Christ beside!" The rich man learned a lesson at that cottage door, which had more power than all the freshness of nature to lighten his mind and strengthen his The Lord's own declaration is, "To the poor the the Gospel is preached. And blessed is he whomsoever shall not be offended in me."-Ibid.

Men balance a moment in posession against an eternity anticipation: but moment passeth away, the eternity is yet to come.

"MILLIONS of money for an inch of time!" was the exclamation of a dying queen, whose reign had been filled with deeds of glory, and whose name was handed down to posterity as the "good queen Bess." It was a treasure which the wealth of empires could not buy; and so the spirit, disrobed of the empty pageantry of royalty, and unsupported by the presence of its fellow-worms, passed at once on which you might not pray to the tribunal of the King of for the blessing of God. Spend

kings, to receive from him its trial and its recompense. that which was denied to the petition of one whose slightest wish had been the law of kingdoms, is now ours; and how shall we dispose of the precious boon, so that when we, too, shall be called to give an account of our stewardship, we may receive the approbation of our Judge, and the reward promised to his faithful servants? As the lives of many of us will be short, and as the plans which we have already marked out for ourselves in the future will many of them remain unfulfilled, our great concern should be, how we may best economise the golden moments as they pass, so that no remembrances of wasted hours will rise to fill our souls with unavailing regrets, and record of misspent days bear witness against us when time with us shall be no more.

Christianity is not only a living principle of virtue in good men, but affords this further blessing to society, that it restrains the vices of the bad. It is a tree of life, whose fruit is immortality. and whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations.— A. Fuller.

The state of the world is as mysterious to our reason, as any doctrine of Scripture.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spend it in nothing on which you might not pray

it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.—

Raxter.

In essentials, unity; in nonessentials, liberty; in all things, charity.— House.

The world will allow of a vehemence approaching to eostasy on almost any occasion but that which, above all others, will justify it.—Cecil.

There are a thousand things in the life of a Christian for which he will get no direct rule in the Bible, because it is a book of principles, and not a book of laws.

Religion, in its rise, interests us almost exclusively about ourselves; in its progress, it engages us about the welfare of our fellow-creatures; in its more advanced stages, it animates us to consult in all things, and to exalt to the utmost of our power, the honour of our God.— Simeen.

Were we acquainted with the way of intermixing holy thoughts and ejaculatory prayers to God, in our ordinary engagements, it would keep the heart in a sweet temper all the day long, and have an excellent influence in all our ordinary actions and holy performances. This were to "walk with God" indeed, to go all the day long as in our Father's

hand; whereas, without this, our praying morning and evening looks but as a formal visit, not delighting in that constant converse, which yet is our happiness and honour, and makes all estates sweet. This would refresh us in the hardest labour, as they that carry the spices from Arabia are refreshed with the smell of them in their journey.—Leighton.

How long may it take a man to embrace Christ as his Saviour? As long as it takes a drowning man to let go a straw and lay hold of an offered rope.

A Christian should look upon himself as sacred and devoted, so that what involves but an ordinary degree of criminality in others, in him partakes of the nature of sacrilege; what is breach of trust in others, is in him the profanation of a temple.—Robert Hall.

It is an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat, but yet put out the candle and they are both gone; one remains not without the other: so is it with faith and works.—Selden.

"Go," says Christ, "and preach the Gospel to every creature;" that is, go, tell every man, without exception, whatever his sins be, whatsoever his rebellions be, go and

tell him these glad tidings, that if he will come in, I will accept of him; his sins shall be forgiven him and he shall be saved.

Where faith and works go not together, both are wanting. They each die if once men part them.

Intelligence.

We understand that fresh attempts are being made to familiarize the people of England with the desceration of the Lord's-day, by the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Sunday. We trust that all praying Christians will remember this matter in their prayers before the throne of grace. And may the Lord of the Sabbath be pleased to deliver us from this anticipated swil.

Mormonism.—Mr. John Hyde, late an elder among the Saints in Utah, gave a lecture on Tuesday, in Hope Chapel in New York, on Mormonism. Mr. Hyde said, that the Mormonism which he learned in England was a very different thing from what he found in Utah. three characteristic doctrines of Mormons were, the authenticity of the Book of Mormon, the divine authority of Joseph Smith, and the re-establishment of polygamy. This last was severely denounced in the Book of Mormon, and reprehended publicly and by revelation until 1848, seven years after it began to be practised by Joseph Smith. And it was only in 1852 that Brigham Young thought proper to make public profession of his faith in these practices. Now, when a man was found faithful enough he was induced to go to Salt Lake, and inducted into the mysteries. The Mormon theory was, that a man's glory was counted by the size of his family, and all children born of a woman sealed to him

were counted as his; so that a man's glory increased when he was sealed to a new woman; and he could be sealed to any woman who did not love her husband, if Brigham Young would permit it. So, too, when a saint died, or went away on a mission, it was the duty of some good brother to see that his "glory" went on increasing in spite of his absence. Mr. Hyde contended that the Bible did not teach Mormonism. Samuel Richards left Salt Lake, and on his return took three other wives. The sober and dejected face of his wife showed how she liked it, although he took her to her share of the balls and theatres. Mr. Horace Eldridge was one day told by Brigham that he must take another wife. Mr. Eldridge said he had promised his wife he would never marry another. Brigham said. "You must, or I will cut you off." Mr. Eldridge submitted, and soon after his new wife had entirely engrossed his affections. Mr. Hyde related several cases of extreme suffering on the part of the first wives. Some, however, were not so. A Mrs. Cahill, for two or three years endeavoured, by inviting young ladies to come and live at her house, to give her husband an opportunity of overcoming his inveterate bashfulness. It was, indeed, made the duty of the wife to go to the intended second and beg her to accept the proposition. It was a principle among the Mormons, to send out their worst men to preach Mo

If a man were a gambler monism. or a horse-thief, he would be sent out as a preacher. It was Brigham's doctrine that it was no matter who preached a principle, provided that it was pure. Many of the men who were sent to the States and to England, were sent to get them away from their creditors, or because they were too drunken to stay. It was a difficult thing this Mormon ques-The Mormons were isolated; 30,000 had emigrated thither from Europe; the number was 5,000 to 6,000 last year, and was rapidly increasing. He had most hope in this, that all fanaticism contained the seeds of its own destruction.

EXTRAORDINARY News PROM ABYSSINIA.—We read in the Malta Times:--"We have been favoured with a letter from Abyssinia, giving an interesting account of events which have lately transpired in that country. It appears that, for the last eighteen months, there has been going on in that quarter of the vast continent of Africa, a succession of hard-fought battles, which have resulted in the conquest, by the army, of the Christian Emperor Theodorus, of the kingdom of Shoa, and of the countries of Boaheet, Worro, Haimano, and Hollo Gallas. The hitherto considered impregnable mountain fortresses of Mohha and Geshen have likewise fallen to the indomitable valour of the troops of the above-named potentate. Curious to relate, most forward and conspicuous in the Emperor's army, has been a gallant and daring young Englishman, who, by his remarkable bravery and talent in the art of war, has so ingratiated himself into the good graces of the Emperor, as to be raised to the high position of Likamaquass, a rank equivalent to that of Field-Marshal, or Generalissimo, in the armies of Europe. The name of this young

Englishman is John Bell. formed one of Colonel Chesney's party to the Euphrates, and, on the breaking up of that expedition, proceeded to Abyssinia, where he has been living ever since. His majesty is now making preparations to proceed against the chief Agow Neegoose, who, at present rules the important province of Togrey, and by the successful conclusion of this campaign, he will have completed the conquest of the whole of Abys-When this event shall have been brought about, his Majesty, it is said, will despatch John Bell, or Likamaguass Johannes, as he is now called, on a special Embassy to the Queen of England, accompanied by a number of native chiefs, whose swarthy appearance, in their Roman tunics, coats of mail, and helmets, with their shields and spears, will doubtless attract even greater interest in England than the envoys from the Court of Siam. The Emperor is doing all in his power to put down the slave trade by Mo-He does not, howhammedans. ever, discourage the purchase by Christians of human beings brought These can be from the interior. obtained at the low price of from twenty to thirty-five shillings each, but they are not allowed to be resold to Mohammedans. On entering the households of the Christians. the Pagans are christened, and legitimated as one of the family, and are in no way considered as slaves."

These statements are suggestive of the necessity of Christian watchfulness, with a view to possible openings for missionary labour in these vast regions. Already something has been done in this respect by that valuable Institution the Malta Protestant College. Two Abyssinian students have been educated in the College—Madarakel, who has returned to his own country, and P. Bru, about to proceed thither. Bru is a young man gifted with superior intelligence.

FEEJEEAN ISLANDS.—The Feejeean Islands are said to contain nearly 200,000 inhabitants, and those not yet under missionary care are savages of the worst character. They are cannibals to a fearful extent, habitually feeding on human flesh, not from revenge or from necessity, but because they prefer it to other food. They eat their enemies or prisoners when they can, but if unsuccessful in catching these, their lauful prey, they will cook their own wives or children.

"Not long ago a case occured at Feejee, when a wretch ordered his wife to heat the oven, and when she had heated it, she asked him, 'Where is the food?' 'You are the food!' was the savage reply, as he instantly clubbed her, and then cooked her for himself and party. The captain of our vessel tells me that the last time he was in Feejee, in 1847, he saw a hundred human bodies laid out at one time ready for cooking, at a great feast. Sometimes they cook a man whole (which they call a 'long-pig,') then put him in a sitting posture, with a fan in his hand, and ornamented as if alive, and thus they carry him in state, as a grand head dish for a feast. Others chew little bits of raw human flesh (as sailors chew tobacco), and put them into their children's mouths. this picture be not sufficiently revolting, I must refer you to the published Reports of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, where you will find plenty of similar, or worse, accounts—accounts which I have heard confirmed by many witnesses not connected with the missionwork. Now, picture to yourself a people like this, numbering, perhaps, 200,000 souls—see a small band of missionaries, with their wives and families, going and sitting down among them, with their lives in their hands (literally 'a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God'), and thus living on, without human protection, through evil report, or perhaps persecution, for years and years, seeing scarcely any fruit of their labours, till their heads are growing grey, or till some of their number had been laid in a Feejeean grave; and then behold this same mission, after twenty years' labours, appealing, by its 10,000 converts, to the sympathical of a Christian world; contrast these pictures, and I think you will join with me in praying that God may prosper this great work, and that speedily."

Poetry.

THE SAILOR'S TREASURE.

THE water gain'd, the leak increas'd, Our ship was sinking fast; Hope's cheering whisper grew more faint, And scarcely breath'd at last.

We stood in silence, friend by friend, Our parting words were said; We thought not e'er to meet again, Till sea restore its dead. No sound was heard, save when the crew Pass'd and repass'd our way; 'Two sailors' voices caught my ear, And one I heard to say:

"The Captain's orders are, that we Money or treasur'd store Quickly about ourselves conceal, And strive to gain the shore."

By the pale moonlight's struggling beams
I saw his friend appear;
He touch'd his breast, and, smiling, said,
"My treasure I have here.

"My Bible is about me now, And, therefore, all is well; The helm is in my Father's hands,— Courage! my friend, farewell!"

The ship was sav'd; our lives were spared; Little the sailor knew His words were heard, and gave to me Fresh hope and comfort true.

Reader! could you say, "All was well,"
If you were placed as he?
Remember, "Where the heart is fixed
There will the treasure be."

This incident really occurred in the life of the Writer.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 17. Of whom is it recorded that "he departed without being desired"? 18. Where do you find these words, "the less is blessed of the better"?
- 19. To whom did God say, "I will make thy grave, for thou art vile"?
- 20. On what occasion did some one use this prayer, "O God, strengthen my hands"?
- 21. Of whom is it said, that, "in her tongue is the law of kindness; and she eateth not the bread of idleness"?
 - 22. When does Solomon say, that "the people mourn"?
 - 23. Who are they who "shall not enter into the holy Jerusalem"?
 - 24. Who was "marvellously helped, till he was strong"?

Answers to Questions of Last Month.

(9.) Tim. iv. 10. (10.) 2 Cor. xii. 8. (11.) Matt. xx. 28. (12.) Ps. cxv. 13. (13.) 2 Chron. xxxii. 3, 4. (14.) 1 Kings ii. 36. (15.) Exod. xii. 38; Numb. xi. 4. (16.) Exod. xii. 11; Numb. ix. 4; Josh. v. 10; 2. Chron. xxx. 1; 2. Chron. xxxv. 1; Ezra vi. 19; Luke xxii. 15.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR.

EDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

FAITH.

FAITH discovers the truth of things to the soul,—the truth of things as they are, whether they be things that are of this world. or of that which is to come; the things and pleasures above, and also those beneath. Faith discovers to the soul the blessedness, and goodness, and durableness of the one; the vanity, foolishness, transitoriness of the other. Faith gives credit to all things that are written in the law and in the prophets (Acts xxiv. 14), both as to the being, nature, and attributes of God; the blessed undertaking of the Lord Jesus Christ; the glory of heaven, and torments of hell; the sweetness of the promises, and terror of the threatenings and curses of the Word. By this means, Satan is greatly frustrated in his assaults, when he tempts either to love this world, or to slight that which is to come; for he can do no great matter in these things to any but those who want the faith. vain is the snare laid in the sight of any bird;" therefore, he must first blind, and hold blind the minds of men, that the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should not shine into them, else he can do no harm to the soul. Now faith is the eye of the godly man, and that sees the truth of things, whatever Satan suggests, either about the glory of this world, the sweetness of sin, the uncertainty of another world, or the like. (1 John v. 4, 5; Prov. i. 17; 2 Cor. iv. 4; Heb. xi. 27.)

Faith wraps the soul up in the bundle of life with God; it encloses it in the righteousness of Jesus, and presents it so perfect in that, that whatever he can do, with all his cunning, cannot render the soul spotted or wrinkled before the justice of the law. Even though the man, as to his own person and acts, be full of sin from top to toe, Jesus Christ covers all; faith sees it, and holds the soul in its godly sense and comfort The man, therefore, standing here, stands shrouded under that goodly robe, that makes him glister in the eye of justice. Yea, all the answer that Satan can get from God against such a soul is, that He "doth not see iniquity in Jacob, nor behold perverseness in Israel:" for here "Israel hath not been forsaken, nor Judah of his God, of the Lord of hosts; though, as to their own persons, their land was filled with sin against the Holy One of Israel." (Numbers xxxiii. 21-23; Jer. li. 5; Rom. vi. 14; Deut. xxxiii. 12.) Thus, therefore, the soul believing is hid from all the power of the enemy, and dwells safely under the dominion of grace.-Bunyan.

WORKS.

Works are the fruits of Christian faith, and tokens, not causes, of salvation. Just as a tree that brings forth fruits; if the tree be good, it appears by the fruits, not because the fruit makes the tree good, but because the tree makes the fruit good. So, the deeds of the godly have nothing in themselves that may enable them to stand upright in judgment; but if they find any grace or reward, the same may not be ascribed to their own merit, but partly to mercy, partly to imputation, through the Son, that is, the Redeemer: to mercy, which forgives our evil deeds; to imputation, which accepts our good works as though they were perfect, and rewards them with a crown of glory. So that the glory thereof is not now to be ascribed to men, but to God; not to

righteousness, but to grace; not to works, but to faith; not to judgment, but to mercy. Now, for confirmation of this, if we seek for authority, who is a more faithful witness, or of more approved authority, than the apostle Paul, who was sent unto the Gentiles, as to his proper and peculiar charge? What does he preach to them? "Not by the works which we have done," saith he, "but for his mercy's sake He has saved us." If words may obtain any credit, what can be spoken more plainly? If the authority of the witness may prevail, what more assured testimony can be sought for than Paul, that speaketh himself?—John Fox.

"OLD GRANNY."

SHE was toothless, lame with | rheumatism, half blind, deaf, and palsied. Her scanty gray hair fell in straggling confusion over her dirty, wrinkled face; and the coarse skin hung loose upon her shrivelled arms. Her dress corresponded with her person: it was mean, tattered, and filthy. Neglect and utter disregard to personal appearance were disgustingly apparent in that old woman; and, it was evident, too, that these were the results or accompaniments of mental imbecility, intensified by abject helplessness. Such was "Old Granny."

She had a proper name, of course; but for years and years had she been known only as "Old Granny," except when in tones of mockery, contempt, reproach, or violent wrath, she was addressed by those around her by the terms "old hag," "old fool," and others, with which these pages cannot be polluted. But whatever was

the vile substantive, the adjective was "old."

"Old Granny" had been young, certainly; and possibly attractive. At all events, she had been a wife and a mother. Yes, and this she remembered too, in the midst of her mental darkness—strive as she might to forget it, she was still a mother.

It was a smart farmhouse in which "Old Granny" dragged on her wretched existence. The farmer was a rich man, the people said and thought; perhaps he was. The farmer's wife was ignorant and vain: the three daughters were showy and proud; the farmer's men were coarse, and for the most part brutal; the farmer's maids were faint copies of their mistresses, young and old; and to all these-master and men. mistresses and maids - was "Old Granny" the miserable and ill-used drudge—their scoff and scorn.

The farmer's table was daily laden with vulgar profusion, and he ate and drank to his fill; so did the farmer's wife, and so his daughters; but at their board was no place for "Old Granny." A place for her! Why, even the men and the maids would have thrust her from their table, had she presumed to approach it; she "knew her place better." Her meals were taken apart from all companionship; her food was thrown upon an unwashed plate, and pushed to her with gibes; and hard crusts were given to her in sport, because she mumbled them so ineffectually with her toothless gums.

In the werst garret of that farmhouse was "Old Granny" lodged, and the hardest mattress was her bed; and when she crawled at night to her miserable resting-place, it was with the certainty of rising, should she rise at all, to renewed insult on the morrow.

And she endured these insults, but not patiently, and with the Christian hope of a happy release from pain and sorrow, and of an eternal rest beyond the grave. No, not patiently and forgivingly, but murmuringly and rancorously. Her tormentors laughed at the impotent threats and bitter words, which, day after day, and all day long, were uttered by "Old Granny," wherever she was, except when varied by vain lamentations and vainer wishes, as indistinct recollections of what she had been. long, long years ago, crossed hor mind. Threats, lamentations, and wishes were alike unheeded. "Don't mind what 'Old Granny' says; she is always grumbling; she does not know what she is talking about." So said master and man, mistress and servant.

It was Christmas day; the day on which heaven's peace and good will to man is commemorated by thousands on earth by feast and revel, by which thoughts of heaven are banished.

"Come, 'Old Granny,' leave off grumbling, if you can, and don't get in everybody's way; there, go and drive the cows back again to the meadows; they are all milked now, and want to get out of the yard. Do you hear, you deaf old post?" shouted the farmer's wife, as the old woman was shuffling about the large kitchen.

"Yes, I hear," muttered 'Old Gramy; "I wish I didn't; I wish I was where I should never hear your voice again;

and I wish you—"

"There, leave off croaking, do; you'll be there some of these days, never fear; and a good thing, too. The old witch," she added, to her husband, who had just come in, "gets worse and worse. She ought to go to the workhouse, she ought. Look at her now. Why does she not go and do what I told her? Just tell her to go and drive back the cows, will you?"

"Now, "Old Granny," shouted the farmer, "on with your bonnet, old girl, and get out of the way, as soon as you can."

"Ay, ay, I'm going; yes, yes, I shan't be in anybody's way much longer."

"You said so seven years ago, old lady, and seven to that, pretty nigh. You are a tough bit of goods, I think."

It was a wet morning, and the farmyard, never very dry, was in parts more than ancle deep in sludge. There was a young cow that would go the wrong way, and would not go out at the open gate with her companions. There were men in the stables who wouldn't help "Old Granny" with the fractious beast, but laughed loudly as she panted through the steaming filth in chase of it.

At last the chase was ended, the cow tossed up its heels and scampered through the gateway; the men gave one loud, "haw-haw" and "Old Granny" swung to the gate in helpless fury.

An hour passed away—two hours—and then somebody missed "Old Granny."

"Where's 'Old Granny?" screamed a servant girl, who waited for her help, to the men

in the yard.

"Rode off on the broomstick what she drives the cows with, I shouldn't wonder," replied one of the men.

"No, but where is she?" the

girl repeated.

An hour later, and the farmer's kitchen was a scene of confusion. "Old Granny" had been found in the meadow, senseless and almost lifeless; she had been knocked down and trampled upon by the cross-grained cow, and brought home by those who found her.

"What did you bring her here for?" said the farmer to his men, in a half whisper, as the surgeon, having hastily examined the old woman's hurts, was insisting upon her being borne without delay to the nearest chamber and the softest bed. "What did you bring her here for? The workhouse was nearer; why did you not carry her there? They must have taken her in."

This was too much, even for them, coarse as they were, and as often as they had made sport of "Old Granny." "I say, maister," replied one of themand he drew his big hard hand across his cheek to rub off a tear as he said it-"that is coming too strong, that is, maister. I dare say she would be better off in the workhouse than here, for the matter of that; and if she had been there three years ago, it might have been as well, as far as that goes, and better too, perhaps. But you can never mean that your mother-your own mother, maister, should have been took to the workhouse to No, no, maister. die. If she has lived too long, and had a wretched life of it too, worse by half than a dog's life, give her room to die in peace where she has lived. Let her have that, maister."

"So, 'Old Granny' is out of the way at last,"said a labouring man, over the churchyard wall, to the sexton, who was filling up a newly-tenanted grave.

"Yes, she was buried this morning," replied the sexton with a sigh, as he leaned on

his shovel.

"What a time of it she had, surely!" said the man.

"God forgive them that made it so!" responded the old gravedigger.

'She was a queer one, by all accounts, in time," observed the

lounger.

"I can't say but she was," returned the sexton: " I've known her and hers five and thirty years, John, and there isn't much good to be remembered of them any way."

"I've heard as much." said

John.

"I'll tell you a story, as I have read of, John: I can't say of my knowledge that it is true; but there's nothing more Once upon a time a likely. man-he must have been a wicked 'un-was ill-using his own father, and had got him down, and was dragging him by his gray hairs along a passage, I think it was."

"A brute" exclaimed John.

"Yes, a brute he was. Well, when he had dragged the old man half-way along the passage, if a passage it was, for I don't exactly mind that, but when he came to a certain part of it, the poor old man cried out, 'Stop, stop here; don't drag me any further; for it was to here I dragged my father by his gray hairs.' That's the story, John."

"I understand," said John; "and 'Old Granny's' story is a

fellow to it."

"Much the same. When she was only a girl, as I was told by them that knew her. she was the wickedest girl to her mother, ay, and her father too, in the whole country

round. And when she grew up to a young woman, and her father was dead and gone, I have heard her many a time abusing her poor mother enough to make one's blood run cold to hear. And, as if that wasn't bad enough, instead of being a deal too bad, it often came to blows with her, till at last the old woman was in terror for her life."

"Ah," said John, "it came home to the girl then in her

old age."

"Yes, but there was more than I have told you. the girl married—and there were young men enough after her, for all her treatment to her mother, for she was good looking-well, when she married, and had a young family, she was the hardest-hearted mother I ever knew. slap, scold, scold, it was, all day long, pretty nigh. There wasn't such another house in parish for downright cruelty. It was like a hell

upon earth, it was."

"Heigh! no wonder then—" "She used to say," continued the old sexton, "that she'd tame down her children, she would. They shouldn't get the upper hand of her, she had done of her mother. they shouldn't. But they did though; and one went off here, and another there, and cared no more for her than if she had never been-all but this son. He was the youngest, and her favourite; though he come in for ill-usage enough at times. By-and-by he got married, and got on in the world, and his mother got poorer, till she was

forced to go and live with him; and then wern't the tables turned upon her!"

"You may say that! So, 'Old Granny' wasn't used worse than she deserved, and her son isn't so bad, after all, as is made out."

"Stop. John! as to deserts, that's neither here nor there; we won't talk about that now; only if we all had our deserts -oh, John? But about 'Old Granny's' son; I tell you what John; if you would make a young man of me, and give me his property, told ten times over to be him—there! I wouldn't; no!"

"No," responded John.
"No, I would'nt. I tell you what, John, I've lived nigh upon seventy-three years. As David said in the Psalms, 'I have been young, and now I am old;' but this I have never seen, John, nor known, nor heard of—and that is, a bad. ungrateful, hardened son or daughter-that kept so, mind you from beginning to endto be happy, and prospered. There's a curse—God's curse, John, on all they do and all they have. I know there is. I have seen it again, and again; and what's more, 'tis Scripture truth; it is John; 'Cursed be he,' says the Bible, 'that setteth light by father and mother," and the old sexton turned to his work, while the man after looking wonderingly at him. walked slowly away.

Years—a quarter of a century or more—have passed away since the old sexton uttered this denunciation over the grave of "Old Granny." Is it chance, think you, reader, that furnishes a sequel to point the moral of our sketch? Or is it the hand of God himself which is daily seen, if we would but watch the operations of his providence, setting his stamp of deep displeasure on those and theirs who trample upon his commandment—"The first commandment with promise" -" Honour thy father and thy mother." Here is the sequel:—

A very few years passed away, and with them vanished the prosperity of the unnatural son as a morning dream. his turn, he had first to bear the neglect and insolence, and then to suffer from the desertion of his children. His wife turned against him, as poverty enclosed the wretched family in its meshes, a poverty unsanctified and unbrightened by heaven's grace. That wretched son of a wretched parent at length died, a drivelling sot. His wife lived to be the very counterpart of the "Old Granny," whom she had often wished in the workhouse, and found a pauper's grave, Their children -but enough; their history is not vet wrought out.

INCONSISTENCY.

On a fine day, in the winter, | parish. During the late severe a minister was making some | frost, the road-side had affordcalls on sick people in his ed a fine opportunity for the

young skaters, but now the frost-bands were loosed, and the ice was covered with water. As the pastor pursued his way, he espied a young lad engaged in walking in the water, which was some two or three inches deep. It seemed to afford him fine sport, and answered the purpose of loitering away a beautiful afternoon. times he would walk slowly, then increase his speed, and, as he dashed about the water with no little spirit, his shoes soon became completely soaked. As the minister approached him, he said, kindly, "Well, my little fellow, you are having fine sport. Do you go to school?" "No, Sir, mother does not like to have me go," replied the boy with great gravity. "And do you belong to the Sunday School?" inquired the pastor with interest; for he loved to see young child. ren in that home of good train-"No, Sir," answered the ing. little idler, and adding, as his all-sufficient and most satisfactory reason, "My shoes have holes in them, and mother is

afraid if I go to the Sunday School, I shall get my feet wet, and then be sick."

As the minister wended his way home, he mused upon the strange inconsistency so prevalent amongst all classes, but especially amongst his poorer brethren.

The next Sunday morning he addressed his sermon more particularly to the parents, affectionately urging them to consider the advantage and immense importance of training up their children in a consistent and pious manner.

I am glad to say, that the good seed of the word seemed not to fall upon barren ground; for, upon a recent visit to that delightful village, I saw numbers of children wending their way down the green slope to the SundaySchool, and amongst them, my former little friend, looking very happy, and comfortably clad in warm winter garments. Parents, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

AGNES L---

AN OLD AFRICAN WOMAN.

MARY was a convert and a communicant at Mr. Townsend's Church at Ake. While staying at Osielle, with her daughter and grandson, she became very ill.

She lay, week after week, on her mat, in a little dark room within the verandah, always calm and happy, patiently submissive to the will of God. One day the catechist said to her, "Do you wish to live or die?"

"What Jesus offers," replied Mary; "I have no choice to make; He knows what is best for me, better than I could choose."

At another time she was

speaking cheerfully of her ap-Christ can give in the hour proaching departure, and she was asked if she did not fear death. "No." she answered. "because I know I shall be taken to heaven." And as she spoke, the expression of joy in this blessed hope spread over "Are you her countenance. not a sinner?" said the Cate-"I am a great sinner," was her reply, "but I believe that God for Christ's sake hath forgiven me all my sins, therefore I have no fear in my heart about death."

Many months thus passed away, when one afternoon her grandson came to the Mission Compound to fetch the Catechist, who returned with the boy. Mary was lying apparently lifeless on her mat. Her daughter began fondly to call upon her, and the Catechist. raising her up in his arms, continued to speak to her.

At length a faint reply was "I am going away-I heard. had passed eleven gates, and He opened to me the twelfth. and bade me come in and rest. I heard your voice, and returned to bid you good bye."

"Who was he" asked the Catechist, "that opened the

twelfth gate?"

" Oluwa Jesusi Kristi."

" Did you see Jesus?"

"Yes, I saw Him, and I shall soon be with Him."

" My dear sister," said the Catechist, "your's is indeed a blessed end; I hope I may meet you there."

He turned to the daughter, who was still a heathen, and spoke earnestly to her of the peace which only faith in

of death.

At midnight, when all was silent, the dying woman called three times, "Nancy!" "There is no such person here." said one of those who watched by her. "I am calling my daughter," said she; "I wish her to become a Christian, and that is the name by which I wish her to be baptized."

"But," said the daughter, "What if my husband is not willing that I should join the white man's religion?" it against his will: he is not

able to save your soul."

She then asked for her book. This was a primer, containing the alphabet, a few easy words and some passages of Scripture, in the Egba language.

She could read only a very little, but she took the book in her hand and began feebly to turn the pages, but could not After gazing at it a long time, she gave it into the hands of the Christian native who sat by her. He could read but very imperfectly, but he began to make the attempt, reading some of the words of our Lord in His discourse with Nicodemus, and then the account of His taking the little children in His arms.

Mary listened with fixed attention, and then again called her daughter, and begged her not to forget all she had told her about the Christian religion.

After a few moments of silence, those who were by her perceived that she had quietly passed away.

For Mary was opened the first Christian grave in Osielle.

WHO BEARS YOUR SORROWS?

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."-ISAIAH liii. 4.

THE chapter in which those comforting words are found is familiar to all our readers; and we feel sure that many of them, having felt the burden of their sins to be intolerable. have come heavy-laden to Him for rest, on whom "the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all;" and "being justified by faith, they have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." But while rejoicing in Him as the bearer of their sins, can they all, from their own experience, say, "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows?" Do they not sometimes rather lade themselves with a burden too heavy for them to bear? We do not mean that they have chosen their own cross, for it may be one over which they have no control, but that it is their own choice to bear it alone, instead of going for help to "One that is mighty," who has already borne their grief for them, and is now willing to bear it with them.

Perhaps you will say, "I go to the Lord for help in time of deep affliction; but this daily cross, though a source of constant sorrow to me, is made up of such trifles as I should be ashamed to tell even to a fellow-creature." It may be so; we do not undervalue human sympathy, it is often very precious, but one is occupied with his own cares, another is strong, and does not know how "to bear the infirmities of the weak," a third may weep with you but have no power to relieve, and none can fully understand or enter into the feelings of another, for "the heart (alone) knoweth its own bitterness;" and we are often led to exclaim, "Miserable comforters are ye all!"

But the Lord Jesus Christ is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and nothing can be too insignificant for the compassionate notice of Him who declares that "the very hairs of your head are all numbered." When the disciples had buried the body of John the Baptist, Matthew says, "they went and told Jesus," and Mark adds, they "told Him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught." Doubtless they told Him many things which the Scribes and Pharisees would have treated with derision, and which their own familiar friends would hardly have listened to patiently; but Jesus gave them His unwearied attention, and then said, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert-place and rest awhile."

And He has still the same loving, sympathizing heart, dear reader. If you would but go to Him, with whatever causes you perplexity, He would give you sweet relief, and your heart would be no more sad,—for "they looked unto Him and were lightened." Do you know what it is, in the midst of harassing cares, or overwhelming duties, to lift the eye of faith to your heavenly Friend, and whisper in the ear

bowed down to listen, "Lord help me!" and then to receive such an assurance of His gracious assistance as will be followed by a great calm? If not, you have never realized the privilege of telling Jesus all things. He may not remove the burden, which His wisdom sees there is a "need be" to continue for the trial of your faith and patience, but He will say, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." since He "will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able,"—when He sees that you are "pressed out of measure, above strength," He will say, "come ye apart, and rest awhile." And even if that rest be found on a bed of languishing, yet if He, "who Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." stands by to sustain, you will be constrained to say, "Lord it is good to be here.

When you have committed your cause unto Him, that He may "take the matter into his own hand," you will have little inclination and less reason to trouble your fellow-creatures. for He who has borne your griefs, and to whom you have told your wants and sorrows, will Himself tell them what is needful to incline their hearts to help you in his own time and way; and the relief afforded will often be so suitable, or come through such unexpected channels, that you will plainly recognize in it the hand of "that same Jesus," to whom you have told "all things."

Many believers can testify that this is no "cunningly devised fable," for "that which we have seen and heard (and have ourselves experienced), declare we unto you"—"that we may comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." E. F.

WOUNDED PRIDE.

"I HAD my pride deeply wounded to-day," said Henry Martyn, in his journal, "and I perceived that I was far from humility. Great bitterness and dislike arose in my mind against the man who had been the unconscious cause of it! Prayed for the man, and found my affections return."

Martyn wassingularly honest with himself, and this was one of the causes of his eminent attainment to piety. He saw his deficiencies in their true light, and called them by their right names.

It is seldom that men are honest enough to ascribe the state of mind they are in to the right cause when that cause is wounded pride; and yet, wounded pride is the cause of a large portion of the alienations, dislikes, and strifes which occur.

Why is this man opposed to a certain plan which is in progress, designed to benefit the church or the community? Ha was not consulted in relation to it as early and as deferentially as some others. In consequence, the plan is, in his view, injudicious, and those who are promoting it are influenced by at least doubtful motives.

Why does that man have such a keen perception of the deficiencies of his neighbour? Why is he so solicitous about the influence of that neighbour, lest it should be wrong? That neighbour has perhaps received greater marks of confidence from the community, or has, by some unguarded remark, wounded the pride of the anxious watcher for the public good.

But to enumerate all the ways in which men's pride is wounded and the effects of the same, were to write a large portion of the heart-history of the race. In our intercourse with men, we (if we have ordinary prudence), are constantly, perhaps unconsciously, on our guard lest we should wound the pride of those with whem we come in contact.

It were well if we were equally on our guard against pride in ourselves, that we may not place others under the degrading necessity just alluded to.

What a sad commentary on

the command, "Be ye clothed with humility," is furnished by the history of the world, and even of the church! How many professing Christians would, if they spoke truly, be constrained to confess with Martyn, that they are "far from humility!"

God's cause very often suffers from man's pride. It leads one to say, "It is of more consequence that I should be honoured than that God's cause should prosper." Of course no Christian ever said this in words. Have not some said it very emphatically by their deeds?

As Martyn gave us a hint to be honest with ourselves in relation to pride, so he has told us how to neutralize its effects. He had recourse to prayer, and the feelings awakened by

wounded pride were removed.

Whenever we think our merit has been overlooked, or our opinions undervalued, whenever we find feelings of dislike arising towards any one for want of due deference to our worth, let us have recourse to prayer, and let us continue to pray till all angry feeling has passed away, and till we are willing to take the lowest place so that God's cause may be advanced.

"ARE YOU READY?"

A Young milliner girl by the name of Susan Grey, was in the habit of walking out into the country every Sabbath morning with a female friend; and we cannot wonder that

once a week she was glad to escape from the dusty city, and hot, close air of the shop-room. One Sunday morning she was engaged, as usual, in preparing for her accustomed walk, when the voice of her friend, who | God's right hand?" Alas! I was waiting below, called out, "Susan, are you ready?" She ran to the window to reply, when looking out, she saw a man beneath with a coffin, which he was carrying to a house of mourning somewhere in the neighbourhood. The words— "Susan, are you ready?" thus associated, fell on her heart with painful significance. She immediately asked herself-"am I ready for death—for the coffin -for the grave-for a seat at

feel that I am not. Then it is time that I had begun to get ready. I will put it off no longer. I will cast myself at once at the feet of Him whom I have pierced with my sins, and clasp His cross until he consents to accept me. was accepted of Christ, lived long, and was very useful in her sphere, serving her Saviour. faithfully, and winning many to Jesus.

SCRIPTURE JESTS.

It is very common with some persons to raise a laugh by means of some ludicrous story connected with a text of Scripture. Sometimes it is a play on the words, a pun; at other times a blunder; and not seldom, a downright impiety. Whatever be its form, even when lightest, it is no venial offence, leading, as it does, to profane contempt of God's word. Those who practice this have never been celebrated for genuine wit. The laughter which they call forth is provoked solely by the unexpected contrasted between the solemn words of Scripture and some There is no real droll idea. wit in the case; and the dullest persons in society are

most remarkable for these at-

tempts.

The evils arising from the practice are greater than anpear at first. It leads, in general, to irreverence for Scrip-No man would jest with ture. the dving words of his father or his mother; yet the words of God are quite as solemn. When we have heard a comic or vulgar tale connected with a text of Scripture, such is the power of association, that we never hear the text afterward without thinking of the jest. The effect of this is obvious. He who is much engaged in this kind of false wit, will come at length to have a large portion of Holy Scripture spotted over by his unclean fancy.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

PRALM lx. 4. "Blessed is that | unto lies."—Ah, let those who man that maketh the Lord his desire to hope in the Lord, who trust, and respecteth not the see and fear, (ver. 3)—fear to proud, and such as turn aside | walk in evil ways, broad ways;

let them choose the narrow way, where those are upon the rock, whose paths have been made straight. The broad way is a deadly way: its width pleases in time, but its end is narrow in eternity, Crowds indeed hurry there, with noise and sounds of mirth and festivity. Imitate them not, be not turned aside, it is vanity Let the Lord thy God be thy hope: hope not for any other thing than the Lord thy God; but let thy Lord Himself be thy hope. For many hope for riches from God, many hope for fading and fleeting honours from God, one thing or another is sought from God. besides God Himself. But do thou seek for God Himself to be thine: yes, despising other things, seek Him; forgetting other things, remember Him; leaving other things behind. reach forth to Him.—Leave all other desires: fairer than all is He who hath made heaven and earth.

Ver. 4. Let our God be our hope. He who hath made all things, is better than all: who hath made things fair, is fairer than all: who hath made things strong and great, is stronger and greater than all: whatever thou hast loved. He will be that to thee. Learn to love the Creator in the creature, and the Maker in the things made; lest thou shouldest be held fast by that which was made by Him, and shouldest lose Him by whom thou also thyself wert made. Therefore, "Blessed is the man whose hope is in the Lord."

Ver. 5. "Many, O Lord my God, are Thy wonderful works which Thou hast done, and Thy thoughts which are to us ward."—He who has turned away from the circus, theatre, the amphitheatre, yet seeks something that he may behold, he asks something again; we do not leave him without a spectacle. what follows: " Many, O Lord my God, are Thy wonderful works which Thou hast done." Many wondrous things hath God done, let him look upon these. The charioteer is praised who rules four horses, running their course without slip or hurt: hath not the Lord done spiritual marvels like to this? He rules luxury, sloth, injustice, imprudence, the movements caused by these vices. He rules and subdues unto Himself, and He holds the reins, and is not carried away; leads whither He will, is not led whither He wills not.—God gives such spectacles, holds forth rewards. He speaks from heaven: behold you; strive, I will aid you; conquer, I will crown vou.-

Now look at an actor. A man has by great effort learned to walk upon a rope, and hanging from it, holds thee in wondering suspense. The man has learned to walk upon a rope, has any one walked upon the sea? (Look at the Giver of greater spectacles.) Forget the theatre, and look upon Peter.

Do thou too walk, not on those waters where Peter walked, but on others—the sea of this world. This sea has its bitterness, its waves of tribulation, its storms of temptation; it has men like fishes, delighting in evil. and at times devouring each other; here do thou walk, tread upon this sea. Thou desirest to behold a spectacle: Yield not, be one thyself. look upon one who has preceded thee, saying "We are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men." Tread upon the sea, be not immersed in the sea. shalt not go, thou shalt not step thereon, unless He command thee, who first walked upon the sea. So Peter said. "If it be Thou, command me to come to Thee upon the waters." And because it was He. He heard the request, He called him to walk, He raised him that he might not sink. These wonders hath the Lord done; look upon them, let faith be the eye beholding. And do thou likewise; for if the winds should rage, and the waves roar, and human frailty should lead thee to doubt of thy safety. thou hast but to cry out, and say, O Lord, I perish. He will not suffer thee to perish, who hath commanded thee to walk.

As many as run, let them run with perseverance, and all will obtain the reward; let him who shall come first, wait to be crowned with the last. For not avarice but love is the cause of that strife; all those who run love each other, and love is itself the race.

Ver. 9. "I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest."
—" With the heart man believeth unto righteousness. with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." the thief hanging on the cross with the Lord was found acknowledging the Lord upon the Others acknowledged Him not while working miracles, but this man while He was hanging on the tree. man was held fast in every limb; his hands were held by the nails, his feet were transfixed, his whole body was fast joined to the wood, no parts of his body were free but his tongue and his heart alonewith the heart he believed, with the mouth he confessed. Romember me, he said, O Lord, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. He hoped to receive a far distant salvation, and was content to await for it a long time: he hoped for what was far off: the day was not deferred. He said, Remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. The answer was: To-day shalt thon be with me in paradise. Paradise contains trees of bliss: to-day thou art with me on the tree of the cross, to-day shalt thou be with me beside the tree of life.

Ver. 11. "Withhold not (remove not far away) Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord."—Be near to me. To whom is the Lord near? To the contrite in heart. Far from the proud—near to the humble. For the Lord is very high, and hath respect unto the lowly. But let not the proud think they are not perceived—high things are known afar off. He perceived from afar the

boasting Pharisec; he came nigh to succour the confessing publican. The one boasted of his merits and concealed his wounds; the other boasted no merits but exposed wounds. He had come to the physician, he knew he was sick, he knew he needed healing: he dared not to raise his eyes to heaven, he smote upon his breast: he spared not himself that He might spare: he confessed what he was himself, that He might forgive; he punished himself, that he might deliver. Therefore it belongs to thee to cry out, to sigh, to confess; not to exalt thyself, not to boast of thyself, not to glory in thine own merits: for if thou hast wherein to rejoice, what is there that thou hast not received? "For innumerable evils have compassed me about." - From St. Augustine on the Psalms. Ps. xl.

Ps. lxxiii. 24.—"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory!" This inseparable union -the life of faith and love on earth, issuing in the abundant entrance to the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, was strikingly manifested before the eyes of man, in the case of one of our martyrs in the seventeenth century. One Glovers, of Manchester, being apprehended and cast prison, fell into great dejection of spirit. He had been taken from his sick bed, and weak in body, his mind was probably

enfeebled also. He had pursued a quiet life, believing and obeying the word of God. But. when cast into prison, he lost all sense of the presence of God, no longer beheld the light of his countenance, and darkness and dejection seemed his only possession. But they could not force his faith to yield, nor his love to deny the truth of He witnessed a good God. confession, giving up nothing, though the joy of all seemed dead for ever, and received the sentence of death. Augustine Bernard, the aged Latimer's servant, and a ministering angel to the martyr, used to visit him and cheer him with the certain hope that his light would yet arise. On the morning of the day appointed for his death, Augustine came as usual; but all was darkness in the martyr's soul, though his purpose wavered not-to die rather than deny. Augustine promised to bear him company by mingling with the crowd. At the appointed hour they led him forth, no gleam of heavenly light to cheer his steps, but still kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, until, as they turned a corner and came in sight of the stake, the glory of that light broke upon his longing eyes, and, stopping suddenly, he twice clapped his hands, exclaiming, "O Austin, He is come! He is come!" and then pressed on, and passed away from earth, as if unconscious of all suffering, wrapped in the light, and life, and love of Jesus.

Intelligence.

India .-- A missionary writes :--"You have heard of our new 'collecting-pots.' Sixty-nine of these had been distributed among our people; and on Monday evening, the 5th January, we had a novel and most interesting meeting. Our itinerant brethren were present, and one of them gave the meeting a full account of their doings in the north We then proamong the heathen. ceeded to receive and open the pots. The result was far beyond our highest expectations. One poor woman, who gets her living (under one penny a day) by sweeping out the yard of the travellers' resting-house, brought her pot, as full almost as it could hold of coppers, with only two small pieces of silver, amounting in all to about one rupee and fourteen There were annas (about 3s. 9d.) about 260 small copper coins. This poor woman may be said to have cast in 'all her living;" and she spoke to all a lesson not soon to be forgotten. The whole collection thus made amounted to 76 rupees 10annas (£7.13s. 3d.), which, added to the regular monthly subscriptions. gave a total of 149 rupees (£14.18s.) for the native Church Missionary Association.

"The anniversary for the whole Tinnevelly Church Missionary Association was held two days afterwards, when one of the catechists, who had been with the itinerant brethren for a month, gave an account of his travels; and, among other things, related that a respectable Hindoo, whom he had addressed on the subject of Christianity, asked him, 'Well now, what is it you want me to do?' 'First of all.' I replied, 'remove the mark of idolatry from your forehead, seek to know the true Veda, and obtain the salvation of your soul.' 'Now then,'

he rejoined, 'I will tell you what you ought to do. Take off those earrings, put aside that white jacket, and then go and mind your own business,' I said, 'Well, if you will take off the ashes from your forehead, I will take off these currings.' To which he replied, 'You take off your earrings, and I will take off the ashes; 'and so, both of us being "weak," matters remained as they had been.' The next evening this same catechist came to me when I was alone, and, placing his ear-rings in my hand, said, 'I did not see this matter in the clear light I now do. Here are my carrings, which you will please accept as a donation to the Missionary fund. I can well part with such things for so good a work."

THE CHINESE.—Lucre is the sole object on which his eyes are constantly fixed. A burning thirst to realise some profit, great or small, absorbs all his faculties—the whole energy of his being. He never pursues anything with ardour but riches and material enjoyments. the soul-a future life-he believes in none of them; or rather he never thinks about them at all. ever takes up a moral or religious book, it is only by way of amusement, to pass the time away. a less serious occupation than smoking a pipe, or drinking a cup of tea. If you speak to him of the foundations of faith, of the principles of christianity, of the importance of salvation, the certainty of a life beyond the grave—all these truths, which so powerfully impress a mind susceptible of religious feeling, he listens to with pleasure, for it amuses him, and piques his curiosity. He admits of everything, approves of all you say, does not

In his the smallest objection. opinion, all this is "true, fine, grand," and he puts himself into an oratorical attitude, and makes a beautiful speech against idolatry, and in favour of Christianity. He deplores the blindness of men who attach themselves to the perishable goods of this world; perhaps he will give utterance to some fine sentences on the happiness of knowing the true God; of serving Him, and of meriting, by this means, the reward of eternal life. To listen to him, you would think him just ready to become a Christian, in fact, that he was such already; yet, he has not advanced a single step. must not, however, be supposed that his speeches are wholly insincere; he does really, after a fashion, believe what he says; at all events, he has no conviction to the contrary; he merely never thinks of religion as a serious matter at all. He likes very well to talk about it; but it is as of a thing not made for him, that he personally has nothing to do with. The Chinese carry this indifference so far, religious sensibility is so entirely withered within them, that they care not a straw whether a doctrine be true or false, good or bad. Religion is to them simply a fashion, which those may follow who have a taste for it.—A Residence in China.

CENTRAL AFRICA.—The lines of discovery are drawing nearer together. There now remains to be explored a region about fifteen hundred miles long, and extending eight degrees South, and as many North of the Equator. This has not yet been visited by any European. To penetrate this central region of Africa, no men are so well fitted as the missionaries on the Caboon River, is on the line of the Equator. One of the oldest missionaries at

find the least difficulty, or make this station, Rev. Mr. Bushnell, tells us that, as they advance into the interior, they find themselves approaching a more elevated region. Eighty miles from the coast a new station has been commenced on an island at the junction of the two rivers which form the Gaboon. Here, says Mr. Bushnell, from the piazza of my house, I can see distinctly at a distance of forty or fifty miles, a range of lofty moun-One eannot gaze at that tains. great barrier which shuts out from us central Africa, without longing to stand on those summits, as Moses stood on Pisgah, and overlook the promised land.

> As they approach these mountains, the missionaries find also a new race of men-the Pangwe tribe -the finest race, says Mr. Bushnell. that I have seen in Africa. They are tall, and majestic in their look and bearing; the very princes of savage life, like the finest specimens of American Indians. They have not the negro features strongly marked—the thick lips and woolly head. They are lighter in colour, and are probably of a mixed race. It is supposed that they have come from the region of Abyssinia, near the White Nile. They display great skill in the manufacture of weapons from the native ore, exhibiting blades and spears, and two-edged daggers, beautifully wrought, sometimes with figures engraved upon them. This tribe are great elephant hunters. They are also cannibals. The women and children do not eat human flesh; but the old warriors often devour their captives. though such fierce savages, they are friendly to the missionaries. They inhabit the slopes of the mountains and the region beyond.

> They describe the interior as a vast elevated plain, covered with long grass, which is burnt over at certain seasons of the year, as the Indians set fire to the prairies.

They depict the terror caused to the wild beasts by these conflagrations—the herds of elephants and antelopes, and the African leopard, flying before the sea of flame. Could the missionaries cross the mountains, and enter this upland region, they would probably find a better climate, and they might advance to the very centre of the To this many circum-Continent. The natives are stances invite. friendly, and offer to guide them far into the interior. From the other side of Africa, brotherly hands beckon them on. On the Eastern Coast, at Mombaz, a little south of the Equator, is an English station, the missionaries of which have invited the Americans on the Western Coast, to join them in an attempt | Promoting Christian Knowledge.

to reach the interior. Expeditions starting from the two points at the same time may yet meet in the heart of Africa, and there in the very centre of that benighted continent, in ancient Ethiopia, English and American Christians may lift up their united prayers and thanksgivings to God.

Popish Bishops and Bibles.— The Bishop of Strasbourg has issued a circular, recommending all persons in his diocese to burn Protestant Bibles, and all books and tracts whatsoever, published by Bible Societies, which may be in their hands. He particularly specifies that "gloomy society"—tenebreuse association—the Society for

Poetry.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Nor on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed, Compose thy weary limbs to rest; For they alone are bless'd With balmy sleep, Whom angels keep; Nor, though by care oppress'd, Or anxious sorrow, Or thought, in many a coil perplex'd, For coming morrow, Lay not thy head

On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close, That earthly cares and woes To thee may e'er return? Arouse, my soul, Slumber control, And let thy lamp burn brightly; So shall thine eyes discern Things pure and sightly. Taught by the Spirit, learn Never on thoughtless bed

To lay thine unbless'd head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,

That calls for holy prayer? Has thy day been so bright That in its flight

There is no trace of sorrow? And art thou sure to-morrow Will be like this, and more

Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,

And still make plans for more? Thou fool! this very night Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear, That ploughs the ocean deep,

And when storms sweep the wintry, lowering sky,

For whom thou wak'st and weepest? Oh! when thy pangs are deepest, Seek then the covenant ark of prayer, For He that slumbereth not is there, His ear is open to thy cry;

Oh! then, on prayerless bed Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber, Till, in communion bless'd,

With the elect ye rest,— Those souls of countless number;

And with them raise The notes of praise, Reaching from earth to heaven, Chosen, redeem'd, forgiven; So lay thy happy head, Prayer-crown'd, on blessed bed.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

25. What does Solomon say about "a brother offended"?

26. God tells us, that He has never said, "Seek ye me in vain." Where?

27. Of whom was it said, "He shall obtain the kingdom by flatteries"? 28. What does God say about people who should "hide themselves in the top of Carmel, and in the bottom of the sea"?

29. What is the danger to him who says to another, "Thou fool!"?

30. What are "the things which defile a man"?
31. For whom did Jesus pray that his faith might not fail?
32. What does an apostle pronounce of a man who says, "I love God," but hateth his brother?

Answers to Questions of Last Month.

(17.) 2 Chron. xxi. 16—20. (18.) Heb. vii. 7. (19.) Nahum i. 1, 14. (26.) Neh. vi. 9. (21.) Prov. xxxi. 10, 26, 27. (22.) Prov. xxix. 2. (23.) Rev. xxi. 10, 27. (24.) 2 Chron. xxvi. 14, 15.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR.

EDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS WILSON.

THE SOUL SAFE IN CHRIST.

How secure are the friends of the Saviour! Our souls are lost, and were they this night saved and given back into our own keeping, we should soon lose them again. And were the best and holiest man we ever knew standing surety for their salvation, we should still have cause to tremble; for after the case of David and Peter, we see what dire disasters may befall the fairest and stateliest goodness of this world. Nay, were an angel from heaven undertaking to keep these souls, we might still have cause to hesitate; for there have been even angels who kept not their first estate, and how shall the kindest angel answer for my sin?

But, reader, He who asks the keeping of your soul is Jesus, the Son of God—that Saviour who has at his command infinite merit to atone for its sin, and the might of omnipotence to guard it from danger—that Saviour who is one with the Father, and who can say, "To my sheep I give eternal life; neither can any pluck them out of my Father's hand." Ah, brother! an immortal soul is a pearl of great price, and that soul alone is safe whose Redeemer is mighty. But were it possible to take your soul in your hand, and transfer it as completely away to Him as you might open a casket and give

away the gem, so that for years and ages you should see it no more, it were a wise and safe consignment.

But how is it that Jesus does? The soul thus surrendered He takes and puts his own royal mark upon it, and, though left in the casket of clay for a time, it is as safe as any jewel in his crown. But He does not forget it. He confides it to the care of that heavenly artist who polishes its rough surfaces and grinds away its disfiguring flaws; and by the pains taken with it-by the old things passing away, and the new things appearing—the believer knows that Jesus has accepted this deposit, and will claim it in the day when He makes up his jewels. And when guilt upbraids him, or Satan sifts him, or the king of terrors puts all his courage to the test, that joyful believer can exclaim, "I know whom I have believed. and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

A BACKSLIDER RECOVERED.

It was towards the end of March that a dark shadow fell upon the heart-cheering work which had hitherto, by the grace of God, been made to prosper in my hands.

One Monday morning, Mary E-came to tell me a miserable story, which made my whole heart cold with disappointment and distress.

On Sunday afternoon, Martha W--- had asked her husband not to go to church, but to take a walk with her instead. He told her that he would go with the greatest pleasure after service, but could not "miss his church." She became irritated, spoke bitterly of "his churchgoing ways." This was renewed at tea-time, until at to avoid the shame of return-

length his spirit was stung; and he said in his anger, "Then I'll throw away my religion altogether, and you shall have a drunkard again for your husband."

His fearful word was kept that night. The next day his misery and shame were so great, that he drank again to drown remembrance and re-News of this also reached me on my way to the reading.

I went to his cottage and found his wife alone with her baby, in an agony of remorse and fear. She had heard that he had been seen last on his way to a reservoir, a few miles distant, and believed he might be tempted to drown himself,

new life and holy happiness, and then of his grievous fall. She saw so clearly her sin and folly, and the wreck thus made of the happy home with which God had blessed her for many a month past, that there was need for me to add to her misery by pointing it out.

After that, I left the cottage, but near it, I saw a friend of James W---. I asked if he had seen him. He said, "Yes -in a tavern at Penge, half an hour ago." Mrs. W---said she would go and fetch him home. Knowing that it would not be safe for her to meet him alone, in a state of intoxication, as they had parted in a quarrel, I told her to accept Mary E---'s kind proposal of accompanying her, with Isaac R-, for an escort. James where They found Henry said he had seen him, surrounded by about twenty or forty of the navvies who were lodging in that neighbourhood, and succeeded in leading him home.

At half-past seven the next morning I walked to his cottage. Five minutes more, and he would have left Beckenham never to return. He was just looking his last at his little But even that did not soften his heart. His face was so changed, that it was difficult to recognise him. A possessing spirit had altered the expression of every feature.

My heart sank so low that I could not speak at first. When I did, he would neither look up or answer a single

ing home again—the scene of question. No appeal to past experience had any effect. At last he said, "I have given it all up. I have sold my seul for drink—and all through rage and revenge. There remains no more pardon for me, nor would I seek it if there was."

Nearly an hour passed. There was no softening. Never before had I so learnt my utter powerlessness to influence the soul of another. All the powers of darkness seemed leagued against my feebleness. There was one hope left. I knelt down and poured out my heart in prayer, that God the Holy Spirit would drive out the Evil Spirit, and take possession of that soul again. He would not kneel, but seemed somewhat touched.

"You have been like mother to me," he said, "If anv could persuade another out of sin, you would persuade me. But it is done - past hope. I am going now, for ever, from my wife, and Beckenham, and from you, and from God." He rose to go. I took his wife by the hand, and led her to him, and told him of her grief and penitence for her great sin, whereby she had stirred up his. And then Martha wept, and said, "Oh, James, I will go to church with you every Sunday henceforth, and be obedient and kind—God helping me—if you will come back to your God, and forgive me!"

He sat sullenly. I knew then it was "now or never;" and, with the silent prayer, "O God, help now!" I said, back her soul to Satan." He stretched out his hand to her, turned his head aside, and wept.

Two evenings afterwards. James met me with tears and "You saved me blessings. then by the help of God, but wy sin has been grievous."

On the Saturday night followng, I found James and another man reading Ephesians v. together. James pointed to the words, "nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient," adding, "All that condemns. It has always been the beginning of evil with me."

Dear reader, learn from this sad but true story two great lessons. First, learn the terrible responsibility of influence. If the dread of losing your own soul by your sin does not keep

"James, give your hand to you from it, let the thought your wife now, or you throw that your ungodly influence may be dragging those dear to you, into the pit of destruction. restrain you.

Next, learn what an easy thing it is to go down hill. Once take a false step, once lose your hold of the arm of strength, and your downfall is almost certain. Whatever be our attainments in holiness. however many may have been our victories over sin and self. we can only hope to continue thus successful as long as we are looking steadily to the strong for strength. We cannot for one moment stand alone, and we must remember the promise, "Whose shall endure to the end shall be saved."

The above story is taken from "English Hearts and English Hands."

. "THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY."

This we cannot see with our bodily eyes as the disciples did, but we can with the eye of faith, which the true Christian has; and blessed are those who have not so seen, and yet do thus believe. Let us come to the sepulchre.

We are at Jerusalem; but we must come outside the city walls, for what we are so interested in, happened "without the gate." We are in a garden; there, a little way off from us, on slightly rising the dead body was merely ground, are three wooden wrapped in linen, and laid by crosses. Two days ago three itself. The linen clothes are men were hanging on them, still lying there, which shows now they stand there alone. that it has been tenanted,

But come near to this sepulchre, it is hewn out of the rock; it belongs to the owner of the garden. There were no churchyards then, each one was buried where he chose: often (as here) on his own grounds. Look at that huge stone there; there are yet the remains of a broken seal upon it. Now look into the cavern: there is no tenant, it is empty. There is no coffin, for coffins were not used in those days;

though now it is empty. How many thoughts crowd into our minds as we see this!

WHAT WAS IT THAT CAUSED THIS MAN'S DEATH, WHO WAS BURIED HERE? There is a mystery about it. His was a violent death; for he was betrayed by a false friend, He was accused by false witnesses, He was judged by a false judge, He was sentenced unjustly; and he was tortured and slain cruelly. Do not our feelings of pity and compassion rise up for this Man? Truly. we are indignant at his treatment; we can hardly bear to think of it. But strange to say, his was a voluntary death. He might at any moment have prevented it, if He had chosen, He needed but to speak one word, and legions of angels would have flown down from heaven at his bidding, and would have overcome his mur-Then why did he not save himself? For his own good, in any way? No, this could not be. It was for our good, who are now looking at the place where he once lay. It was to satisfy God's infinite justice; it was to enable God to pardon us; it was to save us eternally. Oh, how our love now rises to this man! What were we, that He should die and suffer for us? Had we done Him any good? No, far from It was pure disinterested love. Oh, let us love Him much for his love, and show our gratitude by doing all and any thing we can for Him.

How came this Man here? He was slain as a malefactor, and malefactors were thrown into a deep valley on the other

side Jerusalem, called Gehenna. The two thieves who were crucified with Him were thrown there. Also, this tomb did not belong to Him, it was made expressly for the owner of the garden. The case was this: Joseph of Arimathea, whose the garden was, though a rich person, and of some influence amongst the Jews, had a regard for this Man; he had not that rancorous hatred for Him that all the others in authority had; he therefore could not bear to think of his being thrown along with thieves and murderers; so went to the Roman governor, and begged the dead body. He gained permission, and took it down, and laid it in his own tomb. was a very important thing, for it ensured the certainty of this Man's resurrection; the place of his burial being identified and well known: and it caused the Scripture to be fulfilled, which had said, that the Saviour should make "his grave with the rich."--- Isa. liii. 8.

How is it that this Man IS NOT HERE NOW? is nothing but linen clothes: have his friends come secretly and taken his body away? He had many disciples and women who were deeply attached to Him; perhaps they wished to see Him buried elsewhere; perhaps they wished to make people believe that his prediction of rising again had come true; and so many Jews do say. But all this is impossible. For first of all, there was a heavy stone against the mouth of the tomb, which required no

small force to roll it away. Then there was a guard of Roman soldiers in the garden, -soldiers who were never known to sleep at their post. He could not have been stolen away. No! it was thus: early on the first day of the week, life came into his dead body: He burst through his graveclothes: He burst through the tomb. The stone rolled away under the influence of almighty power: and the soldiers terrified and helpless were as dead men. And now let us take up the Scriptures, where we have the correct account of all these wonders; there we are told how it was all done. The whole power of the Holy Trinity was concerned in this great event. In Acts iii. 14, 15, we are told that it was done by the power of the Father; in John ii. 19, and x. 18, we are told that our Lord raised Himself by his own power; and in Rom. i. 4. and viii. 11, we read that it was the Holy Spirit who raised Him from the dead.

WHY WAS THIS MAN RAISED FROM THE DEAD? Why did that happen to Him, which has never happened to any one else? First, it was on His own account; it was partly in fulfilment of a promise. His God had promised Him that He should not remain in the grave, and that his flesh should not see corruption.—Psa. xvi. 9, 10. And it was partly in justice to Him. For He had finished all his work, He had obeyed all God's law; He had borne all

God's wrath: He had tasted death: there was nothing more left to be done. It was only iust that He should be raised up, and exalted to glory. Then, secondly, it was on our account. For by rising again in his own power, He proved to us his Divine nature; that He was God as well as man. proved to us that his work of mediation was satisfactory to his Father; and that therefore we might regard Him as a true and valid Saviour. proved to us that we have a real Person living now, whom we can regard as our Friend: not merely one who was, but who is-a living, present Saviour, who can hear, and help, and intercede for us. And He proved also by his resurrection that we can, and that we shall rise again. As He the head has risen, so we the body must rise too.

These are some of the thoughts that suggest themselves to us while we look with the eye of faith at "the place where the Lord lay." Oh, my friend! be sure that this Saviour of whom you hear and read (and perhaps speak) so much, is your own Saviour. Rest on Him by faith for the pardon of your sins. Love Him with your whole heart, on account of all that he has done for you; and serve Him with a sincere and hearty service all your life long, till He calls you up to see Him, and to love Him. and to serve Him in heaven.

THE STORY OF CUFF.

A NEGRO, whose name was Cuff, became eminent for his devotedness to Christ, and for the exemplification of Christian graces among his brethren. Being a man of superior intelligence, he was selected to conduct religious services in the absence of the minister: and in these he was wont to pour forth prayers to God from a full heart, and to speak with words that burned into the very depths of the souls of the con-Both white and gregation. black hearers trembled and wept under the power with which he prayed and spoke before them. But, amidst the fearful contingencies of slavery, even in its most alleviated circumstances, Cuff, through the death of his master, fell into the possession of a spendthrift son, who had soon to sell him by public auction for the benefit of clamorous creditors.

He was purchased by an infidel, newly settled in life, and whose youthful wife had before her marriage often heard with deep feeling the addresses and prayers of Cuff. On making the purchase, he expressed to the insolent owner his pleasure with Cuff's looks and manners. and inquired particularly what was the precise character to be received with him. The answer given was, that there would be nothing found in him objectionable to the purchaser, unless it was that he would pray and "If that attend the meeting. be all," said the infidel, "I will soon whip that out of him."

He took home his purchased slave, who with a heavy heart left his old homestead, and his brethren in bondage, with whom he had so happily associated for worship.

At the close of the first day's appointed labour, he went in search of a place for private prayer, which he found in a thicket of young trees near to his master's garden, and where he knelt and poured forth his evening cries to heaven. While thus engaged, he was overheard by his youthful mistress, who was walking in the garden; and when she heard him pray not only for himself, but also for his new "massa" and his "missis," the deep fountain of her heart was broken up, and she wept greatly.

On the ensuing Sabbath Cuff went some miles to a meeting, returning in the evening, that he might be ready in time the next morning for his labour in the field. On Monday morning his master asked him where he had been on the Sunday, when, not knowing the infidel character of his owner, he replied, "I have been to meetin', massa; and bless de Lord it

was a good time!"

"Cuif," said his master, with an angry voice, "you must quit praying; I will have none of it about this place."

"Massa," said Cuff, "I will do anything you tell me dat I can do, but I must pray. My Massa in heaven command me to do so."

"But you shall quit it," said

the master, "and you shall promise now to do so, or I will whip you."

"I cannot do one nor de oder,

massa," said the slave.

"Then follow me, you obstinate negro," said the master, inflamed with passion, "and we will see whose authority is to

be obeyed."

The slave was led forth, stripped of the few tattered garments that covered his person, was tied to a tree, and the infidel master, full of anger, inflicted twenty-five heavy strokes of the cowhide lash upon him with his own hands. "Now, Cuff," said the master, will you quit praying?"

"No, massa," said the bleeding slave; "I will pray to Jesus

as long as I live."

He gave him twenty-five lashes more, and that with terrible severity: "Now," said the monster of cruelty, "you will quit praying, won't you?"

"No, massa," was the meek slave's reply; "me will pray

while me live."

On hearing this the master flew upon his victim with the utmost fury, and he continued to ply the bloody weapon upon the mangled flesh, until from sheer exhaustion he could strike no longer. "Now, you nigger, will you cease praying?" asked the master.

"No, massa," answered the bound and bleeding slave; "you may kill me, but I must pray."

"Then you shall be whipped as much as this every time you pray or go to the meeting."

The slave was unbound from the tree; he gathered up his clothes, crawled to his gloomy hut, and when he had reached it, he was heard to sing within it, in a plaintive voice—

"My suffering time will soon be o'er, Then shall sigh and weep no more; My ransom'd soul shall soer away, To sing God's praise in endless day."

While this cruel conduct had been pursued, the young mistress had been looking through the window in tears; and when her husband returned into the house, she said, "My dear, why did you whip the poor negro so much for praying?—there is no harm in that."

"Silence!" said the enraged husband; "not a word upon it, or I will give you as much." Through the remainder of

the day the infidel husband raved like a madman, he cursed all the negro race, and he cursed God for creating them. Night came; he writhed with agony on his bed. Before the morning dawned, he exclaimed, "I feel I shall be damned! O God, have mercy upon me! Is there any one to pray for me?"

"None," said the wife, "un-

less it be the poor negro you have whipped so severely."

"He will not pray for me," said the husband.

"He will, I am sure," said the wife.

"Then send for him without delay, for I cannot live as I am." said the husband.

Cuff was sent for; he came, sore and bleeding, expecting more ill-usage, when, to his great astonishment, he found his cruel master bowed upon the floor of his room, and crying to heaven for mercy.

"Cuff, will you—can you pray for me?" was the earnest

inquiry proposed to the bowed | from this moment you are a slave.

"Yes, massa," was the prompt reply, "I have been praying for you and missis all night."

They prayed and wept together until the heavy burden was removed from the awakened conscience, when the rejoicing master, springing to his feet, and throwing his arms around his dark slave, exclaimed,

"Cuff, my forgiving brother,

free man!"

The master formally emancipated his injured slave, and with his youthful wife, united himself to a religious congregation. Afterwards, with Ouff. whom he engaged as chaplain to his estate, he preached that Jesus whose name he had blasphemed, and whose disciple he had scourged. - Jobson's America and American Missions.

THE COLPORTEUR PASTOR.

On one of the bitterest mornings of winter, a devoted servant of God, in one of the small but widely extended parishes upon the sea-coast was wrapping himself for a morning walk, "You surely will not go out to-day," remonstrated his wife; "you will suffer, almost perish with the cold." "I must go down F--- lane," he replied; it is a long time since I have called upon the families there, and as I go out of town to-morrow. I may not have another opportunity for weeks." But it is so cold," pleaded his wife, "and you are not able to go." "Perhaps it will do them more good because it is so cold; they will be more likely to be at home." So he filled his pockets with tracts, Christian almanacks, and little books for children, and bade them good-by.

He was gone several hours. First he wended his way through drifts of snow, and overfences, and through woods, till he came to the farthest

verge of the parish in that direction, a little house away down upon the marsh, where lived an aged couple, remote from any neighbours, both of them more than eighty years of age. They had been partially supported by the parish for years; but the extreme cold had exhausted their last stick of wood the night before, and the poor old man was out in that intense cold, trying to cut down an old willow tree. which had long sheltered the house, for fuel. His wife had not arisen from bed, because there was no wood to make a fire. The pastor took the axe from the feeble, trembling hands of the old man, and with a few vigorous strokes felled He then cut up the tree. enough to last for hours, collected some dry branches, and went in and made with his own hands a good, cheerful fire. The exercise of the morning lent a new glow to his own thin, pallid face. Meantime the aged wife had arisen, and

the trio sat down together before the blazing fire. A worn and blackened Bible was taken from the shelf. A chapter was read, prayer offered in their behalf, tracts adapted to their need were given, and then with words of encouragement and sympathy the pastor went on his way.

All through that cold day, he went from house to house, among the poor of his flock, dispensing consolation to the mourner, comfort to the sick, and sympathy and kindness to all. The hearts of those who had abundance were enlisted in favour of the suffering. The poor man's wood-pile was renewed, and his barrel of meal replenished.

Did the faithful pastor suffer from cold? Ah, no. "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

They were his last visits. Before the frost of winter had given place to the genial influences of spring, he had rested from his labours, and received the welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

AN HONEST PUBLICAN'S ADVERTISEMENT.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS.— Grateful for the liberal encouragement received from you. and having supplied my Shop and Tavern with a new and ample stock of choice Wines. Spirits, and Malt Liquors, I thankfully inform you that I continue to make drunkards. paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious, and respectable community to support. My liquors may excite you to riot, robbery, and blood, and will certainly diminish your comforts, augment your expenses, and shorten your lives. I confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and likely to render these in-They will agreeably curable. deprive some of life, some of reason, many of character, and all of peace—will make fathers fiends, wives widows, mothers cruel, children orphans, and all poor. I will train the young to ignorance, dissipation, infidelity, lewdness, and every vice—corrupt the ministers of religion—obstruct the Gospel, defile the Church, and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can.

I will thus "accommodate the public," it may be at the cost of my never-dying soul. I have a family to support—the trade pays—and the public encourage it. I have a license from the Magistrate; my traffic is lawful; Christians countenance it; and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will. I

"woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink;" and enjoins me not to "put a stumblingblock in a brother's way." I also read that " no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." and I cannot expect the drunkard-maker, without repentance, to share a better fate; but I wish a lazy living, and have deliberately resolved to gather the wages of iniquity, and fatten on the ruin of my species. I shall therefore carry on my trade with energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation, impair the health of the people, and endanger the safety of the State. As my traffic flourishes in proportion to your ignorance and sensuality, I will do my utmost to prevent your intellectual elevation, moral purity, social happiness, and eternal welfare.

Should you doubt my ability,

know the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill;" pronounces a "woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink;" and enjoins me not to "put a stumbling-block in a brother's way." I also read that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of

N.B.—I teach old and young to drink, and charge only for the materials; a very few lessons will be sufficient.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also" (Hab. ii 15).

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfeth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness" (Isa. 1v, 1, 2).—Sterling Tracts.

SCOLDING.

1. It is a Sin against God.

—It is an evil and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting or scolding, keep silence.

2. IT DESTROYS AFFECTION.

—No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder.

Husbands, wives, children, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish, fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them—may bear with them. But they cannot love them more than the sting of nettles, or the noise of mosquitoes. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. It is the Bane of Domestic Happiness.—A fretful,—

peevish, complaining faultfinder in a family is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man. woman, or child who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another. Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. A. is of this temperament. She wonders her husband is not more fond of her company. That her children give her so much trouble. That domestics do not like to work for her. That she cannot secure the good will of young people. The truth is, she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her and do not love her. She never gained the affections of a young person, nor never will till she leaves off fretting.

4. IT DEFEATS THE END OF FAMILY GOVERNMENT. -- Good family government is the blending authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed it is the great secret of managing young people. Now, your fretters may inspire fear; but they always make two where they correct. Scolding at a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as if it had no feelings, inspires a dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. Mr. G. and Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough upon their faults. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She sneers at them.

Treats them as though they had no feelings. She seldom gives them a command without a threat, and a long-running fault-finding commentary. When she chides it is not done in a dignified manner. raises her voice, puts on the cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, slaps their heads, &c. The children cry out, pout and sulk; and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work Then she over pretty often. will find fault with her husband, because he does not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as chorus.

5. FRETTING AND SCOLDING MAKE HYPOCRITES.—As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them anything disagreeable, and procure for themselves a fretting. Now, children conceal as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their For a man may husbands. brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles and mosquitoes.

6. It Destroys One's Peace of Mind.—The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at, especially if he or she has the bump of order and neathing will always be out of place. There will always be dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, talk right. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.

7. It is a Mark of a Vulgar Disposition. — Some persons have so much gall in their disposition, are so selfish, that they have no regard to the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Woe to the children who are exposed to their influences. It makes them callous and unfeel-

ing; and when they grow up, they pursue the same course with their own children, or those entrusted to their management; and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated. Any person who is in the habit of fretting or sneering, taunting their husbands, wives, children, or domestics, shows either a bad disposition or else ill-breeding. For it is generally your ignorant low-bred people that are guilty of such things.

"TALKING OF JESUS."

In the neighbourhood of ----, a lady who was in the habit of visiting the poor for benevolent purposes, took her little daughter with her. The child saw, heard, and was interested. But there was something which the child could not exactly make out. So, on the road " Mamma, home, she said, when you are out visiting the poor, you are always talking about Jesus Christ to them, but you don't talk of Him at home."

I need not say one word about how the lady felt, but if the remark had been made to us how should we have felt? Would it have been said with truth? In reference to too many, I fear it may be said with too much truth. Many parents seem to think that if they take their children to public worship, if they put good books into their hands, and if they have family prayer, they have done all that is necessary. They talk of almost all subjects before their

children, and they talk with them on many points, but they do not talk of Jesus. They act as if they fancied that their children heard enough of Him, or knew all that was requisite for them to know. But is it

Reader, are you a parent? Have you little ones around you? Do you notice how attentively they often listen to you? Do they hear you speak of Jesus? Do they hear you speak of Him as your highest love? As of that Saviour who for you performed wondrous deeds, who for you suffered tremendous agonies, who for you achieved a most glorious conquest? Do they hear you speak of what He was, when in the bosom of his Father; of what He became when a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief; and of what He is new, exalted above all principalities and powers? Do they hear you speak with admiration of his loving heart, of his all-atoning blood, and of his prevalent intercession at the right hand of God? Do they hear you dilate on his amazing condescension, in the visits he paid, the miracles he wrought, and in receiving and blessing even little children? Do they hear you speak of Jesus as of a subject in which you feel a deep interest-of a Saviour to whom you feel the warmest love, and a Friend in whom you place strongest confidence? Could they conclude, from the frequency of which you speak of Jesus, the tender and majestic manner in which you

speak of Jesus, and the reverence and gratitude that you feel towards Jesus, that He is your all in all?

Parents! parents! by all the tender ties that unite you to your children, I beseech you to seek, first, principally, and most earnestly, the conversion of your children in early life. Never let a child of yours be able to say, with truth, "You do not talk about Jesus Christ at home;" or, "my mother or my father did not make my salvation their first concern."

PRAYER.

Prayer is at once a duty and a privilege.

I. We have many commands

to pray.

"Pray without ceasing."—

1 Thess. v. 17.

"In everything by prayer and supplication with thanks-giving, let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil. iv. 6.

"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanks-

giving."—Col. iv. 2.

"I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men."—1 Tim. ii. 1.

"Pray for them which despitefully use you."—Matt. v.

44.

"Pray to thy Father which is in secret."—Matt. vi. 6.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—Matt. xxvi. 41.

"Brethren, pray for us."— 1 Thess. v. 25.

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed." —James v. 16.

II. We have many promises

annexed to prayer.

"All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."—Matt. xxi. 22.

"Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

–Matt. vii. 8.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."—Luke xi. 13.

"Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—

Isa. lxv. 24.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John xv. 7.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you."—John xvi.

23.

Prayer is a spiritual attainment. We cannot pray except the Holy Ghost teach us. Rom. viii. 15, 26. To pray aright we need 1st, a feeling of want; 2nd, an earnest desire; 3rd, a firm belief in God's faithfulness to answer prayer. We should aim at simplicity in prayer. A child when it wants any thing from its Father dees not meet him with a studied form of words, or laboured petition. He tells his want in his artless So should we act language. to our Father who is The prayer of the heaven. publican (Luke xviii. 13.) and the blind men (Matt. xx. 27.) are instances from scripture of simplicity in prayer. Lengthy prayers are not necessary. Much speaking will not gain the ear of our Father. simple expression of want, an earnest wish for the supply of that want, and a firm reliance on the faithfulness of the Father to grant our request if

good for us, this is the frameof mind wherewith to approach Him; and prayer in such a frame of mind offered up in the Saviour's name will not go unanswered.

Are any discouraged because their prayers are not answered? Remember, though God promises to answer, he reserves to himself the time. comfort in the many answers to prayer recorded in Scrip-Eliezer, Gen. ture. Moses, Exod. xxxii. 11-14: Hezekiah, ii. Kings xix. 15-20. The Centurion, Matt. viii. 5-13. The Syrophenician woman. Mark vii. 25-30. Daniel, Dan. ix. 21. and Cornelius, Acts x. We might multiply instances.

Have we received answers to prayer? Let us use them as encouragements to pray, and plead them as grounds for further favours. God delights to be reminded of what He has done for us. Leaving Him to perform His promises in His own good time, let us by the Spirit helping us, do our part, and, with Jacob of old, wrestle with the Holy One of Israel, nor let Him go until He bless Gen. xxxii. us.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF AN ENG-LISH MISSIONARY IN INDIA.-At the recent meeting of the London Missionary Society of India, the Rev. R. C. Mather, in the course of his speech, dwelt on the effect of the Indian outbreak in bringing out the real value of native con- city and in the cantonments,

verts. I will, he said, just state one fact in connection When the with this matter. fort at Agra was invested by the mutineers, or rather when it became known that the mutineers were approaching, the entire population, both of the

took refuge in the fort. There were 850 native Christians in the town who fled towards the fort, and they expected that they would have been admitted with the rest, but to their astonishment they were told that they could not come in. There were at that moment in the fort upwards of 1000 Hindoos and some 250 Mahommedans (who afterward deserted the English), yet these 850 Christians could not be admitted, but must remain outside in danger of losing their lives. The statement was supplemented by the Rev. James Smith, of the Baptist Missionary Society, thus: "Let me here pay a tribute of respect to that worthy missionary, whose acquaintance I am proud to possess, Mr. French, the agent of the Church Missionary Society at Agra. When it was stated that the native Christians had been refused admission into the fort-they were from my own neighbourhood, Chittourah and Secunderabad -Mr. French came forward, and said, 'My blood shall flow with theirs if they are not admitted into the fort—I will go out to them." Here was a man that was truly worthy of the name of a missionary—one that was determined rather to perish with his brethren than that they should be left outside. I am happy to add, that in consequence of that statement of Mr. French the governor ordered the gates to be thrown open to the native Christians, and they were admitted into the fort.

PRIVATE LETTER FROM THE LATE GENERAL HAVELOCK:-The following copy of a letter received by Rev. C. B. Lewis. Calcutta, from the late Sir Henry Havelock, has been inserted in the Patriot:—Camp. Cawnpore. Aug. 80, 1857.— My Dear Mr. Lewis, - Your letter of the 22d inst. has this day reached me. I am thankful to you and to all my good friends in Calcutta for their intercession at a throne of grace and mercy on my behalf. No disaster, great or small, has befallen me or my troops. the blessing of God. I have defeated our enemies in nine successive actions, and captured forty-eight of their cannon. with no great loss on my part; but my force is small, and has been dreadfully thinned by cholera and other diseases incident to British soldiers exposed, often without tents, to the inclemency of this season. I have been compelled, therefore, to await reinforcements. which are coming up to me, before again advancing to Lucknow, where I yet hope to relieve its gallant and muchenduring garrison. It is commanded by Col. Inglis, a man of piety, I believe. Let him share your prayers. I set up no pretensions to military skill. but I have endeavoured to conduct my operations on the principles which all soldiers recognise as sound, and thus far God abundantly blessed my endeavours. I beg regards to your lady and family, to Mr. Leslie, and all my good friends in Calcutta, and remain, sincerely yours, H. HAVELOCK.

FROM THE MEMOIR OF CAPT. M. M. HAMMOND, OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE. - During the time that Capt. Hammond was at Montreal, his attention was drawn to a private in the Rifles, named M---, who was dying of consumption in the hospital. From his teaching this poor man heard and drank in the glad tidings of salvation, in Christ Jesus. "Speedily" (we quote the words of a comrade), "the sick man rejoiced in the full assurance of his acceptance; and sending for comrade after comrade, not only proclaimed the good news, but urged each and all to hasten to the loving Saviour." The fatal disease went on. In the weary sleepless night as the patient tossed upon his pillow, the stillness was broken by the sentry's challenge, and the familiar "All's well." fell on his car. The dying soldier looked up-"All is well!" he said: "All is well!" he faintly repeated. A very short time after the "Dead March in Saul," was heard; and a funeral party with arms reversed, passed along the streets of Montreal. All was well with M---. Another private of the Rifles thus alludes to M---'s death: "You will have heard of the death of M---; oh! he was truly happy! and what do you think it arose from first? Capt. Hammond took him into the surgery, and then knelt down and prayed for and with him. He said until that took place he never thought of praying, or if he had, he would not have done so. But when he saw a gentleman who was not

ashamed to kneel with a private soldier, he said, surely he need not be ashamed of kneeling by his bedside, where all were his equals; and from that time he was continually holding communion with his God. He was repeatedly speaking to 8——, and all the others too, and, in fact, made them promise to commence a new life. He said to them, 'Men may laugh at you, but they can't strike you.' "

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR H. HAVELOCK.—In a letter from General Havelock's son, who been twice himself \mathbf{had} wounded, but was happily so far recovered from his wounds as to be able to attend the General in his last illness, and to close his eyes. Announcing the melancholy intelligence of his death, he says, "My father died on the 24th November, having been attacked with acute dysentery on the 20th. For two months before this we had been shut up in Lucknow; he had been literally starved for want of proper nourishment, and his constitution had not strength to survive the shock. On the night of the 21st, he was removed from the garrison to the camp of Sir Colin Campbell's relieving force at the Dilkoosha park, where I had the comfort of tending him to the last, God grant that the Christian resignation and peaceful confiding reliance on the Master, he had so long and so faithfully served, may have a lasting influence on my life. He died in perfect peace.

To Sir James Outram, who came to see him on the previous evening, he said, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life, that when death came, I might face it without fear." Once turning to me, he said, "See how a Ohristian can die;" and re-"I peatedly exclaimed, contented." The recognition of his grateful country of the noble deeds he had performed, reached us on the 17th just a week previously, and, though his heart was satisfied in the consciousness of the rigid performance of duty, (as he has repeatedly said to me) it was no doubt a satisfaction in his last hours. Immediately after his death, the force was removed to the Alumbagh, where he was buried the next day; Sir Colin Campbell, and numbers of his sorrowing comrades, who had followed him in so many victorious fields, accompanied his remains to the grave."

Intelligence.

ROMISM IDOLATRY REPROVED BY A MALAY CONVERT.—A short time since, a vessel arrived at Boston from India, one of whose sailors was a Malay. He was placed by the consignee in the house of a Roman Catholic family to board. Surprised at some expressions used by the family, he asked them to whom they prayed. Upon being told, to the Virgin Mary, he proceeded at once to teach them the idolatry of such worship, and the duty of praying to God only. He had in his native country been instructed at a station belonging to the Church Missionary Society, and was able to defend the truth, even against its Christian perversions.

PARIS CITY MISSION.—In a paper recently issued, we find the following statement from the Secretary of the Paris City Mission:—

"We now employ five missionaries, and we are about to engage a sixth; but at least twenty-four are wanted efficiently to visit Paris. The Parisian population, generally so ignorant on all religious matters, is much more favourably disposed to the reception of truth than could have been anticipated, and the happy results of the missionaries' visits are clearly manifested. Family prayer has been commenced in many households. Meetings of thirty or forty people have been instituted in different parts of the town for the study of the word of God and for prayer, The services on Sundays have an increased number of attendants, and many children are continually being added to the schools. Unhappy and disorderly families have given evident proofs of conversion, and the missionaries have proved themselves able and useful supports to the churches. Each of the missionaries has visited 400 families in the course of this year, many of whom being foreigners, and of migratory habits, will be instrumental in the dissemination of truth very widely in their distant homes. They have distributed many Bibles and Testaments, and an extraordinary number of tracts. Thousands are sought for every month, and read with interest. A poor homeless conjurer, who was much opposed to the missionary, has been completely changed. He now creditably supports his family, and not only studies the Bible himself, but devotes some hours every week to make known its contents to others."

A STRAY SHREP IN THE JUNGLES.—A Brahmin of distinction, named Dondaba, in Belgaum, Western India, embraced the gospel, and was baptised, in connection with the Church Missionary Society in England. By this act he lost possession of his houses, his fields, his wells, his wife, and his children. Such was the inexorable law of caste.

On being asked how he bore his sorrows, and if he was supported under them he replied, "Ay, I am often asked that, but I am never asked how I bear my joys, for I have joys within with which a stranger intermeddles not. The Lord Jesus sought me out and found me, a poor stray sheep in the jungles, and He brought me to His fold, and He will never leave me. To whom else should I go, if I were to leave Him?"

"Twenty years subsequent to this event," says the narrator, "I met Dondaba. The venerable man had outweathered every storm, and was an humble Christian still. had, for the first time, recently got a copy, in Mahratta, of the prophecy of Isaiah, and he was almost sure that it must have been written after the death of Christ.—referring to that wonderful fifty-third chap-He did not sleep till he had read the prophecy through. Having been invited to attend a missionary meeting at Bombay, nearly four hundred miles off, and been offered a horse for the journey by a pious man, he reflected a little, and said, 'My Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, never rode, and I will walk as He did, and bless God that I am going to a missionary meeting."

An Incident of the Indian OUTBREAK.—There is a remarkable circumstance connected with the events which have occured at Futtehpore, which may throw some light on the subject of the degree in which the natives of India are actually hostile to the introduction of Christianity. By the high-road, near Futtehpore, a few years ago, stone tables were erected by the late judge of that place, containing the Ten Commandments, and an extract from John iii. 14-18. in both Hindoo and Persian characters. They were placed there as silent witnesses to all who should pass by of the requirements of the Law and the blessings of the Gospel. After the breaking out of the Indian mutiny, every European fled from Futtehpore, except Robert Tudor Tucker, the judge, who, with chivalrous self-devotion, remained at his station and fell there, defending himself to the last. Futtehpore was then for a time entirely in the hands of the natives, and there was no power, humanly speaking, to prevent them from working their will. Was it not natural to suppose that one of the first efforts of unrestrained fanaticism would have been to throw down and crush to powder the tables of stone by the way-side? And yet those tables are standing yet! Information reached England by the last mail, through one of the highest officials appointed to Futtehpore, now reoccupied again by the English, that these tables were not destroyed when he who erected could protect them no longer. One, indeed, is injured, but not beyond repair. They remain a memorial of him who, though dead, by them still speaketh, declaring, even to the benighted men who shed his blood, that "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Poetry.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

" So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. iv. 17.

Ever—yes, ever—to "be with the Lord;"
Oh, what delight does this truth not afford!
Ever—for ever—and never to part,—
Well may it solace the sorrowing heart;
For a tear in heaven we never shall see,
It belongeth to time, not eternity.

Ever—yes, ever—with Jesus to reign,—'
The prospect of this alleviates pain;
Ever—for ever—and always to be
From sorrow and sin eternally free,—
Made perfect in holiness, perfect in bliss,
'Twere gain to depart from a world such as this.

Ever—yes, ever—'twill be our delight To magnify Christ, for this is his right; Ever—for ever—and never to tire Of mingling our notes with the heavenly choir; We'll praise without ceasing the wondrous love That bought us a home with Jesus above.

M. J.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 33. Who dwelt underneath a palm-tree?
- 34. What maid was the means of curing her master of a very dreadful disease?
 - 35. Who followed Jesus at once, when He said, "Follow me"?
 - 36. Where, in prophecy, is the name of Jesus foretold to be Immanuel?
- 37. Where does St. Paul say that all things are the Christian's, and why?
- 38. Who was able to say of himself, that he had served the Lord with all humility of mind?
- 39. Where does Jesus say that they are blessed, who hear the word of God, and keep it?
 - 40. Who says, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"?

Answers to Questions of Last Month.

(25.) Prov. xviii. 19. (26.) Isa. xlv. 19. (27.) Dan. xi. 21. (28.) Amos ix. 3. (29.) Matt. v. 22. (30.) Mark vii. 15. (31.) Luke: xxii. 32. (32.) 1 John iv. 20.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR.

EDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

THE PARDON OF SIN.

Where must a man go for pardon? Where is forgiveness to be found? Listen, reader, and, by God's help, I will tell you. There is a way both sure and plain, and into that way I desire to guide every inquirer's feet.

That way is, simply to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, as your Saviour. It is to cast your soul, with all its sins, unreservedly on Christ—to cease completely from any dependence on your own works and doings, either in whole or in partand to rest on no other work but Christ's work, no other righteousness but Christ's righteousness, no other merit but Christ's merit as the ground of your hope. Take this course, and you are a pardoned soul. "To Christ," says Peter, "give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x. 43.) "Through this man," said Paul at Antioch, "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 38.) "In him," writes Paul to the Colossians, "we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. i. 14.)

The Lord Jesus Christ, in great love and compassion, has

made a full and complete satisfaction for sin, by his own death upon the cross. There He offered Himself as a sacrifice for us, and allowed the wrath of God, which we deserved, to fall on his own head. For our sins He gave Himself, suffered and died, the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty, that He might deliver us from the curse of a broken law, and provide a complete pardon for all who are willing to receive it. And by so doing, as Isaiah says, He has borne our sins—as John the Baptist says, He has taken away sin—as Paul says, He has purged our sins, and put away sin—and as Daniel says, He has made an end of sin, and finished transgression. (Isa. liii. 11. John i. 29. Heb. i. 3.; ix. 26. Dan. ix. 20.)

And now the Lord Jesus is sealed and appointed by God the Father to be a Prince and Saviour, to give remission of sins to all who will have it. The keys of death and hell are put in his hand. The government of the gates of heaven is laid on his shoulder. He Himself is the door, and by Him all that enter in shall be saved. (Acts v. 31. Rev. i. 18. John x. 9.)

Reader, believe on this Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Come to Him this day with all thy sins and wickedness, with all thy doubts and fears, with all thy feelings of unfitness and unworthiness, and He will not cast thee out, nor refuse thee. He has said it. He will stand to it. He never breaks his word. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

Do you want to have your sins pardoned? You have heard of the good way. Walk in it, and you shall be saved. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 8, 9.)—Ryle.

"MAKE IT FLY."

WE suspect that there are not a few of our missionary celebrations, to which the following story will apply:

A woman in Jamaica was very fond of going to the mis-

very fond of going to the missionary meetings, and singing, with great zeal and fervour,

"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!"
But whenever the plates went
round for contributions, she
always sung with her eyes
fixed on the ceiling. On one
occasion, however, a negro
touched her with the plate,
and said:

"Sissy, it is no use for you to sing, 'Fly 'broad, mighty Gospel,' with your eyes fixed on the corner of the ceiling; it is no use to sing 'Fly abroad' at

all, unless you give something to make it 'fly.'"

Such a Christian, when he comes to render in his last account, will say-"I talked great deal about visiting those who were sick and in bonds. I belonged to a Church which makes it one of its main boasts that it is a missionary Church—and there I stopped." But will not the answer be-"The sweet music of heaven thou mayst hear, but that will be all,—its gates thou mayst approach, but cannot enter; for as warfare was a name, and not a reality, with thee in life, so glory will be a name, and not a reality, with thee in eternity."

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

Ir is not to watch children with a suspicious eye, to frown at their merry outbursts of innocent hilarity, to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little models of gravity.

And when they have been in fault, it is not to punish them simply on account of personal injury that you may have chanced to suffer in consequence of their fault, while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood of

angry words; to stun him with a deafening noise; to call him by hard names which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets which would be extravagant, if applied to a fault of tenfold enormity; or to declare, with passionate vehemence, that he is the worst child in the world, and destined to the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first risings of sin, and to repress them; to counteract the earliest workings of selfishness; to suppress the first beginnings of rebellion against rightful authority; to teach an implicit and unquestioning and cheerful obedience to the will of the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of the civil magistrate, and the laws of the great Ruler in heaven.

It is to punish a fault because it is a fault; because it is sinful and contrary to the commands of God, without reference to whether it may, or may not, have been productive of immediate injury to the parent or others.

It is to reprove with calmness and composure, and not

with angry irritation; in a few words, fitly chosen, and not with a torrent of abuse; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you intend, and can remember to perform; to say what you mean, and infallibly do as you say.

It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him who gave you your authority; who will reward your strict fidelity with such blessings as He bestowed on Abraham, or punish your criminal neglect with such curses as He visited on Eli.

A REAL MISSIONARY.

THE Rev. Dr. Tyng, at a missionary meeting, gave the following remarkable account of an independent missionary at Jerusalem:

"The best missionary he ever knew, was a poor farmer from New Haven, who went to Jerusalem, a missionary 'on his own hook,' supporting himself sometimes by serving as a waiter in an hotel, and who was known as "Book-man Roberts." He could not speak a word of any language but English. Day after day, he might be seen, in old grey clothes, that looked as if they came down from the Pilgrims, and with his long, lean, dangling limbs, so that everybody would know him for a Yankee as far as they could see him; and always with a bundle of books under each arm.—books

in Turkish, Armenian, Syriac, and other languages, of which he could not understand a word. He would ask a Turk to read, and get him seated in some of the gardens, with an audience of ten or twelve about him, finding for him the latter part of St. John's Gospel, or the sermon on the Mount. was the Bible, and the Word of God, although read by Mohammedan. And he would leave the Bible with them, as good a preacher as himself or any body else. In Roberts' first year he met with no small persecution, and at one time was without food for five days together. But everybody knows him now, and he is unmolested in his work. There was not a more efficient labourer anywhere."

"PLEASANT FLOATING."

SEVERAL years since, three students of a college, bathing one day in a beautiful river, allowed themselves to float downwards, towards a waterfall some distance below. length two of them made for the shore, and, to their alarm, found that the current was stronger than they supposed. They immediately hailed the other, and urged him to seek the shore. But he smiled at their fears, and floated on. "It is pleasant floating," he said, and he seemed to enjoy it much. Soon several persons were gathered on the bank of the river, and, alarmed for his safety, they cried out, in deep earnestness, "Make for the shore, or you will certainly go over." But he still floated on, laughing at their fears. Soon he saw his danger, and exerted his utmost energies to gain

the shore. But, alas, it was too late! The current was too strong; he cried for help, but no help could now reach him. His mind was filled with anguish, and just as he reached the fearful precipice, he threw himself up, with arms extended, gave an unearthly shriek, and then was plunged into the boiling abyss below!

How striking an illustration of the conduct and final ruin of thousands of immortal souls, who are floating thoughtlessly on the stream of life, toward the gulf of dark despair. They are warned and entreated with tears, by alarmed and faithful friends. But they float on, mocking the fears of those who love them most, till too late to awake to their danger, and see just beneath them the gulf of eternal ruin.

THE AGREEMENT OF PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

How is it that there is too often perceived, amongst the members of a Christian family, a great want of that communion which one would expect to find amongst those who love the same Saviour, who desire the same holiness, and who look forward to the same Here are themes for glory? conversation which would be inexhaustible, — topics would never fail to interest,subjects which ought to fill the heart with joy, and the mouth

with praise. They produced this effect upon David, for he said, "My tongue shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long." "I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart. I have declared thy faithfulness, and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the congregation." great again, "I will declare thy name unto my brethren." He also describes himself as in company with a friend with whom

he was in the habit of holding sweet counsel together on

spiritual matters.

And yet, very often, it is to be feared, that relatives meet in this world for social intercourse, whilst Christian communion is not enjoyed or entered into by them as it should Indeed, there sometimes seems to be a shyness, and a shrinking from it. Now conduct such as this argues a wrong state of things amongst any class of persons, but more especially amongst the members of a Christian family. Are there not some who, whilst reading this, can recall seasons of intercourse with their relatives. when God's dealings towards them — His leving-kindness, his faithfulness, the love of a Saviour—his sacrifice—his perfection,-the growth of grace in their own souls. - formed but a very small part of their conversations together, though perhaps other topics frequently failed or became exhausted.

Now it surely cannot be amiss, if such be the case, to examine into the causes which have led to this very decided defect. And may not one chief cause lie here? Persons dwelling together under the same roof, are brought into such close and continual contact with each other, that every action and word is observable; perhaps inconsistencies and failures in Christian duty and conduct are remarked—perhaps hasty tempers are given way to-it may be sharp words are uttered.

Now, with the remembrance of these things fresh in the mind, it is not to be wondered

at, if a disinclination is felt, on the part of those who have been indulging in them, immediately afterwards to commence a conversation on deeply religious subjects. There would be such a manifest inconsistency about the whole matter. that they would feel they had better be silent, rather than, by giving expression to what may really be the desires and feelings of their heart, lay themselves open to the charge of contradicting by their practice, what they profess with their lips.

Reader, are you conscious that such a reason as this has ere now caused you to shut your mouth, and to refrain from conversing with those near and dear to you, on subjects which possess a real interest for you, and which, but for this one reason, you would delight in entering upon with them? If so, you will be ready to admit, that things are not as they should be in this matter. and you will surely be anxious to apply a remedy. Well, it lies in your own hands; and if you use it in dependence upon God's help, you will find your difficulties vanish, and that which before was hard, and almost impossible to you, will become easy.

First then, seek clearly to know what are your failings and inconsistencies which cause you trouble, and which put a stumbling-block in the way of those amongst whom God has placed you. Is it a hasty, unloving temper, which leads you to be easily provoked, soon annoyed, readily offended? If so,

then try diligently to subdue it; watch against it with continual and persevering effort; look upon every temptation to give way to it as an opportunity sent to you by God of gaining a victory over it. If you do this, you will find that your power over it increases, whilst its power over you de-

clines. Or is it a selfish spirit which harrasses you, and annoys and inconveniences those around you? Resolve that, from henceforth, you will in no single instance "please yourself," when by doing so you displease others. Resolve that you will, with God's help, mortify your own wishes, if the gratification of them would interfere with the good or comfort of others, and be ever on the look out to anticipate the wishes of others. Seek, by all means, to expel your selfish spirit, and to cultivate that spirit which "looks not on its own things, but also on the things of others."

Or is it a light and trifting spirit which distresses you, and is unbecoming to you as a professed follower of Christ? Whatever your failing be, find it out, wage war against it, and do not rest satisfied till you

have overcome it.

Then, by meditation, faith, and prayer, and by the continual exercise of all Christian graces and virtues, seek for a more spiritual mind; endeavour to be less absorbed with the things of time, but more with

those of eternity. By faith realize, more and more, the presence of your Saviour—study his character, observe what are his wishes with respect to your soul, and seek for the same mind that was in Him.

When your failings and sins are thus being struggled with, and by God's help gradually overcome, and when holiness is daily increasing and growing in your soul, your former difficulty of bringing forward, or taking part in, religious conversation, amongst your home circle, will greatly disappear. All will take notice of you, that you have been with Jesus. -learning of him meekness, humility, patience, gentleness, and love. All will see, that it is your desire to attend to the little, as well as to the great things in religion, to be perfect in the minute points of Christian conduct, looking upon nothing as little which increases the glory of God, or the holiness of your own character, but striving to have more of the mind of Christ in every "Your moderation will be known unto all;" then your words will be received more readily, and will come with more weight to all. They will see that your practice and your profession do not disagree, and it may be, and will be, with God's blessing, that, admiring holy consistency purity of your walk and conversation, they will be led to follow your example, and to go and do likewise.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

Wno is it that shall be the boldest and the most fearless man? Surely he whose soul is safe with his God, and who therefore would not fear what man can do to him. To him sudden death is sudden glory. While he lives, he lives with Christ; and when he dies, he goes to be for ever with Christ. Surely such a man must not fear death. Hear the testimony of the correspondent of the Times newspaper in China. Speaking of an officer out there, who fell in the assault upon Canton, he says :-

"A storm of balls and rockets from the wall were being hurled all around this spot, and no one could cross the foot-way to the village, without imminent danger. It was necessary, however, that some one should cross that open path of death, and look down into the ditch.

to see where the best point for placing the ladders would be. Captain Bate at once volunteered to go, and Captain Mann accompanied him. Bate was one of the most scientific of our naval surveying service; a right good officer, and a popular commander. He was, moreover, an eminently religious man. 'My pluck,' I once heard a very gallant officer say, some weeks before this event,-'My pluck is quite a different thing from Bates'. I go ahead because I never think of danger: Bate is always ready for desperate service; he is always prepared for death.'

"Bate had ran across the open patch of ground, and was looking down into the ditch, when a shot traversed his body, and the stricken man never

spoke again."

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Young Christians are often embarrassed to pray, because they think, if they begin, they must make a long prayer, and spend at least some minutes in the exercise. But prayer is not a form of words:

" Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Unuttered or expressed."

It is not necessary, then, to pray aloud. He need not even move his lips. He may pray by a look turned toward heaven. Persons in great peril, in deadly battles, or in danger of ship-

wrecks, often find their spirits composed by one moment's lifting their thoughts to the Giver of life. Such prayer can be offered anywhere, as well in company as alone.

Whenever a Christian is exposed to sudden temptation—when, in company, he finds himself going too far, that he is running into frivolity or scandal, let him stop one moment, let him keep silence, and think how God looks on such ascene. When tempted to speak evil of a neighbour, let him

pause, and say within himself, every turn you miss some "God, deliver me from envy, and familiar face, when your spirit hatred, and malice, and all is uncharitableness." When about the house, a sister or daughter finds that she is growing fretful with many domestic cares, let her sit down at once, and try to calm her mind, and pray to God to forgive her, and to compose her fevered, fluttering spirit. Thus may she preserve the sweetness of a Christian temper all the day.

Indeed, one of the best rules, as to times of devotion. is to pray whenever the heart feels the need of prayer. When it is so full of joy that it overflows with happiness, let it be lifted in gratitude to the Creator. When gladness wings the hour, do not forget to whose kindness you owe all. And when the heart is heavy and oppressed, go to God for consolation and relief. When wounded by the ingratitude or treachery of men, bury your weeping face in his bosom. In every hour of danger and distress-when weighed down by poverty or sickness-when, deserted by the world, you are ready to cry out in the bitterness of your soul, that all things are against you,-pray. When standing over the dead body of a friend, when at prayer is accomplished.

- haunted by a tone Of a voice from this world gone."

---pray.

Especially when bowed with a sense of guilt to God for forgiveness. We say, then, to any man, If you wish to be a Christian,—pray. This is the first step to take. And when it is announced of you, as of Saul, "Behold he prayeth!" it will be the signal to heaven that the work of salvation is begun.

Pray, then, without ceasing. At all times, in all circumstances, commune with God. When the morning sun first shines in at your window, waking you to a fresh existence, raise your opened eyes to heaven. When the sun. sinking in the west, tells you that another day has joined the past eternity, drop your head in silent prayer. the clock tolls the hour of midnight, fall on your knees before your Creator. Long as you live,-pray. And in your last hour on earth, let your lips still murmur words of prayer: and when those lips cease to move, then shall we know that at last life's long

ROBERT FLOCKHART.

ROBERT FLOCKHART was born | many battles and hardships. near Glasgow, in 1777. Early He once passed through Delhi in life, he enlisted, and was sent in pursuit of Holkar, a rebel to India, where he shared in chief, who, after being chased

for fifteen hundred miles, surrendered himself to the British. During the first years of his life in India, he was notorious among his comrades for all kinds of wickedness. But the Lord had his eye of love on the poor blaspheming soldier, and he was yet to become a new man.

In 1810, at Berhampore, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, pierced the heart of the poor blaspheming soldier. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shone into his heart, to give the light of the knowledge of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ. He became a new creature, and all the activity and energy to which he had been trained as a soldier, he now showed in his love and zeal as a good soldier of Jesus While yet in India, in the Isle of France, and in Ireland, he held meetings, and preached, wherever he could, to his fellow-soldiers, the faith he once had destroyed.

While in Edinburgh Castle, he was twice confined in the blackhole for persisting in preaching. But, nothing daunted, he used to preach through the bars of his prison to his fellow-men. In 1817, he obtained his discharge from the army, and from that year to the time of his death he resided in Edinburgh. In Bruntsfield Links, in front of the Theatre, and most of all in Parliament Square, many of our older citizens will remember how, night after night, Sabbaths and workdays, wet or dry. Robert was to be found mounted on his chair at the

corner of St. Giles' Church, preaching salvation, through sovereign grace, by the blood of Christ. In the course of that period, he was eighteen times put in prison for preaching; but it never once daunted his energy or zeal. Often he was made the song of the drunkard. and laugh of the scorner; but. with his Bible in his hand, he was ever ready with an answer from the Word. And we have seen the poor outcasts of the High Street melted to tears. while they listened to the winning words of the old soldier, telling of Him who "receiveth sinners."

But the old frame was to wear out at last. Palsy laid him low, and for many months he was confined to his bed. Another stroke came, a few days before he died. We saw him the evening of his last Sabbath on earth. He lay as if with a light on his old familiar face, breathing glory to God, and goodwill to the little band of men, most of them fruits of his unwearied ministry. who had met to sing and pray at his dying bed. Early on Tuesday morning, 8th September, he fell asleep.

A great multitude followed him to his burial. The recruiting parties of soldiers in Edinburgh at the time, at their own request, carried him to his long home, in Grange Cemetery. On the top of the coffin lay, not the sword of war, but his old Bible, with which Robert, since he began his better warfare, for nearly fifty years had fought the battles of his Lord. And a great multitude of citi-

zens, old and young, who knew him and esteemed him highly in love for his work's sake, followed after, and many women, and between two and three hundred children, - many of whom used to cluster round him when he preached, and to whom he had always a word of kindness and counsel when he met with them, for which he generally made way by some sweeties gently slipped into their hands. And the weeping eyes along the line of the streets by which the funeral passed, showed how many true mourners and children in Christ the which were God's.

dear old saint had left behind him.

Reader, learn from all this what a reality conversion is. What a change from the drunken, blaspheming soldier, amid the toil and blood of Indian Robert had some warfare! peculiarities, at which some laughed, and others scoffed; but the great peculiarity was the self-denying, never-tiring faithfulness with which, counting himself not his own, but bought with a price, he sought to the last, to glorify God in his body, and in his spirit,

QUENCHING THE SPIRIT.

A rew years ago, says a worthy minister, as I was labouring in a small village, an individual rode up, and taking me by the hand, inquired earnestly, "Will you go and see a dying young man? He is in agony, and says there is no

hope." There was no time to be lost. I went with him. After climbing many a rocky ascent, I came into an open path, which soon conducted me to the house. Anxious ones stood weeping without, and soon held both my hands, conducting me up a long flight of steps, to the room of the dying man. Not a word was spoken. Other hearts were too full, and my own was sinking beneath a weight of responsibility. Earnestly seeking the Divine blessing. I ascended the steps.

On reaching the top, a venerable mother approached me, saying, "I'm glad you have come. Do speak to my son; perhaps he may yet be saved." I pressed the hand that led me in, and, in a moment, the most heart-rending scene was before me,—a young man, in the agonies of death, rolling his eyes, and flinging his arms wildly about him, crying out, "Oh, I am lost! hell is before me! In a few minutes I shall be among the damned!" He ceased speaking, and I feared his spirit had taken its flight for the region of woe. soon revived again. Seizing the opportunity, I repeated slowly the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Seeing that

I had his attention, I spoke of the free, unmerited mercy of Christ, able to save the chiefest of sinners, saying, "There is hope for the repenting sinner, even at the eleventh hour." He replied, "No, there is no hope. Once I might have been saved, but now it is too latetoo late!" Then, with a groan of the deepest despair, he exclaimed, "Oh, that I had heard then!" In vain I asked him to cast himself unreservedly on the sovereign mercy of God, as "able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God through him." He only re-"I have resisted the plied. Holy Ghost—there is no hope." I proposed prayer. He replied, "Pray for others, not for me." I knelt. Perfect silence reigned, save as a low deep moan came from the dying bed. I tried to commit him to the mercy of Christ.

I spoke to him again, but he hopelessly said, "It is of no use; I am hastening to eternity." No tears fell. He manifested no contrition for sin, no ray of hope. A wild, piercing cry wrung our hearts with anguish, and he sank upon his pillow.

Reviving yet again, he said thoughtfully, "Once I was brought to feel myself a sinner. For days and weeks I was anxious about my soul. Something said, Now is the accepted time. My heart said, Not now, to-morrow. But when to-morrow came, I still put it off. My gay companions laughed at my seriousness, and tried to allure me back to the follies of sin. I said to myself, I will go with

you to-day, but to-morrow I will not."

Pleased with present victory, they led him on from pleasure to vice, the card-table, and the social bar. He took wine, he laughed, and was the gayest of the gay. Conscience raised her warning voice, and bade him pause; but he rushed heedlessly on.

He stated that, one pleasant Sunday morning, a young man met him when on his way to join his companions, and taking him cordially by the hand, said, "Friend, you seem to be enjoying yourself; come with me, and we will have better enjoyment still." He joined him in a walk which ended at the house of God. Startled. he drew back, and would have fled from the sanctuary, had not his friend urged affectionately, "Do come in a little while." He yielded to the entreaty, resolving it should be only a little while, and took his seat among the worshippers. Here conscience, as if roused to a final conflict, reminded him of broken resolutions, and bade him seek Christ "No, not to-day." to-dav. was his response to the gentle whispers of the Spirit. He remained through the morning services. His friend, encouraged by his stay, drew him into a Bible-class, where the teacher faithfully enforced the duty of immediate preparation for eternity. The young man was impressed, and sat thoughtfully revolving the question. "Shall I, or not? I will decide now, or else put it for ever out of mind." The class was dismissed. The words, "To-day prepare to meet thy God!" rang in his ears, as he walked down the room.

The decision was made: "Not to-day, but to-morrow I will." From that moment all was darkness, terror, and dismay. Ere the night had passed over him, he was seized with a malignant fever, which in two days left him in the state I found him. "And now," he added, "I have cursed my Maker, and am dying without hope—without hope!" I still urged him to flee to Christ, but in vain. Despair only was his;

one deep groan and shriek of terror, and he expired with these fearful words on his lips, "Lost, lost, Lost!"

Quench not the Spirit of God. Heed his gentle admonitions. Once grieved away, he may never return; and in another world the memory of his pleadings will pierce your soul with anguish "past hope." "You might, but you would not. I entreated, but you refused to hear. I stood long waiting, again and again urging your acceptance of offered mercy. Now it is too late. The door of mercy is shut, for ever shut."

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

Most of our readers have read of the rock of Gibraltar. It is a high, rugged rock, being connected with Spain only by a low, narrow isthmus. This isthmus, and the whole rock, are completely undermined, so as to form under-ground magazines and batteries.

Two soldiers were one night guarding the passage under this isthmus, when an officer, returning from the main-land, demanded the watch-word. One of the sentinels had just become a Christian, and, deeply absorbed in his meditations on the love of Christ, exclaimed, "The precious blood of Christ." Then, immediately recollecting himself, he replied correctly. But his words, the precious blood of Christ, were not lost on his companion. They brought relief to his burdened heart; he found his Saviour, and soon

after, being sent to Ceylon, he obtained a discharge from the army, and completed the translation of the Bible into the language of the Ceylonese.

Ah! to how many aching hearts have those words, the precious blood of Christ, brought relief! When the soul has been wrung with anguish on account of its sins, when it has quailed before its offended God, and nothing seemed left but despair, how have those words, the precious blood of Christ, burst in like sunshine through the clouds, and diffused a peace passing all understanding! "Tell us that again," cried the Greenlanders, the faithful Moravians preached to them of this precious blood. "Oh! that is the very Saviour I have all my life been seeking," exclaimed the Hindoo, who for years had rolled himfirst heard the name of Jesus from the lips of Schwartz. The precious blood of Christ! How many sins has it covered.

self on the ground, and now | how many sorrows wiped away, how many tear-streams dried! What but this "can do helpless sinners good?"

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

If God's earthly presence is so good, what is his heavenly presence?

There is joy in God's gracious presence, but in his glorious presence there is fullness of joy.

There are pleasures in approaching to God here, but at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

The presence of God's glory

is in heaven, the presence of his power is on earth, the presence of his justice is in hell, and the presence of his grace is with his people. If he deny us his powerful presence, we fall into nothing; if he deny us his gracious presence, we fall into sin; if he deny us his merciful presence, we fall into

THE IDLE CHRISTIAN.

To be idle is to be-not like Christ. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business."

To be idle is to neglect to glorify God. "In this is my Father glorified, that ve bear much fruit."

To be idle is to be false to the Church. She needs help; she is entitled to the service of all her sons. "Here am I: send me."

To be idle is to be cruel to dying souls—as cruel as one who would leave a wounded man to perish by the way-side, when he might save him. "He which converteth the sinner darkness."

from the error of his way shall save a fool from death."

To be idle is to hinder a blessing. "Bring all the tithes into the store-house."

To be idle is to be weak; but exercise thyself unto godliness.

Idleness has no promise. "So run that you may obtain." "Let no man take your crown."

Idleness brings a "Curse ye Meroz; curse bitterly; because they came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

The idle are liable to a disastrous end. "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer

WHAT CAN I DOP

As God called me by his grace, he has said to me-"Go, labour in my vineyard." I desire to obey, but what can I do?

I can watch over my own growth in grace.

I can study God's wordmeditate on his characterand call on his holy name in prayer.

I can endeavour to exemplify the spirit of the Gospel in my life and conversation.

This I can do for myself, that I may become a "living epistle, known and read of all men."

But I can do something more. I can be of some service to my Church. I can be in attendance at weekly lectures and public worship.

I can speak a word of encouragement to the desponding, and endeavour to reclaim those who are stepping aside from the path of duty.

I can contribute the duc proportion of my time and money toward the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad.

Yes, and this is not all I can do; I can do something for the unconverted.

I can invite my friends and acquaintances to go with me to lectures and to Sunday worship.

I can say a word to them about their souls; I can put a tract in their hand, adapted to their wants; and in the Sunday-school I can labour more directly for the salvation of the young.

THE WORLD.

If the world be our portion here, hell will be our portion hereafter.

We must neither leave the world, nor love it.

The world promises comforts, and pays sorrows.

Riches and prosperity will either kill with care, or surfeit with delight.

Be not proud of riches, but afraid of them, lest they be as silver bars to cross the way to

We put a price upon riches, but riches cannot put a price upon us.

We must answer for our riches, but our riches cannot answer for us.

Riches are as indifferent things; good or bad as they are used: be then as indifferent to them as they are to you.

If there be too great an affection for any thing here, there will be an answerable affliction.

'Tis a sad thing when a man can have no comfort but in diversions, no joy but in forgetting himself.

Love the men of the world, but not the things of the world. To have a portion in the world is a mercy; to have the world for a portion is a misery.

Whatever we make an idol of will be a cross to us, if we belong to Christ: a curse to us if we do not.

We should endeavour to pass through this world with a cheerful indifference.

Covetousness betrayed our Saviour, envy accused him, and the friendship of the world condemned him.

Man is not made for the world but the world for man.

It is our business in this world to secure an interest in the next.

As you love your soul, beware of the world; it hath slain its thousands and ten thousands. What ruined Lot's wife?—the world. What ruined Judas?—the world. What ruined Simon Magus?—the world. What ruined Demas?—the world. And, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole

world, and lose his own soul?"
To speak the truth freely; riches are dust, honours are shadows, pleasures are merely bubbles, and man a lump of vanity, compounded of sin and miserv.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

Extract from a Sermon preached by the REV. W. BROCK. in commemoration of SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.—Genesis v. 24.— Not without much opposition was it that he endeavoured to walk humbly with his God. He was ridiculed, misrepresented, and persecuted for righteousness' sake. During the twenty-three years that he acted as a subaltern officer, he devoted one-tenth part of his slender income to purposes of religious benevolence. In 1838 he obtained promotion, and took an active part in the movement at Cabool and Jellalabad, forming one of the body designed to restore the garrisons. For six weeks were the men employed on the fortifications. On the completion of the work, Havelock suggested to General Sale the propriety of holding a religious service, for the purpose of thanking God and taking courage. suggestion was acted upon: the garrison was assembled; and on Havelock devolved the duty of offering prayer and praise for his comrades and himself.

For four months and a half he had to maintain a warfare second to none in the responsibility that devolved on him.

Neither day nor night had he any thing but the slightest snatches of repose; he could not and would not rest. Lucknow residency, with its precious treasure of women and children, must be relieved: and for seven weeks was he. with his comrades, magnanimously enshielding that residency, until, by the co-operation of other agencies, relief was afforded. So far his obiect was attained. He was saved without a wound; he has never been wounded throughout his life. One day acute dysentery lays hold of him, and he is succumbing and sinking beneath its power. Is he aware of his position? fectly. Does the knowledge of his condition alarm him? Not in the least degree. Is his mind sound enough and active enough to appreciate the event now at hand? Active enough and sound enough, beyond all Who tells us that? His son, who nursed and cared for him with an assiduous and faithful love. He said to Sir James Outram, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life, that when death comes I can meet it face to face without fear." He said this repeatedly; and as his end was approaching, looking his son in the face, he said, "Come, my son, and see how a Christian man can die." And so he died. "He was not." "He was not" amongst the men whom he could have helped so effectually by his counsel; "he was not" amongst those who had been accustomed to rely upon his powers in the field; "he was not." another incident by which we are unfeignedly distressed -God took Havelock. a time has he borne up men's feeble faith, by telling them of life and immortality; many a time, when death was round about them, has he spoken of their departure to be with Christ; many a time has he said, "We may never meet like this again, but I'll tell you where, if we believe in Christ, we shall meet, and how we shall be employed." Although, by the ruthless hand of death. earthly honours and distinctions have been withheld from him, heavenly distinctions have been bestowed, and received. and enjoyed. The baronetcy gave no dignity to his name, nor will the coronet ever grace his weather-beaten brow; but the crown of righteousness has actually been given to him, and it has been granted to him to sit down with Christ upon his throne. He died confidently, happily, triumphantly; receiving the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul.

"God took him;" and in that transition we may triumphantly rejoice. Havelock, though dead, yet speaketh; and he speaketh two lessons; he bids you to understand,

that the transient life you are now leading may be, and ought to be, a religious life, and that your religion ought to be the religion of a Saviour; that unless you believe on the Saviour, you are lost, but that if you live a life of faith in the Son of God, you will by-andby die as he did.

Extract of a Letter, from the Calcutta correspondent of the "Daily News," on Havelock's death. — This model of Christian knight has found that rest which he seldom knew on earth. It may interest your readers to know, that even on such an arduous service as the Affghan campaign and the seige of Jellalabad, Havelock invariably secured two hours in the morning for reading the Scriptures and private prayer. If the march began at six, he rose at four; if at four, he rose at two. Is it any wonder that he was raised up as a deliverer to the people, almost like one of the judges of Israel?

PSALM lv. 6-8. "And I said. O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and Lo, then would I be at rest. wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest."—God knew it to be needful for us, that we should have to endure evil Let us love our enemies: let us reprove, chastise, even separate ourselves, with love. Thou canst not separate from the human race, so long as thou livest among men. Look

rather to Him who is our consolation, our Lord and King, our Ruler and Creator: remember, that among his own twelve He put one who was to be endured by the rest. There is sea, there is tempest; it remains to thee only to cry, "O Lord, I perish." He who fearlessly treads the waves. will hold forth his hand; He will stay thy fearfulness, He will confirm thy security in Himself; He will speak within thee, and say to thee, Look upon me, upon what I have borne; perchance thou hast to suffer from an evil brother, or an enemy without; which have I not endured?

The Jews raged against Him without; within, his disciple betrayed Him. The tempest indeed rages, but He saves from fearfulness and from the storm. Perchance thy vessel is tossed, because He is asleep within thee. The sea was raging; the boat in which the disciples sailed was tossed, but Christ was sleeping; at length it seemed to them as if the Ruler and Creator of the winds were asleep among them; they went therefore and awoke Christ: He commanded the winds, and there was a great calm.

Thy heart may indeed be troubled, if He in whom thou hast believed is gone forth: what thou sufferest is unendurable, because what Christ endured for thee comes not into thy mind. If Christ comes not into thy mind, He sleeps. Awaken Christ, recal thy faith. For then Christ sleeps within thee, when thou art forgetful of

His Passion: then He is awake within thee, when thou rememberest His Passion. But if with thy whole heart thou art mindful of what He suffered, wilt not thou also endure with steadfast soul? Perchance even with rejoicing, because thou art found in some likeness to the Passion of thy King.

Therefore, when reflecting on these things, thou beginnest to be comforted, and to rejoice. He has arisen; He has commanded the winds, and there is a calm.

For one sect to say, "Ours is the true Church," and another to say, "Nay, but ours is the true Church," is as mad as to dispute whether your hall, or kitchen, or parlour, or coal-house is your house; and for one to say, "This is your house," and another "Nay, but that;" when a child can tell them that the best is but a part, and the house containeth them all.

Men are to be estimated (as Johnson says) by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. mass of Elijah's character was excellence, yet he was not without alloy. The mass of Jehu's character was base, yet he had a portion of zeal which was directed by God's great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to raise a building, and then are taken down and cleared.—Cecil.

Intelligence.

SPAIN.—"What could we expect to accomplish for Spain? Surely Spain is a hopeless field." These were the words with which, a very few years ago, every attempt to bring forward the claims of the Peninsula on the efforts of Christians was usually met. Such words are still heard; but they are less common. Many and wondrous changes have taken place within the last few years.

The work in Spain consists principally in the circulation of tracts and Bibles and portions of the Scriptures. The Tracts consist mainly of translations (made or revised by natives) of standard productions, anxiously selected, with a view to bring Gospel before the Spanish "El Alba" (the dawn) is a periodical drawn up with the same view by enlightened natives. selection from our best hymns in general use has also been rendered into Spanish verse and published. Where oral instruction is shut out (as in great part of the field of the Society's labours), these little silent messengers may go forth, and under the Divine blessing be the means of leading many to the Truth. widely they have already been distributed, in spite of all obstacles, in that oppressed country, we cannot venture even to indicate, lest harm be done-that they have gained a footing, like the Lord in whose name they were sent forth, in many a place where "the doors were shut," is certain: the result is in His hands who has said, "My word shall not return to me void."

But there is one little corner, where, under the British flag, a firmer ground may be maintained; and on the rock of Gibraltar, a convert, who has endured months of imprisonment for the truth, is now making known

that truth to a little band of natives, who go, week after week, to hear the words of life from his lips.

There are other fields of labour in which the Society's work is less fettered then in the Peninsula. Few are aware of the vast proportion of the (nominally) Christian human race who speak the Spanish tongue. It stands in this respect next to English, and wherever it is spoken, the Society are on the watch to send the Gospel message. In Spanish America, especially, multitudes of tracts and Bibles have been already distributed.

Many of the late unfortunate victims of political excitement in Spain, were in reality condemned for their religious opinions, political causes being made a pretext; of these many have witnessed a good confession, by firmly refusing the services of a priest, and have died declaring their faith to be anchored on the one true High Priest.

That "High Priest over the house of God" has, we may humbly trust, "much people" in Spain. Spain is one of the countries which "were given him for an inheritance." The time is coming for him to claim His own right in the hearts of many in that country. Shall we not rejoice if He allows us to be "fellow-workers with him" in this good cause?

with him" in this good cause?

Doubtless, that day is hastening; and meanwhile there is room for much hopeful labour. It is nearly two thousand years since the great Apostle of the Gentiles was preparing to "take his journey into Spain." Now, many who desire to tread in Paul's footsteps are ready, like him, to work for that country. Will you not help to "set them forward on their journey?"

(From Introductory Report of the Dublin Auxiliary of the Spanish Evangelization Society.)

Copies of the "Spanish Evangelical Record" can be had, gratis, on application to MISS

WHATELY, the Secretary of the Dublin Auxiliary (Palace, Dublin), who will

also be glad to receive any subscriptions.

Poetry.

"COME UNTO ME."

Come unto Christ ye weary, And He will give you rest: Like the beloved disciple, Come, lean upon his breast; Away from dark temptation, Away from earthly care; For grief nor condemnation Shall ever reach you there.

Hear what the Lord hath spoken, Your great unchanging friend, Whose word can ne'er be broken. Whose love can know no end; Who e'er, my word receiving, Comes without fear or doubt, Repenting and believing. I will not cast him out. Say not, ye are too evil So great a boon to crave; 'Twas sinners, not the righteous, That Jesus came to save; Then come, ye heavy laden, From all your sorrows cease, And, resting on eternal love, Believe, and be at peace.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 41. Where does St. Paul speak of "the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts"?
- 42. What' are we advised, with respect to "bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking"?

43. Who "often refreshed Paul, and was not ashamed of his chain"?
44. Who was able to say that he did not fear "a great multitude, nor

the contempt of families"?

45. "If we have forgotten the name of God," what will God do?
46. "When the flesh and the heart faileth," what then must be the believer's resource?

47. Where do we read of a woman who deducted 900 shekels of silver out of 1,100 which she had previously dedicated to the Lord?

48. Of whom is it recorded, "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day"?

Answers to Questions of Last Month.

(33.) Judges iv. 5. (34.) 2 Kings v. 4. (35.) Matt. iv. 9. (36.) Isa. vii. 14. (37.) 1 Cor. iii. 22. (38.) Acts xx. 19. (39.) Luke xi. 28. (40.) Gal. ii. 20.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR.

EDETED BY THE REV. C. CARUS WILSON.

IS CHRIST YOURS?

You may know if you have Christ by this: Has He done anything in you? We have not only a great High Priest for us, but this great High Priest does many things in us, and by that we know we have Him. Whenever Christ comes to take possession of the heart, He does something in the heart that will easily make a difference betwixt Christ. the new possessor, and the devil that was the old one. You will find that his sacrifice has been powerful upon your hearts; you will find the benefit of his intercession has been many times perceived by you. Every child of God finds frequently experience of the thing. They many times pray, and pray poorly, and are heard graciously; they wonder, they are surprised with mercies they did not look for; they admire whence they flow. Alas! the poor creature does not know that there is a great Friend in heaven that remembers him, and these are the fruits of his remembrance.

You may know if you have Christ thus: If you have daily work for Him, you have Him; for, if you understand it rightly, it is a certain truth, that the employing of Christ is the enjoying of Him. It is inspossible that any can employ

Christ in any part of his office, that has not Christ in that office really bestowed upon him. If, therefore, you have Christ, this will unavoidably be; you have an evidence that you have Him by this, that you have daily work for this great High Priest; you need the sprinkling of his blood for your daily transgressions, and need the efficacy of his grace for your daily wants. There is never a worse sign for a man that has not Christ, than that he has no sense of the want of Him. He that has no work for Christ is yet without God and Christ in the world; and a poor believer, that groans in a sense of his need of Christ, is oftentimes discouraged, when it should be an argument of encouragement.

Believers, if they be lively and growing, will find the universal sense of all of them to be this:—"In truth, I find I have far more need of Christ than I had twenty, thirty years ago." As his fulness is discovered, and our emptiness discovered to us, our employing Him does increase, as well as our enjoyment of Him.

. ACCESS TO GOD.

However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour; and this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend some special Pisgah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or pull off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find Jehovah shammah, "The Lord hath been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth, and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, and David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by

the brink of Gennesaret, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be the field where Isaac went down to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions, and the lions gazed on him, or the hill-side where the Man of Sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the ladder's feet let down from heaven-the landingplace of mercies, because the starting-place of prayer.

THE PATTERN CHARACTER.

THE character of the Re- | the prayer still lingering on deemer partook of no asceticism. The home of Jesus was in the centre of Galilean and (Jerusalem excepted) the centre of Palestine life. He was. in this respect, unlike his great forerunner, John the Baptist. Rigid, austere, separating himself from the amenities of existence, the wilderness and solitudes of Judea were his abode. He shunned society. He came and delivered his message to teeming multitudes by day, and then, as the night shadows gathered around the Jordan, he plunged back into the untrodden wilds, with no eye to look kindly on him but that of One whose presence to him was more than all human tenderness could be! There was much to love, at least to revere, about the harbinger of the Messiah. He was bold, honest, intrepid, sincere. He had forsaken all for the sake of his message. He could afford no time to fritter away in a worthless world. It took him the livelong night to get his spirit braced up for the solemn embassy of the morrow. With gogue. At another, gathering

his lips, he went forth with the old burning message of per-suasion and terror—"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!"

But the home of Jesus was not the wilderness! No secluded nook was his selected dwelling-no quiet Palestine hamlet, where he could dwell in mystic loneliness, refusing to mingle in the common business and duties of life. He pitched his own tent in the midst of human tabernacles, amid the din and bustle of a town, the hum of busy industry ever around Him, coming in contact with every description of character-rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, noblemen, centurions, publicans at the receipt of custom, sailors and bargemen on the lake. rude Galilean mountaineers and shepherds, caravans crossing with motley crowds from Syria to Persia, to lower Palestine and Egypt. He met them all, in free, unrestrained intercourse. At one time, reading to the Jews in their syna-

the multitude, at their spare hours, by the sea-side, with suggestive nature before Him,— his pulpit a fisherman's bark, proclaiming the great salvation. At another, seating a similar crowd on the rank grass at the head of the lake, he would miraculously feed them with the bread which perisheth, and unfold spiritual things from the carnal type. Nor do we find Him in any way spurning the duties and delights of social fellowship. At one time, he consecrates with his presence a marriage-feast at the neighbouring Cana. At another, he is guest in a Pharisee's house. eating with publicans and sin-At another, as the Jewish Sabbath sun sinks behind Mount Tabor, lo, the shores and highways are lined with eager hundreds. The sick and palsied, the blind and lame. come to receive the magic touch, and listen to the Omnipotent Word! Wherever He goes, his steps are tracked with mercy; misery, in every form, crouches at his feet; and gratitude bathes the wondrous Healer with its tears.

Thus much for his outward, public, social life, the stirring scenes of ministry and miracle. But is the portraiture complete? Does the revelation of the ideal of human perfection end here? Turn we now to its other phase, the remaining complement in that wondrous character;—the private Life of Jesus.

He had, as each of his people have, a secret, *inner* being, in conjunction with the outer and social; the one a reflex of the

other. That busy would on the one side of the Sea of Tiberias, witnessed his mighty deeds, heard his weighty words. and glowed under the somehine of holy smiles and joyous friendships. But amid these boats flitting up and down the lake. one may ever and anon be seen (as the twilight shadows are falling) gently traversing its bosom; and, when moored on the other side, a figure, companionless and alone, is ascending the rugged steeps of the mountain, until the veil of night shuts Him out from view. When the lights of luxury are gleaming on the opposite shores. and the fisherman's oars are heard pursuing their nightly task, the Son of Man and Lord of glory is seeking refreshment and repose for his soul in divine communion. With the deep solitudes of nature for his oratory, He "continues all night in prayer to God." He is left "alone," and yet He is "not alone," for his "God and Father are with him."

Most beautiful union of the active and contemplative; publie duty and private devetion; ceaseless exertion and needful spiritual cossation and repose; the outer life all given to God and man; the private inner life sedulously cared for and nurtured, night by night, morning by morning, the sinless and spotless one fetching down heavenly supplies, as if in every respect He were "tempted as we are," requiring equal strength for duty and preparation for trial. How it links us in sympathy to this adorable Redeemer, to think that He had bodily as well as mental affinities with ourselves; that He participated with us (sin only excepted) in ALL our infirmities!

Do we, like Him, combine the two great elements of human character? Are our public duties, the cares and business and engrossments of the world. finely tempered and hallowed by a secret walk with God? Is our outer life distinguished like his by earmest diligence in our varied callings, love to God and kindness and good will to man, throwing a soft halo around our path; beneficence. generosity, sterling honour, charity, unselfishness, characterizing all we do?

Is our inner life a feeble transcript of his? If the world were to follow us from its busy thoroughfares, would it trace us to our family altars and our closet devotions? Would it discover in our secret histories, "Sabbaths of the soul," when, wearied with the toil and struggle of earth, we ascend in thought the mount of prayer, and in these holy mental solitudes seek an audience of our Father in heaven? Action and meditation, I repeat, are the

two great components of Christian life, and the perfection of the religious character is to find the two in unison and harmony. Not like Martha of old, all bustle, energy, impulse, and finding little time for higher interest. Nor like Mary, on the other hand, wrapt in devout meditation, indifferent to the duties and shrinking from the struggles of life, but the happy intermingling of both. In one word, come and visit the Lome of Jesus; see that noblest of combinations, consuming zeal and child-like teachableness. untiring devotion to his fellows. ballowed converse with his God. Oh, that each dwelling. that each life, might be like that! Would that, in order to make a "model home," we were led of times to cross and re-cross in thought Gennesaret's lake. Then would our hearths and households more frequently be like Edens, blooming in a desert world, miniatures of the great Heavenly Home, where still there will be the beautiful combination of untiring energy in God's service, and of peaceful rest and repose in God's love.—Memories of Gennesaret.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.

Wish for them cautiously; Ask for them submissively; Want them contentedly; Obtain them bonestly; Accept them humbly; Manage them prudently;

Employ them lawfully; Impart them liberally; Esteem them moderately; Increase them virtuously; Use them subserviently; Forego them easily;

Resign them willingly.

HAPPY DYING.

Early in the year 1854, one of the Crystal Palace men, who lodged at Norwood, came to Beckenham, to ask for an hospital ticket, as he believed he had an affection of the chest. We provided him with board and lodging at one of the cottages for a week, that he might have the kind and skilful medical attendance of Mr. Williams, of Bromley. He was then sent to one of the hospitals in London. Six weeks afterwards, he called to say that he was well enough to go to work He added, that he had again. thought a good deal, whilst in hospital, of what he had heard at the readings he had attended during his short stay in Beckenham, and had talked to the other men in his ward about it. especially to one who was dying. This man had aroused him, one night, by suddenly exclaiming, "Oh! I am dying -I am dying-where am I going?"

John N---- rose, and went to the side of the sick man's bed, and asked, "What is your hope for getting to heaven?"

"Well, I have done no murder, nor wronged my neighbour.".

"But that is not enough," said John. "I used to think so: but just of late I've learned different. I've got a bit of a printed letter to us Exhibition workmen, which tells the whole story, and I'll tell it to you. It says, 'I am a lost sinner,—I have a gracious Saviour.' And a card of prayer which came

with it says, 'My sins are very many, and only Christ's blood can wash them away."

The poor man begged him to repeat the whole of the short prayer to him again and again, until he had learned it.

Two or three times the next day he begged John to read to him out of his New Testament: and in the night he died repeating almost with his last breath, "My sins are very many, and only Christ's blood can wash them away."

A stranger, named Henry Randall, called one day to ask for an hospital ticket. He said the ladies at the Rectory had sent him a letter and a card of prayer; and so he thought he might come to them in his trouble. He then showed the printed letter and prayer sent to each of the 3,000 workmen at the Crystal Palace, as his credentials. We sent him to board at James W——'s. whilst we waited for a ticket from a subscriber to one of the London hospitals. When it arranged. was all James brought him to the Rectory to say good-bye. After giving him a Testament, and some little books, and other small presents, with a few words of advice, I was parting with him, when James stepped back and said, "I hope it's not a liberty, ma'am, but would you have a bit of a prayer with him? I don't much think you or I will ever see him again alive."

It touched my heart to be kept up to my duty by a navvy -six months before, a drunk- ing of his Word to two men ard!

A year afterwards, my sister and I received a letter by post from a poor woman, requesting us to visit her dying husband at Norwood. The signature and address were indistinctly written, so that we had some difficulty in tracing them. When at last we entered their cottage, it was Henry Randall who stretched out both his emaciated hands, with words "Oh, I am so happy! I wanted to see you, to tell you that I am so happy in Jesus Christ."

In the course of the visit, he told us that, during the time he was in the hospital, he had remembered the words said to him as he left the Rectory, "You have heard of a Saviour now; tell the sick and dying around you of that Saviour. Remember his own words, in the last chapter in the Bible, Let him that heareth say, Come." At once he offered to read the Bible every evening to the ward, which was willingly accepted. He believed that God had blessed this read-

who had died there. "Yet," he said. "I had not found Christ when I asked them to come to Him. I was only seeking Him. Now, I have found Him, and He is my own Saviour. He has washed away my sins in his own blood. He has given me life by his death. He has opened heaven to me. My nights of pain and coughing used to seem so long; now, they are too short for praising my Saviour, and enjoying his presence."

During two months of lingering sufferings, he continued "rejoicing in hope," and then quietly fell asleep in Jesus. "the life of them that believe, and the resurrection of the

dead."

He was buried in the cemetery at Norwood; and, by his dying request to his wife, the first letter he had received telling him of a Saviour's love was buried with him. He said he should like to awake up with it in his hand at the morning of the Resurrection.—From English Hearts and English Hands.

THE SWISS FARMER AND THE SABBATH.

"Them that honour me, I will honour; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."—Sam. ii. 30.

In the fertile valley of Emmen- | becoming full of water, he thal, in Switzerland, lived a farmer who cared for neither God or man. One Sabbath afternoon, having a large quantity of uncut grain in the field, and observing the clouds ga- fore it rains, you shall be thering around the tops of the | rewarded for so doing."

called his domestics, saying, "Let us go to the field, gather and bind, for towards evening we shall have a storm. If you house a thousand sheaves be-

mountains, and the spring He was overheard by his

grandmother, a good old lady of eighty years of age, who walked, supported by two crutches. She approached with difficulty her grandson: "John, John. dost thou consider? As far as I can remember, in my whole life, I have never seen an ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath-day; and yet we have always been loaded with blessings, we have never wanted for anything; granting that it might be done if there was a famine, John, or a long continuance of bad weather; but thus far the year has been very dry, and if the grain get a little wet, there is nothing in it very alarming. Besides, God who gives the rain, gives the grain also, and we must take things as he sends them. John. de not violate the rest of this holy day, I earnestly beseech thee." At these words of the grandmother, all the domestics came around her; the oldest understood the wisdom of her advice, but the young treated it with ridicule, and said to each other, "Old customs are out of date; prejudices are abolished; the world now is altered."

"Grandmother," said the farmer; "everything must have a beginning; but there is no evil in this; it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in sleeping or in labour, and he will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft as to see it exposed to the rain; that which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be to-morrow." "John,

John, within deers and out of doors all things are at the Lord's disposal, and then dost not know what may happen this evening; but thou knowest I am thy grandmother; I entreat thee for the love of God not to work to-day; I would much rather eat no bread for a whole year."

"Grandmother, doing a thing for one time is not a habit: besides it is not a wickedness to preserve one's harvest, and to better one's circumstances." "But, John, God's commandments are always the same. and what will it profit thee to have the grain in thy barn, if thou lose thy soul?" "Ah! don't be uneasy about that," said Join; "and now boys, let us go to work: time and weather wait for no main." "John, John," for the last time. said the good old lady; but alas! it was in vain; and while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves; it might be said that they flew. men and beasts, so great was the dispatch.

A theusand sheaves were in the barn when the first drop of rain fell. John entered the house, followed by his people, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now, grandmother, all is secure. Let the tempests roar, let the elements rage, it little concerns me, my harvest is under my roof." "Yes, John," said the grandmother solemnly, "but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof."

While she was thus speaking, the building was suddenly illuminated, and fear was printed on every countenance.

A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble to its foundations. "Oh!" exclaimed the first who could speak, "the lightning has struck the barn!" All hurried out of doors. The building was in flames, and they saw through the roof the sheaves burning which had just been housed.

The greatest consternation reigned among all the men, who, but a mement before were so well pleased. Every one was dejected and incapable of acting. The aged grandmother alone preserved her presence of mind; she prayed, and incessantly repeated, "What shall

it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? O Heavenly Father! let Thy will, and not ours, be done!" The barn was entirely con-

sumed; nothing was saved.

The farmer had said, "I have put my harvest under my roof." "But above thy roof is the Lord's roof," had said his grandmother.

This teaches us the lesson that all is in the hands of God. whether in the fields or in the barn: and what we endeavour to preserve from the rain can be reached in any place by Him who commands both the rain and thunder.

READING THE BIBLE.

THERE are many people who read a newspaper daily, who would think that they had lost a day if they should ever miss to do so, but who, it is to be feared, never read a syllable of God's Word, and never feel that they are losing anything, while they thus deprive their souls of the very bread of life. What should you say of such men? Should you say that they loved God with all their minds? Should you not rather say that they loved this life, and the things of this life, and that they thought very little, and cared very little for the life which is to come? Such people would say, perhaps, they have not much leisure time for reading; but if they have ang, I leave you to judge whether of the two should come first, if we really desire to love God and to sanctify our minds to his

glory-the daily reading of a newspaper, that tells only of the vain, evil, perishing things of this world; or the daily reading of the Gospel, the glorious tidings of the kingdom of God? I have no need to speak now of the value and necessity of reading the Bible upon other grounds; for the sake of the instruction it contains, of the truth which it reveals, or even because it is the best and most proper food of the mind, and so designed by God, as bread and meat are given to be the best and most proper food of the body. But what I am now saying simply amounts to this—that, if we sincerely seek to love God, as He has commanded us, with all our mind, there is nothing with which we shall desire our minds to be so much conversant as with His Word.

MOUNT CARMEL.

Mount Carmel, or the mount of gardens and vinevards, is an irregular range of hills from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height, running north-west near the boundary line between Samaria and Galilee, on the western border of the great plain of Esdraelon, and projecting into the Mediterranean as a bold promontory, overhanging the sea with its summit, and dipping its feet in the blue waters. Under its shadow, towards the north-east lies the beautiful bay of Acre, into which, after skirting the northern base of the mountain, flows "that ancient river," the brook Kishon, memorable for having swept off in its rain-swollen current the flying hosts of Sisera, Judg. v. 21; and for a similar havock, in our own day, among the Moslems defeated by Buonaparte.

Mount Carmel is composed of limestone, and its sides abound in caves, both natural and artificial, in which prophets of old found shelter, 1 Kings xviii. 4, 20; 2 Kings ii. 25; iv. 25; Amos ix. 3; and where the hermits of the middle ages wasted their lives in useless austerities. One of these caves is still pointed out as the grotto of Elijah.

The sides of Carmel still show, as Dr. Wilson testifies, "a thick jungle of prickly oak, mountain juniper, thorns, and grasses, intermixed with many beautiful odoriferous plants and flowers, growing most luxuriantly." In the days when the Holy Land contained a popu-

lation of nearly five millions. and every hill was terraced and cultivated to the summit. Carmel must have been an object of great beauty. No other mountain of Palestine now retains so much of its former luxuriance. The spring clothes it with a verdure which renders "the excellency of Carmel" the delight of every traveller. Numerous foun-Isa. xxv. 2. and crystal streams refresh its plants, the air is fragrant with spicy perfumes. and the eye overlooks the wide expanse of the sea and the bay of Acre, the fine and fertile plain of Esdraelon with Mount Tabor on its north-eastern border, and still beyond, the white crown of Lebanon.

One signal event, described in 1 Kings xviii., renders Mount Carmel especially memorable. On its northern slope once stood the prophet Elijah alone beside the altar of God, confronting 850 idolatrous apostates around the altar of Baal. All will remember the fruitless efforts of the latter to procure some sign of Baal's existence and power: also the mocking taunts of Elijah; his solemn appeal to Jehovah; the answering fire from heaven, which consumed, in a moment, victim and wood, the stones of the altar, and the very water in the trenches; the shout of the convicted multitudes. "JE-HOVAH, HE IS THE GOD;" the seizure and just execution of the idolatrous priests, whose blood the Kishon bore away

cloud like a man's hand over whether he is on the side of the sea, and the great rain. Elijah's God? James. v. 17,18. The review of

into the sea; and lastly, the these solemn events should prophet's prevailing prayer, the lead every reader to inquire

ANECDOTE OF HAVELOCK.

AT an annual meeting of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the chairman told an anecdote connected with the loss of one of their ships. The Erin was lost in the Chinese seas. On board that ship a passenger in private clothes - was Colonel Havelock. When the vessel struck, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, half a gale of wind was blowing.—Colonel Havelock sprung upon the deck, and seeing some confusion, said, in that sharp military tone that always arrests attention," Men, be steady, and all may be saved; but if we have confusion, all may be lost. Obey your orders and

think of nothing else." They did so, and behaved in the most excellent manner. Next day, all the lives on board were saved, together with the specie and the mails. On the shore. immediately afterwards, Colonel Havelock mustered the men, and said, "Now my men, let us return thanks to Almighty God for the great mercy He has vouchsafed to us." They all knelt down, he uttered a short prayer of thanksgiving, and as his (the chairman's) informant, who was one of the officers of the ship, told him. the Colonel then rose up, and walked away as coolly as if nothing had happened.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Once, in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children. gathered around their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said,

"Mother, you took all the care of the baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill; now, mother, who took her on the other side?"

"On the other side of what, Alice?"

"On the other side of death. Who took the baby on the other side, mother? She was so little she could not go alone."

"Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is He who took little children in his arms to bless them, and said, Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He took the baby on the other side."

IS IT TRUE?

Is it true that there are in the world 670,000,000 of our fellow-creatures who are still bowing down to stocks and stones, ignorant of the living and true God, and all this in a time emphatically called "The age of missions?"

Is it true that, in our own land, the Sabbath is openly, legally desecrated, by liquor and other traffic, open railways and excursion parties, with many other habitual customs?

Is it true that there are, every year, at least 8,000,000 of quarters of grain used in making spirituous liquors —the bane and curse of the people?

Is it true that the issues of the infidel and immoral press are far above the religious, and that, while the land is flooded

with worthless and immoral publications, sound religious papers are but comparatively rarely met with?

And finally, is it true that by far the greater portion of professing Christians never effectually aid in the work of evangelization, save by an occasional subscription or tempo-

rary effort?

Reader, what are you doing for Christ? Is it not well to call yourself to account for the manner in which you have been living up to the present moment? Have you lived for yourself or for your Saviour? Have you got nearer to heaven or nearer to hell than you were at the beginning of the year? Answer to God and your own conscience, in view of the judgment-seat of Christ?

THE POWER OF MEEKNESS.

A man of my acquaintance, who was of a vehement and rigid temper, had, many years since, a dispute with a friend of his, a professor of religion, and had been injured by him. With strong feelings of resentment he made him a visit for the avewed purpose of quarrelling with him. He accordingly stated the nature and the extent of the injury, and was preparing, as he afterwards confessed, to load him with a train of severe reproaches. when his friend cut him short by acknowledging, with the ward, he said to himself to this

utmost readiness and frankness, the injustice of which he had been guilty, expressing his own regret for the wrong which he had done, requesting his forgiveness, and proffering him ample compensation. was compelled to say that he was satisfied, and withdrew, full of mortification that he had been prechaled from venting his indignation, and wounding his friend with keem and violent reproaches for his con-

As he was walking home-

effect: There must be something more in religion than I have hitherto suspected. Were any man to address me in the tone of haughtiness and provocation with which I accosted my friend this evening, it would be impossible for me to preserve the equanimity of which I have been a witness; and especially, with so much frankness, humility, and meek. to acknowledge the wrong which I had done, so readily ask forgiveness of the man whom I had injured, and so cheerfully promise a satisfactory recompense. I should have met his anger with at least equal resentment, paid him reproach for reproach, and inflicted wound for wound. There is something in this man's disposition which is not in mine.

There is something in the religion which he professes, and which I am forced to believe he feels—something which makes him so superior, so much better, so much more amiable, than I can pretend to be. The subject strikes me in a manner to which I have hitherto been a stranger. It is high time to examine it more thoroughly, with more candour, and with greater solicitude also, than I have done hitherto.

From this incident a train of thoughts and emotions commenced in the mind of this man, which terminated in his profession of the Christian religion, his relinquishment of the business in which he was engaged, and his consecration of himself to the ministry of

the Gospel.

BLESSINGS OF TRIAL.

"THE bee sucks sweet honey out of the bitterest herbs; so God will, by afflictions, teach his children to suck sweet knowledge, sweet obedience, sweet experience, &c., out of all the bitter afflictions and trials he exercises them with; that scouring and rubbing which frets others, shall make them shine the brighter; that weight which crushes and keeps others under, shall but make them, like the palm-tree, grow better and higher; and that hammer which knocks others all in pieces, shall but knock them the nearer to Christ, Stars shine the corner-stone. brightest in the darkest night,

torches give the best light when beaten, grapes yield most wine when most pressed, spices smell sweetest when pounded, vines are the better for bleeding, gold looks the brighter for scouring, and juniper smells sweetest in the fire. Afflictions are the saint's best benefactors. Where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest. that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose leaves, is then most fragrant when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it out. Grace shines the brighter for scouring, and is most glorious when it is most clouded."-Brooks.

TRUE CHARITY.

To mitigate the misery that is in the world—to alleviate the sufferings of those around—to give, some of us out of our abundance, and some out of our penury-is the duty of all who would follow Jesus. can we fulfil these sacred obligations, without first learning to deny ourselves. We must be willing to give up our own self-indulgent habits, and often to dispense with things that we should dearly desire, if only we can thus help the afflicted. Such sacrifices have been made. The following illustrative anecdote is familiar; but its point and pathos render it too memorable to be excluded for such a cause.

When Sir Philip Sidney, the "flower of chivalry," as he was called, the scholar, the poet, and (better than all) the humble-minded Christian, was engaged with the Spaniards at Zutphen, in Guelderland, in 1586, he received his deathwound. In a very little while, , fever induced excessive thirst, and he eagerly called for water. which, after some delay, was brought to him. At the moment his trembling hand was lifting the delicious draught to his lips, a poor soldier, also dying, was borne past him. The soldier's eyes rivetted themselves on the cup, and his pale, mute countenance arrested his commander's gaze. Sidney saw that the wounded soldier was forbidden, by their relative positions, asking for the water, that his countenance vet

showed all the fulness of eager pleading for it. Untasted, he gave him the cup, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine!"

Here W88 8. Christian's triumph over self, and a nobler victory achieved than that over his country's foes. Sidney, being dead, yet speaketh. It is by learning to Do WITHOUT things, we shall be oftenest enabled (as he was) to relieve others. Some sacrifice must be made. Something simpler in diet, something plainer in dress, some pleasure to be foregone, or even some comfort to be resigned, and the thing is accomplished, and we are supplied with the necessary means. The cost, after all, is but momentary. very little while, they who give up what pleased them are just as satisfied, even with respect to the enjoyment itself, as those who indulged themselves in it. Happy are they who, like Sidney, acknowledge the necessity that is greater than their own; and who are enabled, by Divine grace, to deny themselves, that they may relieve it.

When the Moravian brethren found, in their missionary circuit of the world, that there was a class of their fellow-creatures rendered inaccessible through their peculiar misery, they offered themselves as slaves in the West Indian markets, in order that they might convey the Gospel to the despised negro.

Having perused this thrilling | it is, will not be always comstatement, reader, you may suffer a word of exhortation. Ask yourself, What sacrifices are you making, in order that the kingdom of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, may be extended in the world? At home and abroad, are there souls crying out for the bread of life, without which they must perish? Are you making any self-denying exertions that these hungry ones should be fed? Remember that the time is short. Your talent, such as

mitted to you. Serve God in your generation. Seek to be useful. Try to make the world the better for your having lived in it. Visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. Consider the poor, especially the Lord's poor; and the day shall come when you will hear his own voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me!"

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

THE habitual or even the occasional, doubtful apprehension indulged in of his interest in Christ will tend materially to the enfeebling and decay of a believer's faith. No cause can be more certain in its effects than this. If it be true that the exercise of faith developes its strength, it is equally true that the perpetual indulgence of doubtful apprehensions of pardon and acceptance must necessarily eat as a cankerworm at the root of faith. Every misgiving felt, every doubt cherished, every fear yielded to, every dark providence brooded over, tends to unhinge the soul from God, and dims its near and loving view of Jesus. To doubt the love, the wisdom, and the faithfulness of God; to doubt the perfection of the work of Christ; to doubt the operation of the Spirit on the heart, what can tend more to the weakening

costly grace? Every time the soul sinks under the pressure of a doubt of its interest in Christ, the effect must be a weakening of the soul's view of the glory, perfection, and all-sufficiency of Christ's work. But imperfectly may the doubting Christian be aware what dishonour is done to Jesus. what reflection is cast upon his great work, by every unbelieving fear he cherishes. It is a secret wounding of Jesus, however the soul might shrink from such an inference; it is a lowering, an undervaluing of Christ's obedience and death that glorious work of salvation with which the Father has declared himself well pleased that work with which Divine justice has confessed itself satisfied—that work, we say, is dishonoured, undervalued, and slighted by every doubt and fear secretly harboured or openly expressed by a child of and decay of this precious and God. The moment a believer

looks at his unworthiness more than at the righteousness of Christ, supposes that there is not a sufficiency of merit in Jesus to supply the absence of all morit in himself before God, what is it but a setting up his sinfulness and unworthiness above the infinite worth, fulness, and sufficiency of Christ's atonement and righteousness? There is much sourious humility among many of the dear saints of God. It is thought by some, that to be always doubting one's pardon and acceptance is the evidence of a lowly spirit. It is, allow us to say, the mark of the very opposite of a lowly and humble mind. That is true humility that credits the testimony of God.—that believes because He has spoken it,—that rests in the blood and righteousness and all-sufficiency of Jesus, because He has declared that "Whosoever believeth in Him shall be saved." This is genuine lowliness, the blessed product of the Eternal Spirit: to go to Jesus just as I am, a poor, lost, helpless sinner-to go without previous preparation—to 20 glorying in my weakness, infirmity, and poverty, that the free grace, and sovereign pleasure, and infinite merit of Christ might be seen in my full pardon, justification, and eternal glory. There is more of unmortified pride, of self-righteousness, of that principle that would make God a debter to the creature in the refusal of a soul fully to accept of Jesus. than is suspected. There is more real, profound humility in a simple, believing venture

upon Christ, as a ruined creature, taking Him as all its righteourness, all its pardon, all its glory, than it is possible for any mortal mind to fathom. Doubt is ever the offspring of pride, humility is ever the handmaid of faith.— Winslow.

Dving Christians, as well as a dying Christ, may cheerfully put off the body, in a believing expectation of a joyful resurrection: "My flesh also shall rest in hope." Death destroys the hope of man (Job xiv. 10). but not the hope of a Christian (Prov. xiv. 32). He has living hopes in dying moments. Christ's resurrection is an earnest of ours, if we be his. Those who live piously, with God in their eye, may die comfortably with heaven in their eve.—Matthew Henry.

Beholding God's face with satisfaction may be considered (1st) as our duty and comfort We mount, in in this world. righteousness, clethed with Christ's righteousness, by faith, behold God's face, and set Him always before us. 2nd. As our happiness in the other world. That is prepared and designed only for the righteous, that are justified and sanctified: they shall be put in possession of it, when the soul awakes, at death. out of its slumber in the body. and when the body awakes at the resurrection, out of slumber in the grave. blessedness will consist in the immediate vision of God and his glory. In the participation of his likeness, our holiness will there be perfect; and

in a complete and full satisfaction resulting from all this. There is no satisfaction for a soul but in God, in his face and likeness,—his good will towards us, and his good work in us; and even that satisfaction will not be perfect till we come to heaven.—Ibid.

God's "way is in the sea;" though He is holy, just, and good in all He does, yet we cannot give an account of his proceedings, nor make any certain judgment of his designs. God's ways are like the deep waters which cannot be fathemed; like the way of a ship in the sea, which cannot be tracked; his proceedings are always to be acquiesced in, but cannot always be accounted for. He has holy ends in all He does, and will be sanctified in every dispensation of his providence.—Ibid.

A saint should follow the Lord's will, step by step, as it is manifested to him, in simplicity, but he too often wants to walk by sight, not by faith; for when he clearly sees the first footstep, he still says, "I do not see my way clear," for he wants to see where it will lead to: whereas the Lord's way is to tell him. "Trust in me, put your foot there, and confide in me, to lead you safely to the next, and the next." This is real, simple faith in following Jesus. He only promises to lead us step by step.

Extracts from Capt. M. M. Hammond's Letter.—The consideration of the shortness of

time, the value of souls, and the Lord's coming should be motives to stir us up to diligence in the work of Jesus: and the high honour of being associated with Jesus in the work of the Lord, should make us very earnest in seeking to advance his glory. I was much struck in reading a tract by Angell James, on Self-renunciation, in which he represents the Christian as God's representative in the world, so that when the world sees a Christian, it should be reminded of God, and in this view take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus. let us remember, that as the Father sent Christ into the world to seek and to save the lost, and to glorify Him in the eyes of man, so He sent us into the world for a like purpose. according to our measure (see John xvii. 18). Ever yours affectionately. M. M. H.

Dec. 12, 1848.—My very .-I have been thinking of the honour put upon us, in believers being represented (as associates with Christ in the great work of glorifying God in the salvation of souls, as appears from two verses in John xvii. 18, 22. As the Father sent Christ into the world to glorify Him before men, and to seek and save the lost, so has Christ sent his disciples into the world for a similar purpose; and now that the Lord and Master is no more in the world, they are his representatives upon earth—the Head represented by his members. And in verse 22, the

glory mentioned cannot be the glory which shall be revealed; as He says, "I have given them." It must, therefore, be the glory of gathering in lost sinners, wherein especially Jesus was glorified, and the Father in Him, and in which glorious work and gracious purpose his people may be one, even as they are one. If these things be so, if this

is indeed the word of truth, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness? How high and holy is our calling in Christ Jesus! How great and glorious the work in which we are called to engage! And now, good-by. For a New Year's text I send you Heb. xiii. 20, 21. Yours ever affectionately, M. M. H.

Intelligence.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN AMERICA.—The New York Independent gives the following account of this remarkable movement:—

"It is more than twenty years since New York was the scene of so general a revival of religion as is now in progress. Indeed, the present work of grace is already more extensive and more impressive than were the memorable seasons from 1830 to 1835. The weekly record of religious intelligence has kept our readers advised of the increasing interest of the daily prayer-meetings in this city, and the multiplication of revivals all over the land. The glad vision of the prophet is realized, and converts fly as clouds and as doves to their windows. Already the conversions of the past winter may be numbered by tens of thousands. In regard to this work of grace, several points should be noted for the encouragement of Christians. It was preceded by the awakening of conscience and the humbling of pride, with respect to those public sins which had alienated from us the blessing of Heaven, viz., oppression and luxury. Months ago we predicted that the general awakening of conscience against the aggressions of slavery would be followed

by a general revival of religion. As a people, we had grown torpid under that crime for which God so often visited Israel with judgments; but the atrocious doings of the slave power at Washington and in Kansas aroused the people of God to repentance, to watchfulness, to prayer, and thus prepared the way for God to visit us again with mercy. The sin of luxury He rebuked by the mysterious providence that sub-verted our commerce, and so the pride of man was humbled, that the grace of God might enter. In this city the ground was prepared for a rich harvest, by the systematic visitation of families, conducted under the auspices of the New York Sun-The reliday-school Association. gious wants of the city were thus brought distinctly into view, and the prayers and efforts of Christians were directed towards these. the most efficient agencies in the present work of grace have been the prayer-meeting and personal conversation with the impenitent by private Christians. No grand machinery of effort at revival has been set in motion; no professed revivalists have been employed; no combinations for union have framed; but Christians have come together, with one heart, for prayer and praise, and those who have heretofore laboured for Christ only by proxy, have begun personal effort for the salvation of souls."

The same journal, describing the progress of the work, says it is extending over almost the whole country, particularly in the east and west. Its first manifestations occurred in New England, whence it spread rapidly to the middle and western States, or rather broke out almost simultaneously in all. It far exceeds the "great awakening" in the days of Jonathan Edwards, but is unaccompanied by that intensified enthusiasm and excitement which followed the preaching of Whitefield, etc. Details are given of numerous additions to many of the churches in New York city. Nearly twenty extra prayer-meetings, confined to no particular church, are now held in different parts of the city. Religious meetings, and also temperance meetings, have been for some weeks past held on board the United States' frigate, North Carolina, at the Navy Yard, at one of the former of which, fifty sailors came forward to be prayed for. With reference to the prayermeeting alluded to at the commencement of this notice, we read that it has been necessary to engage two extra rooms, and all three are now so filled that more than two hundred persons have been known to be unable to obtain entrance.

"A placard is posted on the outer gate, inviting persons to enter, though such an invitation seems no longer necessary :-- 'Step in for five minutes or longer, as your time permits.' Inside, notices are hung on the walls, to the effect that prayers and remarks should be brief, 'in order to give all an opportunity,' and forbidding the introduction of 'controverted points.' The frequenters of this meeting come from all classes of society, and are invited as such, without regard to their differences. Many clergymen of the city churches, and many prominent laymen, including merchants and gentlemen in the legal and medical professions, are seen there every day-as they ought to be seenside by side with the mechanic and the day-labourer, and even the streetbeggar. Draymen drive up their carts to the church, and, hitching their horses outside, go in with the crowd, and are as welcome as any."

We trust this is indeed a blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit, overruling for good the recent calamities of a great community. At all events, such an account furnishes a loud call on the prayers of British Christians, that the revival may be confirmed in America, and that the special services movement, which is gaining strength in our own land, may, under the same holy influence, lead to a similar work among ourselves.

Poetry.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going, Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each, Let no future dreams elate thee, Learn thou first what these can teach. One by one-bright gifts from heaven-Joys are sent thee here below: Take them readily when given, Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy gifts shall meet thee, Do not fear an armed band; One will fade as others greet thee, Shadows passing through the hand.

Do not look at life's long sorrow; See how small each moment's pain; Ged will help thee for to-morrow; Every day begin again.

Every honr that fleets so slowly Has its task to do or bear; Luminous the crown and holy, If they set each gam with care.

Do not linger with regretting, Or for passing hours despond; Nor, the daily toil forgetting, Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching heaven; but one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere the pilgrimage be done.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

49. Who were given "as a gift to Aaron and to his sons," and for what purpose?

50. What yows did Jacob make to God, if he were brought again to his

"father's house in peace"?

51. By whom, and on what occasion, were these words spoken: "God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace"? 52. What grace was it that St. Peter exhorted the converts "above all

things" to cultivate?

53. Who is the person whom St. Paul declares to be "approved"?

54. What did the Jews once agree to do to any man who confessed that Jesus was Christ?

55. Where are these words: "O Lord, correct me, but with judgment: not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing "?

56. Why are we to forbear and forgive one another?

Answers to Questions of Last Month.

(41.) 2 Cor. i. 22. (42.) Eph. iv. 31. (43.) 2 Tim. i. 16. (44.) Job xxxi. 34. (45.) Psa. xliv. 20. (46.) Psa. lxxiii. 26. (47.) Judges xviii. 4. (48.) Deut, xxxiv. 6.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR,

EDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Many things are useful and desirable. Only one thing is absolutely indispensable. There is only one thing which if a man possess he is well off, whatever else he may lack—only one thing which if a man lack he is ruined, whatever else he may possess.

Is it property? No; for we have seen persons utterly destitute of it, and yet happy and contented. We have never read of a poorer person than Lazarus; yet how few rich men, or princes, or kings, have ever been as well off as Lazarus!

Is it health? Scarcely any other personal earthly blessing is so valuable as this, but many persons have had their happiest hours in severe sickness; and some habitual invalids are remarkably cheerful and happy. Health is not indispensable.

Is it a good reputation? It is possible for a person to be calm and happy when aspersed by a thousand slanders, and when unjustly reviled and hated. "Blessed are ye," said our Lord, "when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for My sake." The consciousness of innocence will uphold a man against the wildest storm of obloquy. The good man whom slanderers have made hateful to his fellow-men, is far happier than he,

whom successful hypocrisy has led his fellow-men to load with honours. "A good name is better than rubies," but even a good name is not indispensable. We can be happy without it, and can wait for God to give us a good name before the angels, and in His presence.

There is truly no earthly good which we cannot lack, and still be happy—none which we cannot lack, and still be saved. What harm is it now to Lazarus that he was once poor? What difference will it make to you one hundred years hence, and a million of ages hence, whether you are poor or richwhether men now honour or despise you?

An interest in Jesus Christ, an experimental knowledge of His great salvation, is the only indispensable thing. You cannot do without this. You cannot be at peace with yourself, nor with God, without it. You have no sufficient preparation for the duties, and trials, and burdens, and sorrows of life, without it—none for the inevitable hour of death. You cannot meet God without it. You cannot stand at the judgment-seat without it. You cannot bear your immortality without it. It is "the one thing needful"—the one indispensable thing. Have you got it?

CHANGE OF AN UNBELIEVER.

Ir was on Sunday, the 13th of | him if I wait, shall I not? I will March, 1853, that I first attempted to seek some navvies out. About seven in the evening, I went to a cottage where several of them were lodging, and asked for one of the family (whom I had formerly visited in his illness), as an easy introduction to the strangers. A tall, strong man, in a fustian jacket, opened the door scarcely wide enough to show his face. "Harry ain't here just now."

walk in, if you will allow me."

"Well, you can, if you like; but we're a lot of rough uns." "Oh, thank you, I do not mind that; you will be very civil to me, I am sure. Would you get me a chair?"

An intelligent looking youth darted forward, dusted a chair with the tail of another man's coat, and placed it for me near the table.

I inquired if any of them had "But I suppose I shall see | been at church, but no one had thought of it. They listened with attentive interest to an account of Mr. Chalmers' morning sermon, on the occasion of the death of a medical man, the subject of "The Victory Won," who had been residing in Beckenham, with a sketch of his history. Several of them expressed strong admiration of Dr. R.'s kindness and generosity to the poor, whilst himself working hard, mentally, for his own support; and the young man, whose name was Edward Perry, said, "I know that brain-labour is harder than hand-labour." When the narrative was ended, he said, "Well, ma'am, its a beautiful story, but in a measure it passes by me, because I don't believe the Bible."

I dreaded an argument, yet felt it necessary to reply, so prayed silently for wisdom; and then inquired the reason of his

unbelief.

"Because I read in the Bible that God is a God of love, and yet that He has prepared from all eternity a place of torment for us poor pitiful creatures."

"In my Bible," I replied, "I have never read anything of the sort. I read that God is love, and that the Lord Jesus Christ will say, at the judgment day, to those who have believed and obeyed Him, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' But to those who have rejected His salvation, and despised his laws, He will say, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels.' man chooses to reject God's offer of mercy through a Saviour,

and to prepare himself for that place of punishment, he has no right to charge God with the result of his own sin and wilful madness."

"Well," he replied, "I do see that is a different case from what I thought before. But now, look here, I am a poor fellow—don't pretend nor profess; yet I have a quarrel with a mate, feel to hate him, will drub him well next time we light on one another. Think better of it, offer him half my bread and cheese when we chance of meeting, and we are friends. Now, why can't God do a generous action like that, and forgive us outright?"

"Well, my friend, we must try and look at the case upon both sides. Suppose a father of a well-trained family, very obedient to his orders, an ornament to his neighbourhood, a blessing to him and to each other. Suddenly he discovers one of them has fallen into disobedience to him, and is indulging in lying, swearing, or stealing. What is the father to do? His tender heart says, 'I can't bear to inflict punishment on my son;' his wise head says, 'But if I do not, disorder, sin, and misery will soon run riot in my family. The rest will say, 'Father does not mind our disobeying him, he makes no difference between the good and the bad; there can't be much harm in sin, then, after I will also follow my own inclinations, if nothing is to come of it.' "

"Well, I see what you mean, and it is sense, too. But how do you know that God has any other family besides man?"

"I know it from His word. I

read of angels and hosts of keaven. And 'that unto principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God.' But tell me, when you are at work beneath the dark blue midnight sky, and look up from your shovelful of earth to the thousand stars that are glittering there, most of them worlds much larger than this, do you think they are only hung there for lanterns? Do you not rather think that God, who wastes nothing in His creation, as we see more the deeper we look into it, has probably peopled many of them with beings as intelligent And what if the news as man? should be carried throughout God's creation that a world had rebelled against Him, and that He had taken no notice of itwould not other worlds be liable to take the infection, and sin and its sister, misery, spread throughout God's beautiful universe, and blacken the whole? But He has taken notice of it. He has punished sin with death. 'Death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' He threatens eternal death to unrepenting sinners; yet 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting That Son of God became man; He was born into this world for one purpose, to bear the punishment due to our sins;

to make an infinite sacrifice with infinite suffering—all for one purpose. This is the purpose-The Sun of man is come to seek and to save that which was He is drawing nigh.—He is come to you now—He is speaking these words of His own by my feeble lips. Are you willing to let Him save you?"

"I am, I am," he said with fervour, drawing his chair nearer to me as he spoke. "I never thought of Him before but as an angry God. You make Him

out a Friend."

The result was, that after a little further conversation, to which others in the room listened with something more than mere respectful attention, we all, the lady and the rough labouring men, knelt together in prayer to that God whose name many of them were accustomed to take upon their lips only in cursing and swearing. And then, after I had left them. I heard that the young man who had so lately avowed himself an unbeliever in the Bible read aloud, for the benefit of his comrades, while great tears fell upon the page, the third chapter of the Gospel by St. John. Whether the good seed thus sown ever took root is known only to God. Before I could see the young man again, he left the neighbourhood, and all efforts to find him proved unavailing. - From "English Hearts and English Hands."

MEMOIR OF A YOUNG MAN.

J--- was a young man of last illness he gave no proof strictly moral character; but be- of having been born again, or fore the commencement of his of possessing "holiness, without which no man can see the Lord."

He took cold several months before his death, and his strength began to fail. No symptoms of an alarming nature were then visible, yet he at once seemed to hear the warning voice, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die," and told his comnanions that he knew he should never recover. He tried to shake off thoughts of death, but was soon led by the Spirit of God to ask, "What is my hope, if God takes away my soul?" and he found that he was without hope and without God! The sins of his past life rose up before him in fearful array, and he was truly wretched, until he sought and found peace through the "blood of the cross." faith he beheld "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and heard the Saviour saying to him, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."

He "received the truth as it is in Jesus" with the simplicity of a little child; and the change then manifested was so great, that one who constantly attended him said, she could see in him the meaning of the words "Ye

must be born again."

He loved the house of God, and often went there when his ill-health would have been a sufficient reason for staying away; and his seriousness and fixed attention while there proved how deeply interested he was for his eternal welfare.

He was not confined to his house until the commencement of 18—, when his increasing weakness told that his days were numbered. About this time he was asked "if he had been led to feel himself a sinner?" Tears rolled down his cheeks as he answered, "Oh, yes! I have been a great sinner, but the Lord has forgiven me! I believe He has forgiven me! I feel He has forgiven me!"

He frequently expressed his gratitude to those who read to him, or spoke of the glorious prospect before him; but they felt that they had the greatest cause for thankfulness in being permitted to do so, for it was good to be there, to hear him speak of the Lord's kindness to him, and of the love of Jesus in dying for sinners. Often would he say, "What could we have done without the blessed Jesus?" or, "What could the world have done without Him?"

He was very patient, and did not murmur, although he suffered much. Once he cried out, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble." He was asked, "Is your mind troubled?" He answered, "Oh, no; but I

am in great pain."

When obliged to confess that wearisome nights were appointed for him, he would thankfully tell of some alleviation, and add, "I am very weak, but a holy Christ sustains me."

When asked "if he wished to be restored to health if his soul were left as it was before?" he exclaimed, "Oh, no! Precious Saviour! If the young did but know the peace and comfort! now feel, they would seek Him in the days of health. What i the world? it is all vanity! It would be hard work if I had to seek the Lord now."

At another time he said, "I have been a great sinner, and Jesus has forgiven all my sins; but I do not know what lengths I might have gone to, or what wickedness I might have committed, if He had not called me now."

He seemed to have one object ever before his eyes—one name ever dear to his heart, and would often whisper, "Blessed Jesus" -"None but Jesus;" and his look of rapture will not be soon forgotten, when the words were repeated to him, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." With an emphasis full of appropriating faith, he exclaimed, "My Saviour!" He was kept in perfect peace, and testified that "none but Jesus can support on a dying bed:" and it was evident that "underneath him were the everlasting arms."

He could say, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded, that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day;" adding, "Jesus has been so good, so merciful to me, that I can trust Him now."

When Rev. vii. was read to him, a remark was made on the white robe of Christ's righteousness, and the palm branch being a token of victory. He said, "He gained the victory for us; we never should have got it."

On the night before his departure he spoke to his friends, entreating them "to seek the Lord, for they would be sure to find Him, and could never have true peace until they did;" adding, "Come to the Lord Jesus, for He will receive you and forgive your sins. He will! He will!" He afterwards said that he felt it his duty to speak, but could not have done it if the Holy Spirit had not helped him.

When the hand of death was on him, he was asked "if he could give his dying testimony that Jesus was still near and precious?" He answered, "He is very precious; I have put my trust in Him, and hope I shall soon be with Him."

To another he said, "I am dying! I am going home. I shall be so happy to-morrow. Blessed home for me! I long to go home!" In the last conflict he cried out, "How long, O Lord, how long? I hope I shall be in heaven this night! Blessed Jesus! Thou hast forgiven me all my sins; don't leave me alone in the dark valley. Be Thou to me a strong tower against the face of the enemy." He felt as if the Lord Jesus answered, "Certainly I will be with thee." And He surely went before, and lighted up the dark valley with His own gracious presence, carried him quickly through without a struggle, and took him home, to be "for ever with the Lord." "Thanks be to God which gave him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Perhaps some of our readers will say, "This does not concern me; I am young and strong." So was he; but the Lord "brought down his strength in his journey, and shortened his days." Therefore, "remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Ask yourselves, "Am I ready, if summoned

now?" Do not leave it for hours of weariness and pain to decide the question, lest you find when it is too late that—

"A dying bed is not the place To learn to seek the God of grace." Your call may be sudden, or your disease of such a nature as to give you no opportunity to repent. If J- had delayed coming to Jesus a little longer, he would probably have parted as thousands have done, -leaving no cheering evidence behind; and his friends might now " sorrow as those who have no hope." Trust not to your morality! His life was not stained by any of the gross sins which are, alas! so common among the youth of the present day; but "one thing he lacked;" -and if you are destitute of vital godliness, and trust to any

works of your own for salvation, you will find to your dismay that you have built on the sand. and your ruin will be great. He saw his danger, and fled for refuge to the hope set before him. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found;" for "His Spirit will not always strive." "And when once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door," it will be in vain to cry, "Lord, Lord, open to us." But now He waits to be gracious, and will cast out none that come unto Him in and through Christ Jesus our Lord!

Come, then, just as you are—come at once (for to-morrow may be too late), and then you will be prepared to serve God actively on earth, or to die peacefully if soon called away.

HOW TO QUIET A CHILD'S FEARS.

Ir was my custom to have the candle removed from my boy's chamber as soon as he was put to bed. On this being done, one night, about the close of his third year, he called loudly for me. I went and found him much frightened, pale, trembling, and crying. He gave me an incoherent account of some tale he had heard, and entreated that a light might be left in his room. I had one brought, and told him that it should not be again removed if he still wished it to remain after we had had a little chat together, but I thought he would send it away.

I then endeavoured to convince him of the folly of his fears, but, finding that he could not shake them off, said, "How

old are you, my dear John?" "Almost three years, you say, mother." " Have you always had a candle with you?" "Hardly ever, mother." "What, then, has taken care of you?" " God, mother; I know that God takes care of me all day and all night." "Yes, my child, you run thoughtlessly into a thousand dangers, but God always preserves you. When you fell from the tree you were climbing to-day, had you a candle to help God to save your head from being broken on the large stones?" "No, indeed, mother." "Well, my child, you know that God sees as well in the dark as in the light. saved you then without the help of a candle, don't you think He can do so just as easily now that you are lying quietly on your bed?" "But George said something would catch me to-night." "Did God tell George so?" "No, mother." Then George cannot know, for nothing can ever hurt you unless God permits it, and nobody but God can know or tell when He intends to permit any one to be hurt." He was silent, but still clung to me.

I bade him ask the maid of what candles were made. He repeated her reply, "Grease and cotton." I looked at him a moment with an expression of regret, then said, "And can it be, my beloved child, that you are more willing to trust in a little grease and cotton, than in that God who has preserved you through the dangers of so many days, and the darkness of so

many nights?"

He looked quite distressed, and I went on, "Nothing can enter this room without His knowledge, for He is constantly watching over you. If He should allow anything to come in, could the candle save you?" "Oh, no. mother! it could not move. "Could God?" "Yes, in a minute." "And yet, my darling, you feel less afraid when you look at the candle burning near you, than when you remember that God is watching over you. My dear John, think how sorry it must make your heavenly Father to see this; think if it would please Him to see you trying to drive away those silly fears, and showing Him that you would rather trust to His goodness than to the brightest light. Do you not believe that God always keeps His promises?" "Yes, to be sure, mother." "And do you not recollect that I have told you He has promised, in His big book, that He will take care of all who put their trust in Him?"

He pressed me tightly round the neck an instant, and then said, "Yes, I remember, mother, and I will trust to Him to-night. But please to tell me what I must do to keep from feeling so

frightened."

"Why, you know, my dear child, how very good God has been to you; suppose I make a little prayer to Him for you now; you can repeat my words; God will hear, and I dare say, make you able to do right." "Please to try, mother." struggle in his feelings was manifestly great, and the earnest tone in which he reiterated the simple petition I offered was very affecting; but he immediately embraced me tenderly, and said firmly, "Now, good night, mother; please to take away the light." "I will, my love, and if you should feel a little afraid when it is gone, just think who is always near you, and say to Him, God, take care of me! and I think you will not want me to bring it back again." mother, I will."

Thus ended this, to me, deeply

interesting conversation.

I learned that much pains had been taken by a mischievous boy to frighten him, and, owing to the liveliness of his imagination and extreme sensitiveness, it was some time before the disagreeable effects of this attempt could be obliterated. From the above period he was occasionally

disposed to be timid at night, but it was only requisite to remind him that the gracious Being who had hitherto guarded him so carefully would be pleased to see him exerting himself to banish his alarm, and putting his trust entirely in Him, and my point was carried. He dismissed me, and fell quietly As he grew older, I advised him, whenever he felt himself becoming frightened, to call to mind some instances of God's

goodness to him, and then pray that He would still protect him from real dangers, and would enable him to overcome his foolish fears and confide in His care. This he many times told me he had done the preceding night, and that God had been so very kind as to make him much less afraid afterwards, and sometimes to take away his fears entirely, and then he felt so glad and happy because there was no light in the room.

GOD'S ESTIMATE OF POVERTY.

No lot on earth is one of perfect happiness. If one have wealth, he is destitute of some blessing that he at times would purchase from the poor man with half his fortune. crown itself is worn at the expense of the aching of the head that throbs beneath it. However princely may be the home, the searcher will be startled to find hidden behind the door the ghastly skeleton. The garden may be beautiful, but beneath its shrubbery will be concealed the sepulchre. God compensates for evil; and just as, amidst the luxuriant orange groves of the tropics, with their birds of brilliant plumage and flowers of exquisite loveliness, He has made the scorpion to creep, that man may be reminded that his home is not here; so has He thrown over the desolate ice-fields of the North the lustre of the aurora's glorious brilliancy, and the light of unsetting constellations.

This is precisely the view that we hold of man's moral condi-

in grace. Men of the world can hardly conceive of a more terrible fate than to be stripped of worldly possessions. The loss of health, of limb, of eyesight, is not, by men of worldly views. deemed to be half so sore a trial as the loss of wealth. verily do I believe that there are those in this community who would rather lose wife and children than their much-coveted property. To be poor, with most of us, is synonymous with being the veriest object of pity conceivable. For sickness, distortion, paralysis itself, seem to lose half their repellent features if the subject thereof be clothed in purple and fine linen, and be surrounded with all the refinements and elegancies of life. Such is the worldly view of poverty.

What is God's? We may learn somewhat of the view that the great Jehovah holds of the condition of the poor by that most fearful of all assert:ons found upon the pages of the Bible: "It is easier for a camel to go tion. Poverty has its equivalent | through a needle's eye, than for

a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." In reference to the conversion Jesus simply remarks, as if it were a matter like the creating of a new world or the blotting out of the material sun, "With God all things are possible!" Their conversion is a miracle of love and power, every golden guinea being like a leaden weight to bear them downward.

Men universally covet wealth, and strive to secure it. warns us against the perils of its possession, pronouncing "covetousness" "idolatry," and declaring that the "love of money is the root of all evil." The imagination of the worldly is stimulated by surrounding the home of affluence with all that is attractive, fascinating, and beauti-Jesus once described a man who was in possession of wealth, "clothed with purple and fine linen, and who fared sumptuously every day." he lifted the curtain of futurity, and showed to his startled auditors that he found his abiding place in hell.

In addition to all which, we have the evidence drawn from the life of the incarnate Son of God Himself. For, in the great mediatorial scheme of human rescue, none can doubt but that the mode of His advent was the subject of the Redeemer's choice. Had He seen fit, He could have entered the world with all the grandeur and glory connected with an earthly monarchy: Solomon's magnificence might have been His; the wealth of Crossus in His hands, and the power and

authority of a Cæsar seated upon His sceptre. So would men have ordained, had they planned the great scheme of human rescue. But not so did God. Though descended from a long line of kings. He was born in poverty. cradled in a manger, nursed in want, and educated at the bench. He became the companion of "He emptied the poor man. Himself of His Divinity," and, " though rich, for our sakes He became poor." He thus honoured poverty. He took from it its reproach. He associated Himself with it, and, with the same wisdom that throws the brilliancy of crystal light over the cold and ice-bound fields of the North, He grants the lustre of the partnership of Divinity to earthly destitution. To deny respectability to poverty, then, is to malign the name of Jesus. To exalt aristocracy and wealth at the expense of the poor is to put a stigma upon Him whose lineage was that of David, and whose origin was in the eternity of the Godhead. Well may the Word of God declare, "He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker." Tell me not, then, that among the wealthy you are to find the favoured of God—the wise, the good, the well-born, the pious and valuable among men. I tell you Dives, the condemned, was rich, and Jesus Christ, whose friendship is worth the wealth of the world, was poor. Seated as He is upon the throne of dominion and power, well may the "poor man commit himself to God."

QUESTIONS ON A VERSE OF SCRIPTURE.

"WHAT chapter did the minister read this morning, Robert?" said Mr. H——.

"He read the first chapter of James," was the prompt reply.

"What was in the chapter that particularly engaged your

attention?"

"I attended to the whole of it, but this verse made the most impression on my mind;" Robert opened the Bible he had in his hand, and read, "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

"That is an important precept," said Mr. H.—. "What is meant by being swift to

hear?"

"I suppose it means that we should be ready to hear what any one has to say to us."

"Suppose a person wishes to talk nonsense to us, or to pour slander into our ears, are we to be ready to hear?"

" No. Sir."

"Your answer, then, embraced too much."

"We must be ready to hear

what is good."

"That is true. We must be always ready to hear the truth, especially truth connected with duty. What is meant by being slow to speak, Henry?"

"Does it mean that we should speak slow?" said Henry, with some embarrassment. Robert laughed, but a look from his

father reproved him.

"It is well," said Mr. H——,
"to speak with deliberation.
Robert often speaks so fast that
it is difficult to understand what

he says; but the apostle here means to tell us that we should think before we speak. If we always think over what we are about to say, and consider whether it is proper and timely, whether it will be agreeable to those present, and, above all, whether it will be pleasing in the sight of God, we shall obey the command of the apostle, and be slow to speak."

"The apostle says, we must be slow to wrath," said Robert; does he mean that we should think the matter over before we

get angry about it?"

" Certainly."

"In that case we should not be angry at all; for when we get angry, the feeling always comes before we think."

"If the result you mention should take place,—that is, if we never were to get angry, it would not be a bad thing, would

" No. Sir."

it?"

"It would not displease God if you were never to get angry, would it?"

"No, Sir. When the minister read the passage this morning, I thought it contained a sort of permission to get angry."

"How did you come to that

conclusion?"

"If we are to be slow to speak, it implies that we have to speak sometimes, does it not?"

" Yes."

"Well, if we are to be slow to wrath, does it not imply that we are to get angry sometimes?" "I do not object to your interpretation. We are to consider what we are about to say, and never speak except when it is proper to do so. And so we are to consider the matter when we are tempted to be angry, and are never to get angry except when it is proper to do so."

"When is that?"

"When we can be angry and sin not."

"It will be pretty hard work to find out when that time comes."

"So I think; but till it is

found we must not be angry at all. This is a precept that you ought to consider well. You know you are given to anger. You need of all things to take care to be slow to wrath. You give pain to your friends, and displease God almost every day, by not being slow to anger."

In what respect does the reader differ from Robert in this matter? Has he no need to give attention to the exhortation of the apostle, or rather the command of the Holy Spirit, speaking through the apostle?

A SOLDIER'S INFLUENCE.

THERE is no one in any grade of society without the talent of influence. And, in every case, it operates either for good or evil; either for God's glory or His dishonour; either for the good or the hurt of others. Nay, the negative characters we meet with, men who seem altogether harmless, neither doing good nor evil, still add to the common mischief of hiding their talent in a napkin, and putting their eandle under a bushel.

It is refreshing to be able to give instances of good influence, and especially among soldiers—and how largely could I give proofs of this!—but one must now suffice. A friend writes to me from Calcutta as follows:

"A young officer called upon us one day on his way home to England. We had never seen him before, but friends up the country had mentioned us to him, and he came evidently for a word of sympathy and encouragement. He appears to be a young Christian full of the

fervour of first love, and, at the same time, possessing a genuine spirit of humility."

Anxious to know something of the way in which God had led him to Himself, some questions were put, and the following simple narrative was elicited. "I had been very careless about religion, and thought nothing of God or eternity, but, like too many, went on the way of my own heart. There was a sergeant in the regiment whom I know to be a good man and a consistent Christian. He was respected by officers and men. When in the field of battle the regiment was ordered to advance, the man was close beside me. As he went on, I overheard him praying. It seemed strange to me at the time, that, at such a moment of excitement, he should be able to pray. Soon after, when ordered to lie down under fire, I again heard the words of prayer; and a moment after, pushing my head to the ground, he exclaimed, "Down, Sir!"

when his own head was carried off, and his life's blood sprinkled over me, and he was safe with God. He was taken, and I was left. The frightful alternative presented itself to my mind with such power, that I could not rest till I had sought for

pardon and acceptance through the blood of Jesus. His death, and the conviction that he was prepared for it, while I was not, was the means of leading me to seek and to find eternal life."

W.

THOUGHTS WORTH THINKING.

Towalk worthy of God is to walk agreeably to the heavenly calling itself whereunto we are called. By this I mean, so to live in a constant sense of its exceeding, satisfying blessedness, as to be elevated above the joys and sorrows of life, and to be pressing forward, with hearts already in heaven, to the attainment of God's kingdom and glory.

I know not how it is possible (with hearts such as ours, and in a world so full of allurements to sense) ever to rise above its snares, if our souls be not fully possessed with thoughts of that kingdom and glory to which God hath called us. No: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

But let us take the dearest joys of life, the best and purest delights which earth can offer. I grant that there is much in them gratifying to sense, and that none could forego them (even though his eternity depended upon it) who is not quickened of the Spirit to new and spiritual life. But what are those to the man who has reason to hope that God has called him to His kingdom and glory? What, when he is looking upward, and realizing that king-

dom and glory as his portion? At other times they may be a sore temptation to him; remaining earthly affections may drag him down, and cause him to dream of some desirableness in them.

But what are they when the calling of God is in his eye? When faith can lay hold on the promise, and embrace it, the man wants nothing beside. has no joys, sense no sweetness. No; that kingdom and glory of God to which he is called has all his affections. His conversation is in heaven, from whence he is looking also for "the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." He is looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour.

So also in affliction. In those seasons when nature would sit down and brood over its sorrows in unavailing anguish, this blessed hope will be our sweet support and consolation, and we shall often find our tears dried, our spirits calmed, and be even ashamed of our griefs; yea, and bless God for them, and take up the cross which we had just refused, and "walk worthy of God, who hath called us into His kingdom and glory'

ADDRESS TO PARENTS

AT THE CLOSE OF A SERMON OF M. MONOD'S TO CHILDREN.

FATHERS and mothers! if I have devoted to your children all the time I had at my disposal on this solitary occasion, you will not feel jealous, but be convinced that, to preserve strengthen any salutary pressions they may have received to-day, to save the precious seed fallen on their young hearts from the birds of the air. the scorching sun, and the thorns, it is upon you, after God, that I reckon. They must sanctify the Sabbath, and take part in its holy assemblies; but how shall they keep holy the Sabbath if your homes do not keep it holy? and how shall they attend on the holy assemblies if you do not go there with them? They should read, meditate, and search the Scriptures; but how shall they read, meditate, and search them, if you neither read, meditate, nor search them with them? They should apply themselves to the work which God has prepared for their future life, and do so by fulfilling to-day their present work; but how shall they prepare themselves, how shall they fulfil it, if you do not set them the example of doing their work by doing yours before them? They should be subject to you; but how shall they be submissive if you do not maintain, if you do not cause them to respect, parental authority? Great, great, great is your responsibility; the greatest in the world, because the authority which God has put into your hands is the strongest, and, at the same time, the sweetest that

exists on the earth. In saying this to you, my brothers and sisters, I don't separate my condition from yours; in exhorting you, I exhort myself. guilty should we be to-day, and how miserable to-morrow, at the day of judgment, when God shall divide the responsibility of their perdition between them, the devil, and us! But, "though I speak thus, I hope better things of you." We would wish to believe in Jesus—is it not so? -were it only to bring our children to the faith; we would become like Jesus, were it only that our children might resemble Him; we would live with Jesus, were it only that our children might live with Him. Our children shall be our teachers in their turn, and, perhaps, paternal love will determine in more than one heart the beginning of a work of grace, which the fear of the judgments of God, or gratitude for His benefits alone, could not begin! Oh! what then will be the joy of the last dav when between our children and us it cannot be decided who has paramount right to apply to themselves our Saviour's beautiful maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" when we shall both humble ourselves with one heart at the feet of a crucified Saviour, that He who began by giving everything may finish at last by receiving that which He thirsts most for—the souls which He has redeemed and the hearts which He has renewed.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH OF THE REV. CANON STOWELL, AT LONDON CITY Mission MEETING, MAY 6, 1858.—"I know that the Queen is interested in City Missions; I know that her sympathies go forth to the outcasts of her subjects: I know that, like a faithful nursing mother, the most destitute, and the most degraded, and the most necessitous, have the strongest hold upon her heart; for we were told but yesterday, by an admirable brother and missionary from Scotland, that, though through official channels he could not reach our Queen, when he went direct to her, when he was able to reach the eye and the ear of our beloved Queen herself, 201. was the immediate response in behalf of his mission; and when, at the end of another year, further inquiry was made of the progress of the work, 25l. more was sent; and when at last the work had extended, and another year represented it as still more flourishing than before, a joint letter from our beloved Queen and her worthy Prince Consort came written, I have reason to think, with her own hand, expressing beautiful sentiments of sympathy and of interest, and accompanied with 50%, as the tribute of our beloved Queen to those that have at heart the work that is so near Oh! Mr. Plumptre, her own. I loved her and admired her when she came down and was surrounded with the myriads of our young Sunday-scholars in Peel Park, and when, as they sang 'God save the Queen,' it is the believer's toil; "but I

went abroad like the voice of many waters, waking distant echoes and filling the skies with harmony; and when her loyal 80,000 young subjects, seeing her rise in her open carriage, and how with that heartfelt grace, and that expression of maternal sympathy and tenderness which sits so lovely on her Royal face, forgot time and tune and all beside, and broke out into one wild 'Hurrah!' that never ended till Her Majesty was gone.

"I loved and admired her then. Mr. Chairman; and I loved and admired her still more when I heard of her beautiful and maternal feelings and the tender sympathy between her and her royal daughter, and how royalty had not formalized and frozen the fonder and tenderer sympathies of the soul; and how the Bible presented by the Bible Society was sanctioned, approved, and accepted, by her daughter. But I think I love her still more now, Mr. Chairman, when I find her thus making her sympathies to be felt by the very poorest and lowest of her subjects, and showing that, as she has a head and a heart that can govern and guide her own home, and make it in some measure a model for her country, so she has a heart and a head too, that can reach to the very least and lowest and most outcast of her subjects."

Working with God .-- "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to winnow thee as wheat"—here have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not"—this is our safety. No man's condition is as sure as The prayer of Christ is more than sufficient both to strongthen us, be we never so weak, and to overthrow all adversary power, be it never so strong and potent. This prayer must not exclude our labour: their thoughts are vain who think, that their watching can preserve the city which God Himself is not willing to keep. And are not they as vain who think that God will keep the city for which they themselves are not careful to watch? The husbandman may not, therefore, burn his plough, nor the merchant forsake his trade, because God hath promised, "I will not forsake thee." And do the promises of God concerning our stability, think you, make it a matter indifferent for us to use or not to use the means whereby? — to attend or not to attend on reading?---to pray or not to pray that we fall not into temptation? Surely, if we look to stand in the faith of the sons of God, we must hourly, continually, be providing and setting ourselves to strive. was not the meaning of our Lord and Saviour, in saying, "Father, keep them in Thy name," that we should be careless to keep ourselves. To our own safety our own sedulity is required.-Hooker.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—
When you lie down at night,
compose your spirits as if you
were not to wake till the heavens
be no more. And when you
wake in the morning, consider
the new day as your lust, and
themselves.

act accordingly. Surely that night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that day of which you shall never see the night; but which of your mornings and nights you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be safely dropped when death comes to carry you When the into another world. fruit is ripe it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for beaven when our heart is there before us.

A THOUSAND PRAYERS.—
"Who ever offered so many?"
You have, during the last year, if you have kept the resolution of the Psalmist, "Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray." A thousand prayers! Have they all been answered? Were they all "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous, which avails?" What reason have you to praise God, who enabled you to offer them!

Has your heart not been right with God, so that in all these there has been only the form of prayer?

Perhaps a parent, child, or friend, has prayed so many times for you. Will you resist the Spirit of God, and sink unsanctified under the weight of so many prayers?

Those who would convince others of the truths of God must make it appear by their self-denial that they believe it themselves.

Unhumbled hearts lament their calamity, not their sin which is the cause of it.

Let not the soul be burdened with the cares of this world on Sabbath days. The streams of religion run deep or shallow according as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected. The degree of strictness with which this ordinance is observed, or the neglect shown towards it, is a good test to find the state of spiritual religion in any land.

"Grief is fruitless and unavailing in every case but one—viz., sin. We take to it kindly in every instance but that.

Jutelligence.

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF LORD SHAFTESBURY, AT THE BIBLE MEETING IN EXETER HALL. an May, 1858.—Well, who were the men that first checked the awful career of mutiny and rebellion? Let us consider the character of those men, their habits, their expressions, their bearing. Were they men of the ordinary stamp-mere men of the world-men who were conversant only with the duties of their profession? Who was the man that first, by the vigour of his intellect, the force of his heart, the depth of his principles, the extent of his knowledge, the resolution of his whole character, gave a great and, as it turned out ultimately, effective check to the rebellion? Was it not that great man-the greatest, perhaps, that India has produced, the greatest, regarded as a compound of the statesman and the Christian—a man as remarkable for vigour in action as for gentleness of soul-was it not, I say, that great and good man, now gone to his rest, and whose name I can never utter without the deepest emotion and reverence, Sir Henry Lawrence? Again, who was the man that, by deeds unparalleled in history, by a heroism peculiarly his !

own—a heroism which he was able to infuse into the handful of men under his command, so that they stood undismayed in the presence of many thousands of the enemy armed to the teeth-who was it, I say, that put a final check to the progress of these awful disorders, these terrible calamities in In-Was it not that preaching, dia? praying, psalm-singing man, Sir Henry Havelock? Well did the Right Rev. Prelate now on my right, the respected diocesan of this great metropolis, liken that band of heroes to the Puritans of old, and draw the attention of those who heard him to the fact which is now so completely established, that psalm-singing is not inconsistent with heroism, nor prayer incompatible with the truest courage and the discharge of the highest duties. Well, now, such being the character of the men who put the mutiny down, who are the men that have to keep it down? One of them, still spared in the providence of God, and spared, I trust, for great purposes and occasions, bears an honoured name, which I have already uttered, and is indeed almost equal to his departed brother; I refer to

that heroic, wise, statesmanlike Christian, Sir John Lawrence, who did not hesitate to put forth that noble proclamation which was countersigned by his noble coadjutor, Mr. Montgomery. There is another man who is almost equally great in our estimation, and equally small perhaps in the estimation of others—I allude to Colonel Ed-These are the men who wardes. will keep the mutiny down; and to aid these men you must send forth your missionaries, your copies of the Bible, your catechists, your teachers; in short, you must have recourse to every form of effort and organisation that is available for the purpose of maintaining the strongholds in the possession of Christian agents, and of assailing the strongholds of the enemy. These are the men in whom you must confide; these are the men whom you must call to your assistance, and to whom you must not, nay, to whom you dare not, refuse your co-operation. My friends, the Bible Society has done mighty things for peoples and nations. The circulation of the Scriptures in the gross is a prodigious work; but no one can tell what a powerful effect it may produce on a single mind in the hour of necessity, and indirectly on all around. A verv striking story, tending to illustrate this, was communicated to me late last night, and, with your permission, I will bring it before you, because I consider it very suitable to the occasion on which we are This story comes from one met. of "Our Own Correspondents," and it is deeply interesting in connexion with the recent events at Lucknow, and with the late crisis. It is so well told that I shall, with your permission, give it to you in the words of the writer; it is impossible for me to improve it. I have no hesitation in reading the names, because they will by and by appear in one of the public !

papers, and I am sure that the parties spoken of, so far from desiring concealment, will be most happy to know that indirectly they have borne testimony publicly at this meeting to the comfort and blessing which was conferred upon themselves through the diffusion of the Scriptures:—

"I was introduced to Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, of whose preservation I wrote you an account in a former letter. They are com-fortably lodged in a house near Banks's bungalow; but they evince in countenance and a painful air of suffering the effects of their long captivity. Their lives were spared, indeed, but they were watched night and day by armed guards who did not hesitate to use gross and insulting language towards them, and whose constant delight it was to tell them of the outrages and massacres which were taking place all over India during the time of our troubles. [There were then, said the noble Earl, atrocities, notwithstanding that it is the fashion now-a-days to deny them.] Their lives were preserved by the fidelity of the Darogah, or by his desire to secure his personal safety in case the British became masters of the city. Day after day, before they were concealed in his house, they lived in expectation of death. In the midst of their captivity there was one source of consolation shut to them. They had neither Bible nor Prayer-book, and they felt the want exceedingly, but they could not remedy it, for any attempt to procure a religious book would not only have been unsuccessful, but would have increased the severities of their gaolers. Meantime, & little child, a Miss Christian, fell sick, and for several days they in vain sought assistance for her. At length, in a mood of contemptuous pity, the natives obtained the service of a native doctor for the dying child, and this man sent some vile potion or other wrapped up in a piece of paper torn from the first book he could lay his hands on. For a moment or two the printing on this fragment escaped attention, but as Mrs. Orr, now drawing it from her bosom, placed it before us with an air of gratitude and reverence, I could well understand how it was that the words thus conveyed to them seemed to them promises from heaven, and bade them hope and fear no more. Of the fragment thus conveyed to our countrywomen I have procured an exact transcript, which I send herewith. It may be imagined how these words of comfort and assurance lighted up the prison—a handwriting on the wall in characters of fire, to illuminate the gloom of their dungeon:-

"'I, even I, am He that comforteth you. Who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man that shall be made as grass?

"'And forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that had stretched forth the heavens and laid the foundation of the earth; and had feared continually every day, because of the fury of the oppressor.

"'The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit.'

should not die in the pit."
These words were accepted by our fellow-countrywomen as promises from Heaven, and from that time they hoped on till they were rescued from the midst of the enemy."

Now, in speaking of what I have thus quoted, I would, in the first

place, thank God that "Our own correspondents" of these great and mighty journals should evince such a spirit and write in such a style. Seeing that the press appears likely to become the great dominant power in these realms, let us rejoice that among those who contribute to it there are persons who can feel and write as this correspondent has done.

Well, then, as regards yourselves, my friends, knowing what may be done in the gross by seeing what has been done in a single case, not by a volume, not by a book, but by the smallest scrap, do not you be backward to sow the Bible broadcast throughout the Whether it be the mighty bales from the offices of the Bible Society which are landed on the shores of Calcutta, or whether it be the single volume which the pious mother places in the bosom of the young recruit who is going to serve his country on distant fields from which he may never return, remember that it is in all cases the Word of God that is distributed, and we know not whether He shall prosper this or that. Be not backward, then, I repeat, in the work before you. Do not be deaf to the appeals which are made to you for assistance; sow the Word of God broadcast, to the right and to the left, before and behind, "in season and out of season," without stint, fear, or anxiety; it is sure to spring up, and by and by there will be reaped a full and abundant harvest.

Paetry.

"GIVE ME TO DRINK."

"GIVE me to drink!" and who and what art Thou That askest drink of me a child of earth? O wondrous suppliant! Yes, I know Thee now, Though once a stranger to thy matchless worth. Give, Thee to drink! Yes, had I seen Thee here
Athirst and weary, seated on the well,
Oh, how my heart had throbbed Thine heart to cheer,
This feeble tongue it hath no words to tell.

But, Jesus, say what would'st Thou have me do
To prove the love I then would fain have showed?
"I have a little band, a faithful few,
Pilgrims and strangers on their homeward road.

"Whene'er you see them weary on the way, Athirst or fainting, then remember Me; Think then thon hearest Me, the Master, say, 'Give me to drink'—this boon I crave of thee.

"'And, oh!' when thou shalt sit with Me beside.
The river of life's water, cool and clear,
The same which issued from my wounded side.
When, in death's agony, I thirsted here—

"I will give thee to drink—oh! such a draught Of life and love from My unbounded store, As no poor thirsting spirit ever quaffed, When thou shalt drink with Me and thirst no more."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 57. Who made this resolution, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord"?
- 58. What did David say he would do when his soul was "cast down"?
- 59. Who were the persons particularly blessed by the Israelites on their return to Jerusalem under Nehemiah?
 - 60. Why did David pray God to heal his soul?
 - 61. Why did Paul long to see the converts at Rome?
 - 62. What will "the Lord, who is faithful," do to His saints?
- 63. What is that man like, who "layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich towards God"?
 - 64. Where is it said, God's "ways are everlasting"?

Answers to Questions of Last Month.

(49.) Numb. viii. 19. (50.) Gen. xxviii. 21, 22, 23. (51.) Gen. xli. 19. (52.) 1 Pet. iv. 8. (53.) 2 Cor. x. (54.) John ix. 22. (55.) Jer. x. 24. (56.) Eph. iv. 32.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR,

MEDITED BY THE BEV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

It is related of Luther, that, under his first deep convictions of sin, he received much light and aid from the intelligent and kindly Vicar-General Staupitz, who gave him a Bible, and told him to study its pages. Yet, through failure to comprehend distinctly the way of salvation, the earnest monk was still far from peace. His conscience was agitated by a fearful sense of sin. So sore were his conflicts that his health gave way, and he was brought to the gates of the grave. His anguish and terrors redoubled at the prospect of death. He was painfully distracted by a vivid apprehension of his own impurity and of God's heliness.

While he lay in the convent thus overwhelmed with despair, an eld mank, as Melancthon relates, entered his cell and won his confidence, so that Luther opened his heart and disclosed all the fears which disquieted him. The old man, with the utmost simplicity, referred him to the Apastles' Creed, and uttered aloud this article: "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

These simple words so artlessly recited came to Luther like good news from a far country, and shed sweet consolation in his heart. "I believe," he repeated to himself on his bed of suffering,—""I believe in the forgiveness of sins." "Ah," said the monk, "you must not only believe that David's or

Peter's sins are forgiven; the devils believe that. It is God's command that we believe in the forgiveness of our own sins." He then added, "Hear what St. Bernard says in his discourse: The testimony which the Holy Ghost applies to your heart is this, Thy sins are forgiven thee."

This was a word in season. At once light shone into the soul of the young monk at Erfurth. He drew nigh to God in the full assurance of faith, and thenceforth the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, kept his heart and mind through Jesus Christ. He realized the pardon of sin as a personal blessing, and this is the only thing which can give light, life, and joy. There is no true religion unless a man is accepted; and the moment he believes, he is accepted and saved. Faith, simple faith, is the only requisite. Let any sinner, no matter how vile, only look to Jesus, and intrust his soul's salvation to Him, and he shall have pardon, peace. joy, and hope of glory that very day, ay, the self-same hour. A hundred years of toil, sacrifice, and holy living will not make him any more worthy in himself of salvation, or give him any stronger title to it than he had the first moment he fixed a believing eye on the crucified Saviour. At the very beginning of his course, as soon as his feet are lifted out of the miry clay and set upon the rock, he can adopt as his own the song which the prophet puts into the mouth of the ancient Church: "O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is my salvation."

A DAY IN THE DUNGEONS OF THE INQUISITION AT ROME.

WITH candles in our hands, we went down a broad flight of steps, which led us into a large vaulted hall of stone, entirely under the level of the ground.

There were plain marks that this was intended to be a hall of judgment; and the places where iron rings had been fastened into the stone wall, in a row, were

sufficiently obvious. The soldiers told us that there had been rings in these holes when the French troops first came, but that they had been wrenched out, when wanted for use in the barracks. At one end of this apartment there was a kind of ante-hall, made part of the hall itself by a large arch. This antehall was domed, and in the centre stone above an iron ring was fixed. In surveying this apartment, it was impossible not to arrive at the conclusion that we were in the hall of torture, where the judicial examinations before the inquisitors were carried on, under what is called "the question:" which means, under the terror of the threats of torture, or the actual application of it. It was heart-sickening to look upon that iron ring, and reflect upon the awful agonies of the pulley, which was the common mode of "questioning" those who were suspected of heresy.

We passed from this half to several rather roomy prisons. In one of these a wooden shed of recent construction was placed. This called forth a joke and a smile from the soldiers, from whom we learned that it was the place of confinement, which had been arranged for that military punishment commonly called "the black hole." After going through several large kinds of cellars, we came to one in which there was a large arch, bricked This had been done, we were told, when the French took possession of the barracks; but our guides informed us that there was a similar arch in another direction along this course of prisons, which had not been bricked up, because it was found to be nearly closed up with the rubbish which had been thrown there in the first violent ransacking of the Palace by the insurgent Roman people. We were led to this other arch, and found it as it had been described. The rubbish filled the whole space of the arch, except about three feet at the top. We crept up the rubbish and made our way through the opening, dropping down a rather steeper descent on the other side.

We found several more prisons similar to those we had seen in passing from the hall of torture; and, after having satisfied ourselves with this sight, we were about to return, when the soldiers told us that we had yet to descend to other prisons; and they led us to the top of a flight of steps, narrower than those which had brought us from the quadrangle, and leading us to a second underground course of dungeons. At the bottom of this second flight of steps, we came into a square place with a well in the centre of it, surrounded by a low wall; on holding our candles over this wall, the light was reflected by water at a considerable depth, and we threw something in it to ascertain that it was water. From this square place we went through a range of prisons much smaller than those above. It was difficult to imagine how human beings could have lived in such places of confinement, so far removed from wholesome air, and entirely in darkness, unless when artificial light was occasionally used.

The description of these dungeons can give no notion of the feelings with which we passed through them, and the increasing: sense of horror began to have a sensible effect upon us. had not, however, prepared us for the call which the guiding. soldier in advance loudly made to us. "Descendez, Messieurs, encore!" - " Come down still lower, gentlemen;" and we found ourselves at the top of a flight of steps, descending to a third underground course of dungeons. The soldiers went down, and I began to descend, but my friend protested against a further exploring into these unhealthy graves during the proverbially unhealthy season of August in Rome. I looked down and saw the bottom of the flight of steps, and, feeling really sickened, I turned, and we found our way once more to the surface; not, however, without encountering more difficulty in the ascent of the rubbish from the inner side than we had experienced in coming from the outer.

On arriving once more in the light of day and air of heaven, as the soldiers were extinguishing our lights, I could not refrain from bursting forth in earnest expression of the feelings produced by what we had seen; but, when I talked of these as horrors, one of the soldiers said, "Horrors, Sir; you have not seen the worst." "Are there any worse places to be seen?" said L "Come and judge for yourself," said the soldier. He led us across the quadrangle; we followed him through part of the entrance into the guard-room, where several soldiers were lying about; from thence we passed into a passage, at the end of which we came into a good-sixed light room, paved with flagstones, except on one side, where there was a large wooden trap-door level with the floor. The room appeared at that time to be used to receive lumber. I naturally walked up to the trap-door, but one of the soldiers said, "No. here is the place, Sir," and pointed out, on the other side of the room, one of the flagstones about two feet by eighteen inches in size, having in the centre a large iron ring. attempted to lift this stone, but found it too heavy. Another of the soldiers had gone into the guard-room to relight our candles, and, returning, he assisted his comrade, and the scome was raised and laid flat over. was a thick heavy stone, bevelled to cover the opening which was presented to our view. This was a deep shaft of the same dimensions as the stone which had covered it, having on one side a perpendicular ladder of steps fastened against the wall all the way down. One of the soldiers took his candle and began to descend the shaft; when more than half his body was in the shaft he said, "You will follow, Gentlemen?" I asked, " Have you ever been down before?" "Yes, three times." what is found at the bottom?" He answered, "There are two passages, one going this way, and the other that; they are a little broader than this, and in those passages are the doors of the little dungeons—les petits cachots."

We shuddered, but felt no inclination to descend through a shaft which, to a full-grown man, was much the same as the descent of a chimney is to a sweeper's boy. We were satisfied, therefore, with the soldier's account, and asked what there was under the wooden trap-door. This was more easily raised, and with our lighted candles we descended a considerable flight of steps. These led us to a number of dungeons which we could not but feel to justify the soldier, who had said they were worse than the former range of prisons. We went into several that were of stone and domed, with a square hole in the centre of the dome, which might be used as a mode of giving food and water to the prisoners within. This range of prisons did not appear to have been so completely ransacked as those on the other side, as was shown by an article of prison furniture left, all indicating that these were, indeed, contrived as prison-houses for human beings. From the time we had entered this part of the prisons we had been distressed by very offensive smells and unpleasant respiration, the cause of which was soon discovered when one of the soldiers removed a

loose stone from off a horrible drain in the passage way, showing at once the principal cause of that unhealthiness which had driven the greater number of the soldiers away.

We hastened from this dread-. ful spot, and made our way up to the stone apartment, and thence through the guard-room into the quadrangle. Here I could no longer refrain from giving vent to the deep feelings excited by the evidence thus afforded of the unspeakable cruelty of the Court of the Inquisition—" the Holy Office," forsooth!— the regularly appointed Court for searching out and punishing those who oppose the doctrine or authority of the Church of Rome -the legitimate and authorised administrator of the law of the Pope for extirpating Roman Protestants. Was ever audacity equal to that by which Dr. Cullen, the Pope's legate in Ireland—himself brought up at Rome, and sent to Ireland to carry out there the canon law of Rome so far as he has power—could venture publicly to utter the sentence-"Look at Catholic countries: you will see no penal laws against Protestants there!!!"

COMFORT FOR THOSE WHO ARE ANXIOUS ABOUT THEIR FRIENDS.

those we love to the brink of the grave, and all is dark beyond; when we can lay hold of no ground to build a good hope on of their interest in Christ and His salvation, what agoniz- | do nothing now to awaken or to

When age or sickness brings | ing fears and anxieties fill our mind! and how earnestly do we long to have all our doubts respecting their eternal state removed before they go hence and can be no more seen! Can we enlighten them? Have we done all we could? We look around for help in vain. But do we forget that we have the help of the best and strongest of helpers, the great Physician of souls? Let us apply to Him on their behalf; it is the Holy Spirit alone that makes any means effectual to quicken the soul.

But, perhaps, we have prayed often and earnestly, and we can Then comfort see no answer. your heart with the remembrance, that there is One who yearns for the salvation of souls more than you can possibly do; One who loves them better than life; One who left the glories of heaven to bleed and die for men's souls. And shall He who estimates them thus highly forget them? And He is not only willing but able to save. All means are at His command; and His infinite wisdom knows which to

apply to each particular case, far better than any of His servants can do.

Commit the salvation of your friend's soul to His tender care; make known to Him your desires respecting it; believe, and remember that all things are possible to him that believeth; pray always, and faint not, but hope to the end.

And if it should please God never to give you the evidences you so ardently desire, be still and know that He is God, who doeth all things well. When the time of probation here is ended, and prayer and pains can no longer avail, we ought not to pry into secret things which have not been revealed to us, but feel assured that at the last day we shall plainly see what now we can only believe, that He has done all things well.

E. E.-

THE CAPTIVE MAID.

2 Kings v. 2, 3.—"And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy."

THE history of the little captive maid is short, but it is full of instruction. We know not what her worldly circumstances might have been, previously to her condition of captivity; but, whether she were in dependent or independent circumstances, it must necessarily have been a lot of sorrow which fell to her. When, seized by the Syrian soldiers, she was taken away from her kindred, her home, and her country, the providence of the Lord watched over her, and placed her in a service where

she apparently possessed some of those comforts which might alleviate the affliction of slavery; yet there can be little doubt of the grief which must, occasionally at least, have pressed upon her Her own sorrows had not blunted the sensibilities which were alive to the afflictions of others, and, in her solicitude for her master's cure, she evinced that, even to one who held her in bondage, she could feel the most unfeigned sympathy; his kindnesses to her were appreciated, and she seems to have possessed a grateful heart, notwithstanding the many reasons which might have appeared to justify a feeling of resentment against her master. We must remember that hers was not a voluntary service, chosen by herself, and that, although mercies abounded towards her, she was still a captive, and torn from those scenes where her affections evidently tended, with faithful recollection of the past, so that it would not have been improbable, that, instead of lively interest in the happiness of those she served, she might have indulged the gloomy and indignant passions of despondency and hatred against her oppressors. It is, however, evident that these dispositions were not in her breast towards any around her, and that she discharged the duties of her new condition with a mind superior to these considerations for self. In reference to her religious views, we have a strong evidence of lively zeal and faith; she was apparently well acquainted with the character of the prophet of Israel, and had vigorous faith in the power that was committed to him, as Jehovah's servant. There is no record of any leprosy cured previously to this instance, either by Elijah or Elisha, but she had confidence in the ability which would be given, for all manner of diseases, were the appeal made; and thus she honoured God's ambassador, and she believed God's own faithfulness. Far as she now was, therefore, from the sanctuary, and from Israel's privileges in her own land, she was not separated from the true spiritual sanctuary, but retained,

exercised, and professed her faith, even before the rulers and the heathen, and displayed the power of those principles which are not destroyed by any external condition whatever. Great must have been the joy of her heart, when her master returned in health of body, and with a renewed mind; and we may reasonably believe such a result to the counsel she had given would serve to sweeten her bondage and fill her mouth with praise.

The example of the little captive maid affords us an interesting lesson of improvement, and particularly to servants. providence of God may carry His child into a service that, humanly speaking, may appear exceedingly dangerous, afflictive, and exposed; but we are not to judge by the reasonings of nature. God will keep the principle of grace which He has implanted in the heart, and will overrule even the situations most perilous to the increase of heavenly affections. A change of outward circumstances, if coming by God's providence, will put the Christian upon more of practical religion, teaching him to live more simply by faith, and leading him out into situations wherein he must exhibit amongst strangers the power of those principles which he professes to have. Should this be the lot of any who read these pages, let it be considered a call from God, let it be accepted in the spirit of a missionary. Let no outward trials depress the life of faith. Israel's more favoured land may be remembered, and the wonders seen

and known in that Zion where once the soul was refreshed amongst the servants of God. may be called to affectionate and grateful recollection; but these remembrances must stimulate and not depress; and the duties which now claim attention should be embraced with renewed vigour, upon every retrospect of God's past mercies to the soul. Those claims which belong to service must be discharged with activity, regularity, order, so that the ignorant may not blaspheme our God, through the inconsistency or negligence of His professing servant. And even where there may be some sense of injustice or unkindness from others towards God's child, these personal injuries must be forgotten, or swallowed up in the charity and zeal of faith. There are many around whose sickly bodies perhaps may ask for sympathy; but assuredly there are many who are covered with the leprosy of sin. Look to this sad condition, commiserate the perishing soul, be resolute to speak of the healing mercies that are in Christ Jesus, and give counsel to seek the aid of the messengers of the Lord: By this faithfulness you may be the accepted instrument of leading poor sinners to spiritual health and life; and, if this is the result of all your present hurdships, privations, or griefs, you will have reason to bless the Lord in time and eternity. Be not cast down, therefore; look up to Him who is ever with His people make Him your home, your your all. country, and derived from Him strength work whilst it is day.

work whilst it is day.

And let masters be instructed: despise not the counsel of the poor because he is poor; listen to the humble and earnest desires of your devoted and pious domestic; be advised to seek the only remedy from sin, and let Naaman's teachableness be a lasting memorial of the duty and the benefit of exercising the same spirit in a subject of so much greater importance.

THE WATCHMAN IN THE HOUSE.

A winow lady of colour in the West Indies, and one who took a lively interest in the spiritual welfare of her neighbours, called one afternoon at a negro house, and, after the usual compliments of the day, she inquired, "What handsome book is that on your shelf, Nanny?" to which the inmate replied, "Eh, Missis! it is my 'Mancipation Book."

"But," said the lady, "that book is of no use to you, Nanny, as you cannot read it." "For true, Missis, me no able for read em, but me picksninny can."

"Well, but your pickaninnies who can read have books of their own, and you might space that for somebody who can read and who has none."

"No, Missis," she replied, "me no able to spare birm at all, at all, dat book da one weatchman for me house."

"How so?" said the lady.

"Why, Missis, beforetime my

passion used to rise too strong for me; me no able to keep em down at all, at all; now, the book stand there; he say, 'No, Nanny, you no go for to do this, 'tis sin.'

Now, previous to the entrance of the book, Nanny had been one of the most noisy and disagreeable persons on that plantation, but was soon after that conversation employed to escort the children to the house of God on the Sabbath-day, a post of no mean honour; and, when asked what had made this change in her character and conduct, she invariably attributed it to "the Watchman in her house." Well would it be for us all if the presence of the Book had this warning and improving influence.

A LITTLE BOY'S LOGIC.

In the coal mines of Wales. boys are in the habit of working with their fathers, and, when the toil of the day is ended, occasionally accompany them to the public-house. Some time ago, a father and his son having thus acted were on one occasion both of them the worse for liquor. Proceeding homeward over the dark and rugged hills the father lost his way, and fell into a pit, pulling the lad into it with himself. Though their lives were mercifully preserved, the boy was greatly terrified, and both of them were much in-They were iured by the fall. discovered and delivered from their perilous situation by the effort of kind neighbours, and in process of time the bruises and contusions they had received were cured.

Having resumed their labours, the father, instead of profiting by the experience for which he had paid so dear, was, one evening, again actually about to take the child with him to his old haunt of vice—the public-house. The wiser child said, "Father, I have been told that a temperance meeting is to be held to-

night in the school-room, not far off; hadn't we better go there?"

"Very well," the father replied, "let us go for once."

They went: the speeches, full of sound argument and delivered with much feeling, greatly affected the little fellow's mind. "Father," said he, as the business of the meeting drew to a close, "I should like to join the Temperance Society and sign the piedge; may I do so?"

"Oh, you are too young," he answered; you won't understand

what you are about."

"Why, dear father," rejoined the sagacious youth, "you did not regard me as too young to go with you to the public-house, there to drink with you till my reason was nearly gone, and afterward to fall with you into the pit; why should you think me too young to do a better thing, that of abstaining altogether from liquors by which people can be made drunk?"

The logic of this child of wisdom penetrated the father's judgment, he saw that it was conclusive; it reached his heart—he felt it to be irresistible. He granted the lad the leave he

asked; he did more, he copied | a better father, and a happier his son's example, and became man. at once a reclaimed drunkard.

WORK WHILE YOU CAN.

As I sat in my chamber, I saw a little girl working by of a candle. the light was burnt down almost to the I perceived that she plied her needle very fast, and at length I overheard her saying to herself-" I must be very industrious, for this is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone."

What a moral there is, thought I, in the words of this child! Surely I may learn wisdom from it. Life is but a short candle. It is almost gone, and I have How earnestly ennone other. gaged should I then be in every duty of life! While I have the light of life, how careful should I be to perform everything enjoined by my heavenly Master!

1. I ought to be in haste to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling; knowing that, when this light is extinguished, there is no other allowed to mortals for preparation.

2. I ought to be alive to the immortal interests of my fellowcreatures, working while it is called to-day, striving to bring sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ; for my brief candle is soon to go out, and there can be no conversion of sinners in another world.

3. I ought to be unceasingly busy in every act of benevolence, making as many happy as I can, relieving the miserable, and doing good to all within my reach; for this light is soon to be put out, and in the other world the miserable and the sufferer will be beyond my reach.

4. I ought to use every talent for the glory of God and the kingdom of Christ, working the works of Him that sent me while it is day; because the night cometh in which no man can

work.

5. "Whatsoever thy hand "findeth to do, do it with thy "might; for there is no work, " nor device, nor knowledge, nor "wisdom in the grave, whither "thou goest."

Be this my one great business here, With serious industry and fear Eternal bliss to ensure; Christ's utmost counsel to fulfil And suffer all His righteous will, And to the end endure. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive, Transported from this earth to live, And rest with Thee above; Where faith is sweetly lost in sight, And hope in full, supreme delight And everlasting love.

ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN

Some of the greatest men the origin. Columbus, the discoworld ever produced, either in verer of America, was the son ancient or modern times, were | of a weaver, and a weaver himof very humble and obscure | self. Homer, the Greek poet,

and the prince of ancient poets, was a beggar. Demosthenes, the great Grecian orator, was the son of a cutler. Cromwell WAS the son of a brewer. Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer. Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer, was a shepherd. Edmund Halley, an eminent English astronomer, was the son of a soapboiler, at Shoreditch. Hogarth. the celebrated painter, was put apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots. Virgil, the great Latin poet, was the son of a potter; and Horace, the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare, the greatest of English dramatic poets, was the son of a woolstapler; and Milton, the greatest of English epic poets, was the son of a money-scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant; and Dr. Samuel Johnson, of a bookseller at Lichfield. Akenside,

the author of that elegant poem, "The Pleasures of the Imagination," was the son of a butcher at Newcastle. Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman of Ayrshire, Scotland. Gray, the English poet, was the son of a money-scrivener; and Henry Kirke White, the son of butcher at Nottingham, England. Bloomfield and Gifford were shoemakers; and Addison, Goldsmith, Otway, and Canning were sons of clergymen. The present Lord Lyndhurst, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, was the son of the painter Copley, and an American by birth. This list could be doubled-but it is unnecessary. These examples show that there is no state or condition of life, however humble or obscure, from which talents and genius may not rise by individual exertion to eminence and distinction.

PAYING FOR A BIBLE.

A MISSIONARY lodged one night in the house of a gentleman among the mountains of Derry, in Ireland. In the morning, as he stood beside his host looking over the wild and beautiful country, they saw a shepherd tending some sheep at a little distance. The gentleman pointed him out to the missionary.

"There is Peter," said he, "one of the shrewdest men in

the district."

Then the missionary went up to him, entered into a conversation, and gave him a tract in Irish. A few weeks after he and Peter met again.

"I've swallowed the tract,"

said the latter.

"If I give you an Irish Bible, will you swallow that?"

"I won't be indebted for it, but I'll buy it."

"Well, I've got two or three."

"What is the price?"

"The price I ask is this when God shall strike the light and love of it in your heart, that you will teach six men like yourself to love the Bible." And Peter took it.

Some time after, an English man, accompanied by the missionary, started across the mountains. Before them was Peter.

"Och!" said he, "but your riverence is welcome so early."

"Why, Peter, what are you doing here?"

I'm paying for the book!"

broad daylight, he led them to Word of God."

"Sure, I'm doing honestly; | the haystack, behind which were six Roman Catholic men, away And on the top of the moun- | from the eye of the priest, waittain, where by this time it was | ing for Peter to teach them the

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

BECAUSE it is difficult continually to support labour, and to keep the mind intent upon God, the soul seeks somewhat on earth where it may repose, and, as it were, some pause of quiet in which to rest; and these things in which it delights may be inmocent. For we are not now speaking of evil desires. But yet, since God desires that we should set our love upon eternal life alone, with these innocent delights He mingles bitterness, so that even in these we may suffer tribulation. Therefore let him not lose heart who, even in those things which he innocently possesses, suffers some tribula-Let him learn to love tion. better things by the bitterness of lower ones; let not the traveller journeying to his own country love his inn as if it were his home. - St. Augustine on the Pantma.

My soul thirsteth for God. When shall I come and appear before God ?-This is that which I thirst for—to come and appear. I thirst in the pilgrimage, I thirst in the race, I shall be satisfied in coming to the end. From this desire proceeds also that which he exclaims elsewhere-One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord. Wherefore? That I may behold, he saith, the fair beauty of the Lord.

Meanwhile, while I meditate, while I run, while I am in the way, before I come, before I appear, my tears have been my meat day and night:

My tears have been, he saith, not hitterness, but bread. Sweet to me have been the tears themselves; thirsting after that fountain because I may not yet drink thereof, I have the more eagerly fed upon my tears. For he says not, May tears have been my drink lest he should seem to have desired them as the fountains of waters; but, That thirst continuing with which I burn, by which I am drawn to the fountains of waters, while I am delayed my tears have become my bread.

Day and night my tears have been my bread. For that food which is called bread is eaten by day, and by might men sleep; but the bread of tears is eaten by day and night, whether by day and night all time be understood, or whether by day we understand the prosperity of this life, and by night its adversity. Whether, he saith therefore, in the prosperous or adverse states of this life, I pour forth the tears of my desire, I desist not from the longing of my desire; whether it be ill or well with me in this world, before I appear before the presence of God. Wherefore, then, should I be congratulated if some prosperity of this life has smiled upon me? Is it not deceptive? Is it not fleeting, fading, mortal? Is it not temporal, swift, transitory? Hath it not more of delusion than delight? Wherefore, then, even in this, should not my team be my bread? For, even when the happiness of this life is all bright around us, so long as we are in the body, we are absent from the Lord.—I bid.

I had gone with the multitude, I west with them to the house of God (I will go into the place of the wondrous tabernacle, even unto the house of God.) cending to the tabernacle (the Church of God on earth), he comes to the house of God. Beholding the wondrous parts of the tabernacle, he is led on to the house of God. Following some sweetness, some hidden delight unspeakable, as if some sweet organ-sound came from the house of God, and he while walking in the tabernacle heard that sound from within, and was led by its sweetness, drawing him away from all tumult of ffesh and blood, he came even to the house of God.

He himself commemorates the way and the manner whereby he was led. It is as if we should say to him, Thou beholdest the tabernacle on earth; how dist theore attain to the secret dwelling of God? With the voice, he somewers, of joy and praise, with the multitude that kept holyday.

When men celebrate here luxurious feasts, they are wont to place organs or arrange companies of musicians before their houses. And when these things

are heard, what do we say as we pass by? "What is done here?" And we are answered. Some feast is celebrated; it is, they say, a birth-day or a marriage. So that the music should not appear unsuitable, but that the luxury should be caused by the festival. In the house of God there is an everlasting festival. It is not there a thing which is celebrated and passes away, but an everlasting feast, a chorus of angels, the present face of God. gladness without cessation. That feast-day is one which opens not by any beginning, nor is closed by any ending. From that eternal and endless festival come sounds unspeakable, as of sweet song to the ear of the heart, if the tumult of the world overpower them not. He who walks within the taberracle, contemplating the wonders of God in the redemption of the faithful, is soothed by the sound of that festivity, and the heart is drawn onward to the fountains of waters.

But because, brethren, so long as we are in the body we are absent from the Lord, and the corruptible body presseth down the soul, although at times, as we walk in earnest desire, the mists disperse, and we attain to the hearing of that sound, yet by the weight of our infirmity we fall back into our wonted state, and slide into accustomed things. And as we had there found wherein to rejoice, so cause is not wanting here wherefore to mourn. For that hart. feeding day and night upon his tears, carried by his longing desir: to the waterbrooks,—that is to say, to the inward sweetness of God, -pouring out his soul that he might reach that which is beyond his soul, walking in the place of the wondrous tabernacle, even to the house of God, and led by the inward and intelligible gladness of the sound to despise all outward things, and vearn for those inner ones—this hart is still man, still carries the fragile body, still is in peril among the stumbling-blocks of this world. Therefore, he looks back to himself, and says to himself amidst these sadnesses, Wherefore art thou cast down, O my soul, wherefore troublest thou me? Behold, we have but now rejoiced in that inward sweetness,—wherefore dost thou trouble me, wherefore yet art thou sad? for thou doubtest not of thy God. Hope in God.

And it is as if his soul should in silence answer him, Wherefore do I trouble thee, but because I am not yet there where that sweetness is, whither I am thus carried as if by a swift passage? Do I now drink of that fountain fearing nothing? Am I now secure, as if all evil desires were wholly subdued and vanquished? Doth not mine adversary the Devil watch against me? Doth he not daily spread for me snares of deceit? thou not that I should trouble thee, set thus in this world, and still a wanderer, absent from the house of my God?

But hope thou in God, is his reply to his soul. Persevere. therefore, that thou mayest attain; persevere until help cometh. —I bid.

All Thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia.—Sweet

garments are His saints, His elect. His whole Church, which He presents unto Himself as a vesture without spot or wrinkle: that it might be without spot, bathing it in blood: that it might be without wrinkle, stretching it out upon the Cross.—Ibid.

Living by faith begets in the heart a sonlike boldness and confidence to Godward in all our Gospel duties, under all our weaknesses, and under all our temptations. It is a blessed thing to be privileged with a holy boldness and confidence Godward, that He is on our side, that He taketh part with us, and that He will plead our cause "with them that rise up against us." (2 Cor. ii. 14; iv. 17, 18; Gal. ii. 27; Phil. iii. 2, 3; Rom. v. 11.) But this boldness faith helpeth us to do, and also manageth in our heart. This is that which made Paul always triumph and rejoice in God and the Lord Jesus; he lived the life of faith; for faith sets a man in the favour of God by Christ, and makes a man see that whatever befalls him in this life, it shall, through the wisdom and mercy of God, not only prove for his forwarding to heaven, but to augment glory when he comes there. This man now stands on high, he lives, he is rid of slavish fears and carking cares, and in all his straits he hath a God to go to. Thus David, when all things looked awry upon him, "encouraged himself in the Lord his God." (1 Sam. xxx. 6.) Daniel also believed in his God. and knew that all his trouble. odours from Thy garments. His losses, and crosses would be

abundantly made up in his God. (Dan. vi. 23.) And David said, "I had fainted unless I had believed." Believing, therefore, is a great preservative against all such impediments, and makes us confident in our God, and with boldness to come into His presence, claiming privilege in what He is and hath. (Psa. xxvii. 13; Jonah iii. 4, 5; Heb. x. 22, 23; Eph. i. 4-7.) For by faith, I say, he seeth his acceptance through the Beloved, and himself interested in the mercy of God, and riches of Christ, and glory in the world This man can look to come. upon all the dangers in hell and earth without paleness of countenance; he shall meditate terror with comfort, "because he beholds the King in His beauty." (Isa. xxxiii. 17, 18.)—Bunyan.

A FUGITIVE IN THE HI-MALAYA MOUNTAINS. -- In the summer of 1852, Colonel B----, on an excursion to the snowy range of the Himalayas, had proceeded into the mountains some twenty miles beyond any known habitation of civilized man, when the natives told him that in a village near by a white man was living in concealment. Incredible as it appeared, Colonel B- followed his guides to a little native hut with mud walls and roof of grass. Taking a peep in at the low entrance, sure enough, there he spied an elderly person with a white face, but in the most shabby dress of the natives, who, on catching a glance of the intruder, rushed into a dark corner of his miserable hovel, out of which the most earnest entreaties and assurances of good intentions scarcely brought him.

He was the son of an English gentleman who, like thousands of the high-bred youth of England, had come to India to procure a title to a Government pension, and, after remaining here ten or twenty years, return home and live in ease. Like not a few who come to this land. supposing he could scarcely avoid becoming rich, he had run recklessly into debt, until he was threatened with a term of years in close confinement unless he should immediately cancel his liabilities, to do which he was totally incapable. He fled beyond the limits of the British territory to the place where Colonel B- found him, where he had subsisted for some fifteen years, in the manner of the wild natives around him, not excepting their revolting vices.

Colonel B—— told him of a debt he owed, which, if not soon. discharged, might consign him to chains and darkness, not for a term of years, but for eternity; entreated him to make sure of escaping that everlasting imprisonment in the dungeons of the unutterably miserable; prayed with him, and gave him a few tracts, which, like many good men, Colonel B—— is in the habit of taking with him where.

ever he goes.

Two years after he again visited him, and found that the seed he had been permitted to sow was springing up. On reading the tract, "It is the Last Time, he could have no peace of mind until he found assurance of his greatest debt being cancelled by the blood of Christ.

His brother, who was receiving a large salary in India, was designted to be permitted to meet his earthly liabilities, and requested him to return to England and live the remainder of his days in comfortable case. But, no; he said he had opposed and reviled the Christian religion in India, and here he wished to do what he could to counteract his past evil influence.

He is now at S., daily assisting a missionary in proclaiming to the heathen the only way of eternal life. May He whose grace has raised him thus far out of the loathsome den lead him asseminent aid and ornament to the faith which he so long despised:

and reproached.

In what various ways does God enable him to do good whose heart is set upon it! The author of that tract probably never thought of its floating over the waves fifteen thousand miles. fluttering on the breeze another thousand miles into the heart of a heathen country, amidst the bears and wolves and wild men of the Himalayas, lighting upon a poor degraded immortal, "twice dead and plucked up by the roots," and making him a son and heir of the Lord God Almighty, a being to reign on the throne of the universe for ever with the King of kings. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

SINGULAR ORIGIN.—The nation of the Mandans, who dwell upon the banks of the river Missouri, have a peculiar tradition concerning their origin. They say that the whole nation

resided in one large, village, under the ground, near a subterremean lake! A wine extended its:roots from the surface downto their habitation, and gave them a view of the light. Some of the most adventurous climbed. up the vine and were delighted with the sight of the earth, covered with buffaloes and rich with every kind of fruit. Returning with grapes they had gathered, their countrymen were so pleased with the taste of them that the whole nation resolved to leave their dull residence for the charms of the upper region. Men, women, and children asconded by means of the vine. but when about half the nation had reached the surface of the earth, a large woman, who was climbing up the vine, broke it with her weight, and shut out the light of the sun from herself and her nation for ever. believe in one great spirit and in a future state. When they die, they expect to return to the original seat of their forefathers -the good reaching the ancient village by the assistance of a lake, the burthen of the sins of the wicked being such as to prevent them passing over the lake. They call the Great Spirit by the name of Medicine—a term they give to all things which they cannot comprehend or understand.

A PRIEST AND HIS TREASURE.
—Some days after the late capture of Canton, a poor priest
presented himself at the headquarters in abject garb and
squalid plight, and told a piteous tale to the General, how his
little personal property and his

only change of raiment lay in the Monastery of Celestial Bliss. now occupied by Colonel Hockner and his battalion. The General at once gave him an order to remove all his property from the place, and the priest prudently waited till the colonel and the major part of officers and men were absent on the reconnoissance. He then presented his order, and was led about by the officers of the day to recog-The poor nize his property. priest was accompanied by some servitors of his order. their assistance he opened the pedestal of an untouched idol, and lo! a bar of solid gold and several bars of silver were exposed to the view of the astonished soldiery. Proceeding to another image, he abstracted some stones of great magnitude Then he borrowed a and price.

ladder, and, mounting the roof. removed a sheathing, and behold! a magazine of righly embroidered silks and costly furn all which were duly piled upon shoulders of the poor brethren. The guard were almost frantic, but the order was imperative. But the poor priest was a true Having succeeded Chinaman. so far, he pushed his rights to the utmost. Lying about were some trophies and small matters which the absent soldiers back gathered together in other places and brought to these quarters. These also were put together. All was carried off, and when the reconnoitring party turned to their quarters, they found them empty enough. Nothing was left but the hole in the roof and the disembowelled joss.

Intelligence.

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT AT COURMAYEUR IN PIEDMONT .-The good seed has been sown here both extensively and abundantly. A steady demand has set in for Bibles, parties often coming great distances to purchase copies. remember one Sabbath morning, an old man came asking for a Bible, who had travelled three hours up the valley to obtain it. Many and minute were his questions about the most elementary things. They were such as a child would ask. It was touching to see an immortal being, verging on the limit of human life, after scores of years of blind faith in blind guides, finding out for the first time that he knew nothing, grasping the

Bible with both hands and asking eagerly, "And is this the very Word of God? and is it all here?" and then going away with it under his arm, with an air which said, "I have found a treasure to-day. I should have had it long ago, but none shall rob me of it now." Such scenes were frequent. length a Christian bookseller from Chambery hired an apartment in one of the hotels of Courmayeur, for the sale of Bibles, and issued advertisements. Four priests in the hotel, true to their instinctive dread of the Word of God, threatened to leave the house forthwith, if such a sale were permitted in it. The bookseller was turned out; but the enemy's triumph was short.

A stall was erected in the open street, where the common people saw and purchased the precious Book, together with Church Histories and even entire Commentaries. But this is not all. spot was close by a public café, at the doors of which numerous loungers might be seen sitting at almost all hours of the day, including bankers, merchants, lawyers, priests, &c., from Turin and elsewhere. The stall, of course, attracted their attention in their idle moments, and not a few were the Bibles and other Protestant books picked up and carried away into all parts of Piedmont. And that "word shall not return unto Me void."

CHINA.—One of our religious inquirers, engaged in trade in China, had occasion to go to a large city in the country to collect accounts. While there he happened to be in front of a temple, and observed a man coming in great haste with incense, candles, and gilt paper in his hands, for idolatrous worship. My friend Tsang went up to him, and asked, in a polite and Chinese style, his name, profession, &c. In course of conversation, Tsang discovered that he was a respectable man, but that he had been all along given to idolatry, and that, having lately lost a son and daughter, he was more set upon it than ever. Tsang succeeded in winning upon him, and took out his pocket copy of the New Testament, and read and talked with the stranger for a considerable time about the true God. and Jesus Christ the Saviour of the The man, on hearing of Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, at once and earnestly asked, "Oh, if Jesus be really the Saviour, what is the use of my praying to any other?" Tsang replied, " Of course there is no use; and, be-

sides, these idols that you worship are mere pieces of clay, and wood, and stone: they cannot save you, or do you any good." On this the man rose up in an excited manner, and threw all his gilt paper, candles, and incense into an adjacent river, and begged Tsang to return home with him, that he might hear more of this My friend did so, and doctrine. read the third chapter of Acts to the man and his family, explaining it as he went along; and at the close, the stranger took the idol of the god of riches (one of chief repute in merchants' houses), and the small image of Buddha on his child's cap, and cast them away. He requested that he might have a copy of the New Testament for his perusal, which was sent him, with a letter exhorting him to worship the only living and true God, and believe in Jesus Christ the only Saviour.

BIBLE SOCIETY. - A correspondent of this Society writes:--"Two instances of unusual and most meritorious sacrifice in humble life have recently come to my knowledge. An old clerical friend in Gloucester asked me to go and say a few kind words to an old and meanly-dressed, but devout listener throughout our meeting. I cheerfully did so, and welcomed his expressions of satisfaction at what he had heard. My friend subsequently informed me that he works on the road for eightpence a day; that the only half-sovereign on the plate was put there by him; and that he regularly gives four half-sovereigns every year at four anniversary collections.

"Last year a female servant called upon me, and offered £10 as a donation to the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the same time expressing the deep gratitude she felt for having herself been

taught from above to profit by those Holy Scriptures, which are able to make our fallen race wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. I declined receiving so large a sum from a person in so humble a station, especially as she did not appear to be in strong health. It was, however, with some difficulty I prevailed upon her to let me take only £5, promising to accept the other £5 this year if she should be in circumstances to present it to the Society. She called upon me a few days ago, and stated that 'she was come to pay her debt she owed the Bible Society,' and, as she handed me the £5 note, said she desired to lay it as a humble offering at the feet of the Bestower of all her blessings.

"I discovered that other sums, though smaller, had at various times been appropriated to the same object. Many years ago this servant of Christ had been exhorted to read the Bible on her knees. She followed the advice, and the blessing of the God of the Bible descended upon her. She found 'the pearl of great price,' and ever since has been embracing every opportunity of laying by

something to help the Bible Society, that others may, through the Divine mercy, be made partakers of 'the water of life,' and may be brought to 'know the truc God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, which is life eternal.' I think it right to add, that a remarkable blessing attended this liberal donor during the past year, in a temporal point of view."

We trust that these incidents will prove a stimulus to many to go and do likewise. It has sometimes struck us, when reading the Chancellor of the Exchequer's acknowledgments of reparation for past neglect, that our Societies might prove a valuable medium to many a Zaccheus, if all men would duly estimate their obligations, and, by a retrospective process, endeavour to answer the question as in the light of eternity, "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?"

Norway has a population of about a million and a quarter. There is not a Roman Catholic church or priest in the whole land. Neither a Jew nor a Jesuit is allowed by the constitution to set foot on the soil.

Paetry.

CONSOLATION.

BY HANNAH MORE.

LORD! when dejected I appear, And love is half-absorbed in fear, E'en then I know I'm not forgot, Thou'rt present, though I see Thee not; Thy boundless mercy's still the same, Though I am cold nor feel the flame;

Though dull and hard my slaggish sense, Paith still maintains its evidence. O would Thy cheering rays so shine 'That I might almost feel Thee mine! Yet, though a cloud may sometimes rise, And dim the brightness of the skies, By faith Thy goodness I will bless, I shall be safe though comfortless. Still, still my grateful soul shall melt At what in brighter days I felt; O, wayward heart, thine is the shame, Though I may change, God is the same; Not feebler faith, nor colder prayer, My state and sentence shall declare, Nor nerves nor feelings shall decide; By safer signs I shall be tried. Is the fixed tenor of my mind To Christ and righteensness inclined? For sin is my contrition deep? For past offences do I weep? Do I submit my stubborn will To Him who guides and guards me still? Then shall my peaceful besom prove That God, though frowning, is but love.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

55. How many men of war passed over Jordan when the Israelites went in to possess Canaan?

66. Of what prophet was it said, "I hate him, for he never prophesied good unto me, but always evil"?

67. Where are these words, "Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord"?

68. Who were the men who were warned in a dream not to return to a king?

69. Who was once in a trance in Joppa?

70. To whom was it said, "We have confidence in the Lord touching you, that ye both do and will do the things which we command you"?

71. Who was it who ceased not "to teach and preach Jesus

72. Who was the king to whom God once said he had given the land of Egypt?

Answers to Questions of last Month.

(57.) Josh. xxiv. 1—15. (58.) Psa. xlii. 5. (59.) Neh. xi. 2. (60.) Psa. xli. 4. (61.) Rom. i. 11. (62.) 2 Thesa. iii. 3. (63.) Luke xii. 20, 21. (64.) Hab. iii. 6.

FRIENDLY VISITOR,

NDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

A WORD TO AN INQUIRER.

ONE of the most common difficulties in the way of an awakened sinner finding Christ is his desire to do something for himself. If you are not willing that Christ should do everything for you; if your proud heart lays plans to release itself, or at least to help on the work; if you suppose, that, if you continue to pray and seek so many days or weeks, then Christ will receive you, and that you will be ready to receive His blessing, you will be disappointed. These plans are but the suggestions of the adversary to keep you away from Christ, and, if pursued, will only leave you further from Him, and from all hope of salvation.

Come to Jesus is the simple direction. Come just as you are. It is no circuitous route, through tears and prayers, or works of any kind.

"All the fitness He requireth,
"Is to feel your need of Him."

If you feel that you are lost, miserable, and unworthy, without one excuse to offer or one merit to plead, that you are a sinner so great that you deserve eternal damnation, then you are the person Jesus invites: "Come unto Me, ye that are weary and heavy laden, I will give you rest."

On one point let me warn you; that is, not to allow worldly company or worldly pursuits to draw off your heart from the

one great subject which the Spirit of God is pressing home on your attention—the salvation of your soul. Many, and especially the young, feel deeply their need of salvation while in the house of prayer, listening to the exhortations and prayers of God's ministers; but when they meet their companions they are ashamed to encounter the smile of ridicule or contempt; their convictions are ended, they indulge as usual in frivolity, and thus grieve the Holy Spirit. Then they wonder why they do not obtain religion. Is it strange? If you are doing thus, can you hope for forgiveness? If you would find Christ, you must be willing to give up everything for Him.

GOOD COMFORT.

THE presence of Christ can turn a dark night into a night much to be remembered.

Perhaps it is time to be sleeping, but the November wind is out; it riots over the misty hills, and dashes the rain-drift on the rattling casement, and howls in the fireless chimney: it has awakened the young sleeper in the upper room. when his mother enters she finds him sobbing out his infant fears, or, with beating heart, hiding from the noisy danger in the depths of his downy pillow. But she puts the candle on the table, and sits down beside the bed, and she goes on to explain the mysterious sources of his terrors. "That hoarse. loud roaring is the brook tumbling over the stones, for the long, pouring rains have filled it to the very brim. It is up on the green to-night, and, had the cowslips been in blossom. they would all have been drowned. Yes, and that thump at the window; it is the old cedar at the corner of the house; and, as the wind tosses his stiff branches, they bounce and scratch on the panes of glass, and, if they were not very small, they would be broken to pieces." And then she goes on to tell how this very night there are people out in the pelting blast, whilst her little boy lies warm in his crib, inside his curtains; and how ships may be upset in the deep sea, or dashed to pieces on rocks so steep that the drowning sailors cannot climb them. And then, perhaps, she ends by breathing a mother's prayer, or he drops asleep beneath the cradle hymn.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so the Lord comforteth His people (Isa. lxvi. 13). It is in the dark and boisterous night of sorrow or apprehension that the Saviour reveals Himself nigh. And one of the first things He does is to explain the subject-matter of the grief, to show its real nature and amount. It is but a light affliction, and lasts but for a moment. Wait till morning, and you will see the extent of it. And during those quiet hours, when the heart is soft, the Saviour's lessons sink deep. And, last of all, by this comforting visit, the Saviour unspeakably endears Himself to that soul. Paul and Silas never knew Christ so well, nor loved Him so much, as after that night which they passed in the Macedonian prison.

JONATHAN BARKER.

JONATHAN BARKER Was naturally of a gloomy mind. In boyhood, he was ever borrowing trouble by anticipating what lay in the future. He was never known to speak hopefully or cheerfully on any subject; so that his reputation was very early gained. When, however, on entering manhood, he married the most light-hearted, amiable, and lovely girl in the village, people who wondered at her choice said, "Well, Jonathan, you've got a wife that you can't find any fault withthere never was such a good girl before as Mary Lane.'

"O yes, I'm well aware of that," replied Jonathan, with a sad face, "she is everything a wife ought to be; but then"—and he sighed—"she is hardly strong enough for a farmer's wife."

Thus he lived on, caring only for himself and those who were to him as himself. He toiled incessantly, but never cheerfully. When planting, he prophesied drought to wilt the young blade; when reaping, he foresaw heavy rains to mildew the new-cut grain.

Notwithstanding all his forebodings, he toiled on just as

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resolutely as did his more hopeful neighbours. The sun shone and the rain fell on his acres year after year, and he gathered in such noble harvests that he was forced to pull down his barns and build greater. And greater they were; so that none in the country could compare with them.

"What a noble barn!" cried one of a group of neighbours who stood admiring it; "and how well filled, too! how finely it is ventilated! I'm glad you got it shingled before that long storm set in, and that you've had such fine weather to gather in

your hay."

"Yes, it was lucky," replied Mr. Barker;" but there is no more dependence to be put on barns than on anything else carthly. There was Abel Jenkins, you know—he had just finished his great barn and got the new hay in, when it was struck by lightning and burnt. Mine may be too."

"Have it well insured against fire," suggested an old utilita-

rian.

"Oh," replied the owner of the barn, "the insurance company might fail, and then I would lose not only my barn, but the money I paid for my

policy too."

Now there stood there, leaning upon his pitchfork, and listening eagerly to the conversation, an old labourer who had been for some months in the employ of Mr. Barker. He was a man with very little information, and still less fluency of speech. At these last words of his master, however, he broke silence: "Ye have a greater

evil nor that to fear, sir," he said.

"Worse than to lose my barn by fire, David!" answered the farmer; "what could be worse than that, now that all my year's hay and grain are in it?" His uneasy mind could imagine no worse evil than that. "What can it be, David?"

"Ye have this sorer evil to fear, sir—lest the Lord should say unto you, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall these things be which thou hast laid

up in store?'"

Mr. Barker frowned on the simple workman; his neighbours stared at him, as if he were reading the doom of his employer—then scattered and went their different ways. But the rebuke of honest David stung the conscience of the farmer, until he departed from his usual leaden demeanour enough to turn back, as he was entering the house, and to say, "I don't care how much religion you have, David, but I want you to keep it to yourself. Remember.

"I've done that too long, sir, already," replied the toil-browned man. "In future, sir, I'll strive not to put my light under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may give light to all in the house, sir." And he took off his old straw hat respectfully to the rich man, shouldered his pitchfork, and went his way to the hay-field.

Mr. Barker was evidently disturbed, and, like all people in such circumstances, sought to calm himself by disturbing some-

body else.

"Mary," he said, "do you see how impudent David has

grown of late?"

"David impudent!" exclaimed this kind friend of the working people. "I'm surprised; I always find him so respectful to me, and so obliging to all the people in the kitchen!"
"Well, so he used to be, but—"

"But what, my dear?" asked the wife; " you don't see any change in him in that respect,

do you?"

"Why yes, I do," Mr. Barker began; but he was almost ashamed to finish the sentence.

"What has he done or said?" asked Mrs. Barker, with interest.

"Well, I almost forget his words, but I think—that—his religion has made him impertinent."

The painful expression which shaded that ever cheerful face showed that a deep wound had been inflicted on Mary's heart, She could endure moroseness or even impatience directed towards herself, but she could not see the cause she loved better than self rudely assailed.

"No," she said at last, "that cannot be; religion makes men more respectful to superiors,

more faithful to duty."

"Well, you've spoilt him. When he saw how much you made of him, it was more than he had strength for. He now looks down on me as nobody! He took it upon himself, just now, to advise me to look after my soul!"

The good wife was silent—she saw that her husband was pierced with an arrow from the quiver of the humble archer, and chose to let it do its work.

A few fleeting months found Mr. Barker and the offending David side by side in the church, at all the meetings, in every good word and work! The desponding man had been truly converted. His heart was removed from the barns, cattle, hay, rye, and wheat, to interests more important for himself and his fellow-creatures. He loved, he trusted, and yet, the old nature being still alive, he doubted whether he did love or trust "I know," he would say, "that a great change had taken place in my heart; but I tremble lest mine may not be a genuine conversion, or lest the work be only begun and not completed." He expressed fears that his hope was worthless; and in the same breath declared that he would not give it up for worlds of gold. He knew where his treasures were, but he could not believe that his heart was there also. His natural despondency threw a cloud over his religious enjoyments, and in a measure crippled powers for usefulness; for the conscientious Christian, dreading hypocrisy, rarely labours for the souls of others when he doubts the state of his own. He read the Lamentations of Jeremiah far more than those portions of God's word where the saints of old exulted in Him and proclaimed their deliverance through Him. He felt assured that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and yet feared lest his sins were more than all; he believed the word, " Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and yet trembled lest he was

not included in that "whosoever;" and thus, weighed down by a natural infirmity, he "went mourning all his days."

But the burden of flesh was not to be borne for ever; the hour of his deliverance drew near. As heart and flesh failed him, this infirmity failed also-with the wasting of the mortal passed away also much which had dragged it down from its heritage of joy. Every earthly prop was removed, every hidden sin renounced—the flesh was crucified, and the helpless soul, ceasing from its own weak reasonings, was cast wholly upon the mercy of a crucified Redeemer. his weakness, he did what in his strength he could not do-he took God at His word.

During long months of weary sickness he lay like a loving child on the bosom of his Father; and, when the hour of his release came, he gladly met the messenger, rejoicing most of all that in heaven doubt could never enter—that there he should be beyond the reach of his old infirmity—that he should behold his Saviour without a veil between.

Little do strong, trustful Christians know how to bear with and to pity the doubting and halting, who, although they may follow farther off than the others, yet keep their position with tenfold harder struggles. They are as men of small strength rowing against wind and tide, worn with toil and fatigue, drawing every stroke as if it were their last, and yet manfully refusing to lie down upon their oars and float with the stream. The frailties of a

man's nature will cling to him after he has become a new creature; and, although they may cloud his sky and hide at times his sun, he is none the less a Christian. He will come off conqueror through Him who "knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust"—"who was tempted in all points like we are, and who knoweth how to save them that are tempted."

Unto such, the trembling and the doubting, "there remaineth

a rest."

Oh that the strong would bear with the infirmities of the weak-that, when impatient of their complaints and weary of their doubts, they would remember the beautiful example of our risen Saviour! Thomas, weak in faith, doubted that his beloved Lord was risen from the dead: "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe. And after eight days, again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you." Did He not cast one reproachful glar or on him? did He not upbraid him with his sinful unbelief? Is o; He stooped his infirmity, and condescended to convince him by the very means he imself had declared necessary. How touching His appeal and entreaty! "Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side: and be not faithless, but believing." But Thomas had heard His voice-that his finger nor yet his hand: his and Master, bears with and enunbelief had vanished before courages the weak and faithless, that glorious face, and he could | shall not their brethren do so only cry, "My Lord and my also?

was enough; he reached not God." If he, then, our Lord

HARDSHIPS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

Much has been said—justly and nobly said—touching the character and condition of missionaries, their faithful labours, their slender provisions, their sharp experiences, their unrepining manhood. All who, in the spirit of humanity, have turned their thoughts in that direction, and who, under the pressure of life's sterner discipline, have "found their kindred in a world where want and sorrow are "-all such must have seen, that in the case of these servants of the Church, there is great cause for sympathy, and for that sympathy, too, which cannot rest without doing something to relieve its objects. The following is an instance of cruel hardships bravely borne. The story is moving in its pathos, and touches deeply some of the best and holiest sentiments of the human breast.

A short while since, the wife of a missionary wrote a letter to a female friend of hers. It was written purely for private eyes. It will doubtless be the means of drawing the sympathies of our readers, perhaps something besides the sympathies, not only to the particular case in question, but to other similar cases, and indeed to the condition of our missionaries generally. The letter is dated November 26, 1857."

" My dear ---: I believe I have been owing you a letter ever since the death of my son ---. It ought not to be so, but sorrow and sickness, and afterwards busy, busy life, for a long while interrupted all my correspondence; and I have, I believe, written to nobody, during the last two years, excepting my mother and one sister. Even now, I can scarcely find a moment's time from family cares: but Brother ----- mentions me so kindly in his last letter, that I must take it anyhow, and tell you myself of my welfare.

"Shall I give you a chapter of my experience as a missionary's wife? Our house has just four rooms in it—a study, and a bedroom opening into it; kitchen, and a bedroom opening into that. This last is my domain. We live the other side of the creek from the town, quite a distance from all friends; and our nearest neighbours are of the Irish-cabin sort. Help is very scarce here, and kept a miserable Irish girl all summer, in order to have some help during my sickness. She stayed with me, and got two meals after the baby was born; went up town, and I never saw her again until the babe was nine days old. My husband was quite sick with a cold, and most

dreadfully harassed by ------'s | trial, for which he was making preparations; no other girl could be had for love or money; a nurse is an unheard-of thing here; and my only help was a son eight years old, and a little niece a half-head taller than he. One of my friends came from town and dressed the baby for three days. Everything else I did for myself, and never missed a baking the whole time. Everything that could be was brought to my bedside, and I attended to it. When the meals were to be cooked, my niece drew a lounge to the bedside, helped me on it, and then moved it to a door opening into the kitchen; and there I lay, telling the children when the stove was hot enough and when the things were cooked. Sometimes we got into so tight a place, that my husband was obliged to help, but this was not often. On finding me at the ironing-table when the baby was only ten days old, he sent me back to bed, and ironed, himself, for two hours. We got a washerwoman only as a great favour, and could not get anybody to iron the clothes.

"I have been up every morning at five since baby was nine days old, and have done all the work except washing, and have had regular school in the morning for two weeks, and one music scholar. My baby is a poor puny little thing. She has had sore mouth and measles, does not thrive at all; and I have to feed her. I think worry and hard work have lessened her nourish-

ment considerably. I am obliged to feed her both night and day—a thing I never did before. She frets so much that she has to be held a great part of the time. My hands are full.

"We could not lay up wood for the winter, and have been obliged to buy a load at a time as we needed it or had the My husband went last week to —— on this —— business, leaving me some wood, and money to buy more. It turned cold very suddenly; all the wood about us was already sold. sent up town to one of our friends to engage some for us, but the weather was so bad none came in for two days after. Our house is very old and open. We shivered in bed, and baby's cup of milk froze by the bedside one night. Bread, butter, and milk had to be thawed next morning before we could est. As soon as we could, I and my two helpers turned out in the snow to pick up sticks, or anything that would do for fuel. We could not find enough, and I had to send my son to borrow wood. He got five sticks of unsawed wood, and the children and I sawed it. Was not that pretty well to be done the day my babe was four weeks old? I had a girl one week before my husband went to ____, but she left a few hours after he did. without having given me any previous intimation of her inten-Don't blame my hustions. band: he thought he was leaving me quite comfortably provided for."

THE DROWNING MAN.

AT Ilfracombe, a lady was one day visiting the poor people in her district, and came to one house where the inmates had but lately settled themselves. On entering, she found all looking very neat and clean, with a few books lying on a large wooden table in the centre of the apartment. The room was occupied by a poor invalid man and his wife, who was waiting on him. After the usual salutations, the lady learnt the following anecdote:—

The poor man was fishing in a small boat with two companions. About twelve o'clock at night, a sudden squall or land wind blew from between the He called out to his companions, "We are lost!" and the boat immediately capsized. They, poor fellows! sank, crying aloud for mercy. Marshall, knowing his great power of swimming, would not give himself up, but caught hold of an oar, which proved to be a good one, nearly new, and, although he knew that he was a mile from the shore, and that the sea, in consequence of this land wind, was very boisterous, yet he determined to make a desperate effort to reach land. But he soon found that with all his clothes on it would be impossible; still, how to take them off was the difficulty. His presence of mind appears to have been wonderful. He first got off his jacket, and then his trousers, with extreme difficulty, because they became entangled in his feet; then he found he could not well get rid

of his shirt, nor swim with it He was driven to great extremity; his shirt being of new, stout cotton, he had to make a most violent effort to tear it down in front, but then the hem was so strong that he could not tear it, and, therefore, had to put it into his mouth, and to bite it through. He then swam until he nearly reached the shore, but here the breakers ran so high that he lost his oar. Once more he almost gave up hope, but, resolving on a last effort, found himself thrown upon a rock, very seriously bruised. He climbed above the reach of the water and laid himself down, cold, hungry, and exhausted, either to perish or to rest. It being quite dark, he could not tell where he was cast; but he was fully sensible that it must only be where the rocky high cliffs could with great difficulty be climbed. His anxiety was consequently great till day dawned, and then he saw some sheep feeding by the cliff side. He was sure that where sheep could go he could climb; but, as his feet were sadly cut, he took his stockings (which he still had on) and bound them round his feet with his garters. In this plight, and otherwise quite naked, he ascended the rough cliffs, his exhaustion and fatigue being great indeed.

After walking awhile, he arrived at a farmhouse; the farmer took him for a lunatic, and at first spoke to him sharply, but, soon finding his real case, he admitted him and treated him

with the utmost hospitality and kindness. The farmer's wife prepared him a bed, then they sent for his wife, who, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered, removed him to his own home, and now had been nursing him with the greatest care ever since.

Now what are we to learn

from this true story?

That, if a man would strive so untiringly and take such infinite pains to save his poor perishing body, that, at the utmost, in a few short years will be and must be laid in the cold grave, how much more should we be anxious about and take care of that part of our being which must live for ever, either in eternal happiness or endless misery! Oh, fellowsinner, remember this; your body, in spite of all your care and solicitude, must die, but your soul never can die. take care that it may be an inhabitant in heaven, and not a dweller in hell. If a man had reason to believe that on his journey to some place he might have to encounter the assault of robbers, would he not go armed? And, if we are not quite sure but that we may die this evening, should we not set about seeking the salvation of our never-dying souls? At this moment the destroying angel may be on his way to us, and ere another hour is over we may be numbered with the dead; and which way will the messenger conduct us?

Oh! let us be provided with a life-boat, for we don't know when the storm may arise. Oh, dear reader, seek your Saviour now, without delay; plead His merits for the pardon of all your sins, and strive, with His help, henceforth so to live that, at His coming, you may be found ready to change this world of sorrows for the mansion of eternal bliss, prepared by God Himself for those that love Him.

M. G.

THANKFULNESS.

"At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth."—MATT. ii. 25.

JESUS has not only left us an example of kindness, love, and mercy, but of thankfulness under all circumstances. "In everything give thanks," is the comprehensive precept of the Apostle Paul. But example is said to be better than precept, and such we feel to be the case when viewed in the life of Jesus. Certainly in the mere outward view of His position here on earth, there would be apparently no

great cause of thankfulness; for "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" nay, frequently He had not needful food, and often had to pass the night on the mountains in lone-liness and weariness. Added to this, He saw the people for whose sakes He endured all despise and reject Him; He saw His Father's city, the glory of the whole earth, rushing blindly on to its destruction. Yet even in the

midst of such griefs Jesus uttered the thanksgiving of "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth;" and we should in this and in other things endeavour to copy Jesus at all times.

Let us thank Him for our creation, and consider for how much we have to be thankful; for the endowment of a reasoning faculty, for health, home, friends, and for the possession of all our bodily senses; for consider how great a privation is implied in the loss of sight, hearing, or of reason!

Thank God also for your preservation, for taking care of you in helpless infancy, and for preserving you through all the numberless snares of youth and manhood; for His preservation of you in health, which makes life

in itself a pleasure.

But above all thank Him for His inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory.

Oh, what thanks He deserves for that love which led Him to die for us! Who can ever thank Him enough for this? That great, unspeakable, inestimable love for poor lost sinners. Let us thank Him also for the means of grace which He has given us in His Scriptures, which we should read with prayer, and upon which we should meditate. For the ministrations of the sanctuary, for the preached word, for liberty of conscience, for the right and true administration of the holy sacraments. For the privilege of drawing near to God in prayer, and for being permitted to call Him " Our Father."

We should also thank Him for afflictions, for they are proofs, if rightly taken, that we are God's sons. " Now no affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous;" and, though our hearts are so constituted that under some trials we cannot at first feel thankful, "yet afterwards they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." And this we know, "that ALL things work together for good to them that love God."

Thank Him also for the hope of glory. For that blessed hope of everlasting life; for the hope of being for ever with God, and joining in the song of the re-

deemed in heaven.

Alas! there are some who do not utter the thanksgiving of Him who was homeless and had not where to lay His head, though they live in gilded halls, and sleep on pillows of down, and in all possible comfort and luxury. The every-day mercies which are showered down upon them are received as matters of course, without one thought of the Giver of all good things; while they say within themselves, "My wealth or my power hath gotten me this." This is sad ingratitude, and will bring with it its recompense.

Oh, copy your great Example in His thankfulness, as also in His love and mercy. Centre all your affections in Him, and you will be safely hid in the nest of His love, while the storm of life is raging round you; and you will fulfil the prayer of Jesus,

things; for a life of thankfulness, and thanksgiving in heaven.

"That they may all be one as | cheerful resignation to God's Thou, Father, art in Me, and I | holy will, is the best preparation in Thee." Be thankful in all for spending an eternity of praise

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

(Ephresians iv. 13.)

THE heart-broken and sorrowing sinner, who is tempted to doubt whether he can be saved. whether there is mercy for such a wretch as he is, may rejoice with an unspeakable joy as his eye rests on the words, "the fulness of Christ." They seem to say, "For all thy sins, for all thy short-comings, thy broken vows and resolutions, for all thy wants, which are many and great, there is One in whom there is a fulness and sufficiency thou daredst not hope for."

There are many verses which speak of the fulness of Christ. "In Him (that is, Christ) dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."—" It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." And then there is that verse, which to the comfort of the faint and weakhearted may be coupled with this one, "Ye are complete in Him, in the fulness of Christ."

What is the meaning of the word "fulness?" It implies a freedom from all deficiency, a state of abounding, a filling up, so he that is found hidden in Christ is free from any deficiency, he is complete. But so long as we run after the world we shall be deficient and incomplete; a filling up is required,

we are nothing in ourselves, but need to be filled with the "fulness of Christ."

Do we need comfort? There is "fulness in Christ," who has said, "I will not leave thee comfortless." Do we need pardon? There is "fulness in Christ," who says to the contrite sinner, "Be of good cheer: thy sins are forgiven thee." Do we need strength? There is "fulness in Christ," for "My grace is sufficient for thee." "I will strengthen thee; yea, will help thee." There is "fulness in Christ," who "is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." He will be our friend in trouble, our deliverer in danger, our comforter in affliction, our prophet, priest, and king. Everything that we can possibly want for our souls or bodies will be found in Him in whom "dwelleth all fulness." Let us not then despair when doubts and fears and temptations assail us, but remember, that "all grace shall abound towards us," and that, whatever our wants may be, if we ask for Christ's sake, we shall most certainly be supplied out "of His fulness."

ELSTR.

HINTS TO THOSE COMMENCING A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

1. Do not expect so sudden and remarkable a change as to leave no doubt of its reality. Did religion enter the soul in perfection, and to the entire exclusion of sin, the change would be so marked and obvious as to leave no room for doubt. But usually there is in the Christian heart a perpetual struggle between good and evil, and thus a continual competition of evidence for and against, according as the good or evil prevails.

2. Evidence of piety is not so much to be sought in high emotions of any kind, as in real humility, self-distrust, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, sorrow for sin, and a continual effort in every-day life to regulate our thoughts, feelings, and conduct by the Word of God. It is the nature, and not the degree, of our affections which is to be regarded in the examination of our evidences.

3. Do not expect to find in your own case everything you have heard or read of in the experience of others. For it may be that many things we hear and read of are not correct feelings, and do not afford just grounds of confidence to any one; and, if they are correct experience, it may be the experience of a mature Christian, and not to be expected in the beginning of a religious life.

4. Do not suppose that religion is a principle of such self-preserving energy that when once implanted in the soul it will continue to thrive and increase without effort. God will not sustain and bring to maturity

the work of grace without your own voluntary concurrence in the diligent use of means, more than He will cause the harvest to whiten in the field of the sluggard.

5. Do not expect to be made happy by religion, unless you become eminent Christians. A half-way Christian can neither enjoy the pleasures of the world nor the pleasures of religion; for his conscience will not let him seek the one, and he is too indolent to obtain the other. The Christian may be the happiest man on earth, but he must be a faithful, active, and devoted Christian.

6. Do not make the practice and example of other Christians the standard of piety at which you aim. By this means a more disastrous influence has been exerted on the Church and on the world than, perhaps, by all other causes that could be named. But look into your Bible and see how Christians ought to live. See how the Bible says those who are Christians must live; and then if you find your Christian friends living in a different way, instead of having cause for feeling that you may do so too, you have only cause to fear that they are deceiving themselves with the belief that they are Christians when they are not.

7. Remember that your evidence of possession ceases when anything else has the first place in your thoughts and interests. Religion should not lessen our love for our friends, or our enjoyment of rational pleasures;

but the desire to please God, in all our ways, should be the prevailing feeling of the mind. Our Saviour says, we cannot have two masters; God and His service must be first in our thoughts and affections, or else the world and its pleasures are first. then, we would find whose servants we are, we must find who has the first place in our thoughts and affections.

8. Never, for one day, omit to read the Bible, with prayer. This is a most important direction. It is of the utmost importance that you should never, for once, break through this habit. Prayer and the Bible are your anchor and your shield; they will hold you firmly in the path of duty, and protect you from temptation.

9. Attempt, by your efforts and example, to raise the standard of piety and activity. all who are now commencing the Christian life should make this an object, and not fall into the temptation which professed Christians so often set before the lambs of the flock, the Church would indeed soon rise before the world, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

10. Be active in promoting all benevolent objects. Make it an object to prepare to lead with propriety, when necessary, in all social devotional duties.

At this period, when prayer and effort must unite in hastening the great day of the Lord, let every Christian learn to guide the devotions of others, as well as to lift up his own private supplications.

 Remember that the principal duty of a Christian, as it respects others, is to excite them to the immediate performance of their religious duty. There is no Christian but can find some one mind, at least, over which he can have some influence, and, if we can do anything to save others from eternal death, nothing should for a moment prevent our attempting it.

12. Lastly, do not be discouraged because you find that you are very deficient in every one of the particulars specified. Remember that the Christian life is a warfare, and that it is only at the end that we are to come off conquerors, and more than conquerors. you feel your own strength and resolution failing, go to Him who hath said, "My grace is thee, and My sufficient for strength shall be made perfect in weakness." Call upon Him, "and He will be very gracious unto the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee." Remember, also, that the conflict is short; the race will speedily be accomplished.

SAVING SAP, BUT LOSING SUGAR.

discussing the propriety of la-

A FEW years ago, two men were | sufferable in the time of sugarmaking, when there was a great bouring in extreme cases on the | run of sap on Friday and Satur-· Sabbath. One thought it was | day, and there was a prospect

of a continued run on Sunday. "Surely," continued the speaker, "we ought to save what Providence has given us, even if it does conflict with the established rule of that day." Said another, "I think that in the time of harvesting, when the weather is catching and wheat is growing, if Sunday brings us a fair day we ought to improve it, even though it does leave our seats vacated at church." "It is of no use," continued the tempted man,-" it is of no use for Providence to bless us with a good crop unless we take care of it."

It was not a great while after, when two other men were discussing the same subject; but they took a little different view of it. Neither of them believed it right to violate that solemn commandment, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." One related an instance of a relative who boiled sap on Sunday. He had boiled all day on Saturday, and yet a little sap was left still in the buckets, and, going out on Sunday morning, he saw the sap running fast, and he feared that it would run over before Monday morning. first he queried as to the propriety of setting such an example for the sake of a few quarts of sap, or even the whole of it.

But the question was soon settled, and out he goes with his fire and begins his boiling. At supper time, he had poured in his last pailful of sap and boiled it nearly to syrup, when he stirred up the fire and left for his tea. On his return, he found that bis syrup had boiled to sugar and burned on his kettles, so that he lost it all. Monday morning, some time was spent in cleaning his kettles; but he had no sap to boil till another run. He felt conscience-smitten. and said to himself, "I saved my sap, but I lost my sugar." The other man related a circumstance of his own experience, which terminated in the same way; namely, in the saving of his sap and the loss of his sugar.

The conclusion of both was, that there was nothing, on the whole, made by Sabbath-desecration. Men might be rich who worked on Sunday; but this did not prove they were any better off, or even as well off as they would have been without Sunday labour. Those who are rich with Sunday labour would be richer without it. Moreover, God has put His finger on these "extreme times," which men use as excuses for labouring on Sunday, and told them to rest: "Six days shalt thou work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest; in earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest." ever man need to rest on Sunday, it is in haying and harvesting.

When I hear a man making pleas that the weather is rainy, his wheat is growing, and it will spoil if he does not attend to it on the Lord's day, I think of saving the sap and losing the When I see a man sugar. loitering at the cross, or the place where idlers meet during the week, and then when Sunday comes make the plea that it is of no use for Providence to give us a crop unless we save it, Ithink that he is saving his sap

and losing his sugar.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

ACCOUNT OF THE ESCAPE OF LIBUT.-COLONBL LENNOX. OF THE 22ND NATIVE INFANTRY, WITH HIS FAMILY, FROM THE MASSACRE AT FYZABAD, JUNE, 1857.—Colonel Lennox and his family were placed on board a boat the same day with the departure of the others (European officers, &c.), but not until 2 p.m., two sepoys being sent with them as an escort. About half-past ten at night they passed the camp of the 17th Native Infantry, which the earlier party attempting to do in the day time, were discovered and fired upon. It is evident, also, that the subadar of the 22nd. who had placed sentries round the Colonel's bungalow at Fyzabad, and detained him until the afternoon, did so with the view of saving him from the destruction which awaited the others. On rounding a sandbank after passing the camp, they came upon a party of the mutineers, and were advised by the sepoys and boatmen to leave the boat and creep along the side of the bank, and that the boat should be brought round They were two to meet them. hours crossing the sandbank, but the boat did not fail them. and they crossed the river to the Gorruckpoor district. the morning,"-we must avail ourselves of Colonel Lennox's personal narrative, -- "about daybreak, some men coming down to bathe told us that there were men on the look-out for Europeans, and advised us to leave our boats as soon as we could, and follow some six or seven Sahibs who the day before had !

gone on towards Gorruckpoor. We were about leaving the boat when a party of men came down and inquired who was in the boat. Being satisfied by the boatmen they went away. then immediately quitted the boat, leaving everything in it, and starting off to march on foot towards Gorruckpoor with only the clothes we had on, our avab and khitmutgar accompanying We stopped often at wells and under trees, and had proceeded about six miles, it being ten o'clock, when we halted at a and, having got a village, draught of milk, prepared to rest during the great heat; but we were soon disturbed, for a horseman advancing over the country, armed to the teeth, having a huge horse-pistol in his hand, which he cocked, and, levelling at my head, desired me to follow him to the camp of the 17th regiment, and make no delay, for he was to get a reward of 500 rupees for each of our heads. We had not retraced our steps more than a mile when a lad joined us who was known to the horseman, which determined the man to make us The lad. quicken our pace. however, prevailed on the horseman to let us drink water and rest near a village, and when so doing he sent a boy to call men to our rescue. It appeared that Nazim Mir Mahomed Hussein Khan, and his nephew, Myndi Hussein Khan, had small fort close by, about threequarters of a mile off. Nazim immediately sent ten or twelve footmen, armed, who directed us to follow them,

and also led the horseman by the bridle, having disarmed him. One of the men, however, sent for our rescue greatly abused me, and, looking to his pistol and priming, swore he would shoot those Englishmen who had come to take away their caste and make Christians." "About mid-day we reached the fortified dwelling of the Nazim, and were ushered into the place where he was holding a council. He bade us rest and take some sherbet, assuring us that no harm should happen to us; and he rebuked his insolent retainers for hinting that a stable close by would do for us to dwell in, as we should not require it long, it being proposed to kill 'the dogs.' However, the Nazim rebuked him, and told us not to fear, for he would not suffer us to quit till the road was open, and we could reach Gorruckpoor in safety. On the second day, the Nazim, fearing the scouts of the 17th Regiment would give intelligence that Europeans were hid in this fort, made us assume native dresses. The Begum clothed my wife and daughter, and the Nazim clothed me. He then sent out a party dressed up in our English clothing, with an escort, about nine at night, to deceive his outposts, and also the villagers. They returned about midnight in their proper dresses, and it was supposed by all, except the confidential persons of the Nazim's household, that he had sent us away. We remained in captivity in rear of his zenana in a reed hut nine days, treated very kindly and considerately, having plenty of food, and a daily visit from our

keeper. After we had been in captivity several days, the Nazim came to me and said he had just heard that the collector of Gorzuckpoor was at his station, and if I would write a letter to him he would get it safely conveyed.

"On Thursday, the 18th June, an alarm was given that the enemy was in full force, coming against the fort. My wife and daughter were immediately hid in the zenana, myself hid in a dark wood go-down. The horsemen, however, on nearing the fort, were found to be a party sent by the collector of Gorruckpoor for our rescue. The Nazim furnished my wife and daughter with palkies, and the rest of us on horses left the considerate and noble Nazim at 11 a.m., and, passing Amorah, reached Captaingunge at 4 p.m., where I found farrier-sergeant Bankes, of the Artillery, who also had been rescued by the same party that came to our rescue. The next day we arrived at Bustf, and were hospitably received by Mr. Osborne, the opium agent, and his family, who gave us European clothing. After remaining there three days we proceeded to Gorruckpoor, Azinghur, and Ghazi-poor. Throughout this severe trial I have found the promise fulfilled to me and my family, 'And as thy day so shall thy strength be.

"In conclusion, I most respectfully beg to bring to the notice of Government the very generous and noble conduct of the Nazim Mir M. H. Khan, and his nephew of Digdowah Hrannah, Amorah district, Gorruckpoor. The Nazim himself,

during our captivity, visited Fyzabad to ascertain the state of the mutineers, that he might know how to act for our safety, as he had been informed that the mutineers suspected him of concealing three Europeans from Fyzabad. This determined him to deceive his people and the villagers as above related. The Nazim and his nephew are men deserving of confidence, and, I am persuaded, will prove loyal to the British Government."

WAY TO AVOID CALUMNY.—
"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself that his censures may not affect."

When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay!" says he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he, "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience.

Intelligence.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY.—" At Sisámas. on the 9th January, I was accosted by a sipáhí, who had received a Hindì tract from me at Bárá Sirohí several months back. is about seven miles from Sisámas. I desired him to fetch it, which he did. I was not a little pleased to find this silent messenger of the Gospel had been taken care of and used. I read some portions of it aloud to the people who began to gather round me, explaining where explapation was necessary, and I met with the most profound attention.

"At a village called Daheli, I met an intelligent young man of the Kayeth caste, who seemed singularly free from the spirit of Hindu bigotry, no doubt owing to addiction to Mohammedan literature. I tried to communicate to him the Christian view of idolatry, and read to him the 46th chapter of Isaiah, which he heard with at-

tention. 'How has this prodigious system of idolatry which we behold in India prevailed, and how did it originate?' he asked. related the account of the fall, and consequent alienation of man from God, the almost general apostasy of mankind under the pre-Abrahamic dispensation, and addiction to idolatry and sin, the call of Abraham, and the means adopted by Jehovah for the instruction of mankind in true religion under the Jewish dispensation, to all which he listened with deep attention. I left some tracts and Gospels with him. A few days after this, I saw him again, and was glad to find he had been reading the Gospel of St. John. asked for some explanations, which I gladly gave him. He inquired if our Scriptures contained anywhere a fuller account of the creation than that he saw in St. John, and how we explained the Hindu account differing from ours. I pointed out the principal Hindu theories on this subject, and told him the difficulty was, not how to reconcile the Christian and Hindu accounts, but to reconcile Hindu accounts themselves. one Hindu account was false, they were all false; it was plain they could not all be true. In the course of the discussion, I combated the Hindu doctrine of Pantheism, pointing out that creation was the work of God, God not being identified with it any more than a potter became identified with the vessels he made. turned to a friend and said, 'Is not this truth? what shall we say to these arguments?' I lent him a copy of the Din-ihag ki tahigig, or examination of the true religion, and left him, commending him to the God of all truth.

"Visiting Sangáwan on a market-day, I found several attentive auditors, who admitted the necessity of religious observances, in order to attain favour with God. I proceeded to discuss the merits of several popular methods current among them for attaining this end, such as bathing in the sacred Ganges, gifts, and works of merit, visiting holy shrines, and places of pilgrimage, &c. After suggesting to them several reasons against the efficacy of these things, I gave them a brief account of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, urging the necessity of conforming to the doctrines of the Gospel. I then gave a brief exposition of the Beatitudes, which they listened to attentively. One man made several objections against Christianity, all of which I hope I answered satisfactorily; such as (1) Jesus Christ made an atonement for your sins, n is right that you should love Him; but we know nothing of Him, por have we anything to do with Him. Again, (2) What gain is there in becoming Christians? men always follow that in which there is gain. (3) Christians do not follow their own religion; for instance, in your Gospel it is written, 'If any man smite you on one cheek, turn to him the other also.'

"My spirit was much refreshed at a place called Machharia Burpur, where I got a congregation of about twenty persons; my conversation was principally with an old man who had been a Náik in the Company's service, and was now living on a pension of seven rupees a month. I was rejoiced at this opportunity of declaring the Gospel. Many errors of the old man were combated, and their contrary truths set forth. He said, 'Sir, all will soon be one; times change wonderfully. Many years ago I was at Chunai. A clergyman used to preach to the natives: people, seeing him open his book, used to run away, afraid to listen, lest they should become Christians. You have come to this obscure village, no one has run away, but many have been attracted to listen to your words.' I was delighted to hear the old man bear witness to this sign of the times.*

"The old man remarked there were many crooked things in their religion; for instance, if a man of wealth died, his friends or heirs gave large sums of money to the Brahmans at his funeral ceremonies, under an idea that the deceased person would get their equivalent at his next birth; this appeared to him a crooked thing.

Speaking on this subject to an aged disciple, I asked him what hope he saw for Christianity; what signs of progress could he see? He replied, many. The preaching of the Gospel has shaken the faith of the people; what was before done from motives of faith, is now done generally from mere deference to popular custom. The Brahmans and the women give the tone to public opinion. There is less enthusiasm, and a decrease in the attendance at popular festivals. The offerings have decreased; where the Brahmans got thousands before, they get only hundreds now.

I pointed out the serious error the Hindus committed in believing the doctrine of the pre-existence and transmigration of souls, how it was appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment. I hope I threw some light upon his difficulties."

Boeten.

ONWARD.

Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, When the night's longest. Onward, and onward still, Be thine endeavour, The rest that remaineth. Shall be for ever. Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee: Run the race, Christian, Heaven is before thee. He that hath promised Faltereth never: The love of eternity Flows on for ever. Lift the eye, Christian, Just as it closeth; Raise the heart, Christian, Ere it reposeth. Thee from the love of Christ Nothing shall sever: Chaunt when thy work is done,

> Praise Him for ever, Hymns of the Church Militant.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

73. Who once tried to make some soldiers tell a lie?

74. What prophet writes: "I will redeem them from the power of the grave?"

75. Where is the promise, "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you?"

76. What answer does David give to the question, "Now, Lord, what wait I for?" 77. What king is praised, as one "who turned unto the Lord with

all his heart?"

78. Who said, "There is but a step between me and death?"

79. "If thy brother trespass against thee," what does Christ say that you are to do?

80. Through whom may we be "more than conquerors?"

Answers to Questions of Last Month.

(65.) Josh. iv. 13. (66.) 2 Chron. xviii. 6, 7. (67.) Jer. xxiii. 24. (68.) Matt. ii. 12. (69.) Acts xi. 5. (70.) 2 Thess. iii. 4. (71.) Acts v. 42. (72.) Ezek. xxix. 19, 20.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR,

EDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

THE WARRANT OF FAITH.

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."-MARK ii. 17.

If we would wish to discover whether there were any particles of steel in a large quantity of rubbish, it would not be the wisest way to search for them, especially in the dark, but to hold a large and efficacious magnet over them. And this is the way to discover true religion in our souls, if it be there. The truths and promises of God are that to a principle of religion in the mind which the magnet is to the steel; if there be any in us, the proper exhibition of the Gospel will ordinarily draw it forth.

If it be a matter of doubt with you whether you be truly converted, far be it from me to go about to persuade you that you are so. Your doubts may be well founded for aught I can tell; and, supposing they should be so, the door of mercy is still open. If you have obtained mercy, the same way is open for your obtaining it again; and if not, there is no reason why you should not obtain it now. The consolations I have to recommend are addressed to you, not as converted, nor as unconverted; not as elect, or non-elect; but as sinners: and this character, I suppose, you have no doubt of sustaining.

All the blessings of the Gospel are freely presented to sinners for acceptance. Sinners, whatever their character has been, have a complete warrant to receive them; yea, it is their

duty to do so, and their great sin if they do not. Nothing but ignorance, unbelief, self-righteous pride, or some such evil state of mind, prevents it. The Gospel supper is provided; all things are ready; and the King's servants are commissioned to persuade, and, as it were, compel them to come If you accept His invitation, all are yours. I ask not whether you are willing to be saved in God's way, in order to determine your right to accept, but in order to ascertain your interest in spiritual blessings.

If you cordially believe the Gospel, you have the promise of eternal life. If its blessings suit your desires, they are all If, for example, it does not offend you, but accord your own. with your very heart to sue for mercy as the chief of sinners; if you be willing to occupy that place which the Gospel assigns vou—which is the dust—and ascribe to Jesus that which God has assigned to Him-" power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing;" if you can unreluctantly give up all claim to favour on the footing of your own worthiness, and desire nothing so much as to be found in Christ, not having your own righteousness; if the salvation you seek be a deliverance from the dominion of sin, as well as from its condemning power; finally, if the heaven you desire be that which the Scriptures reveal-a state of pure and holy enjoyment—there can be no just cause to doubt of your interest in these things. To imagine that you believe all that God has revealed concerning His Son, and that with all your heart, receiving the love of the truth that you may be saved, and yet that something else is wanting to denominate you believers, is to imagine that believing is not believing.—Fuller.

"OUR RAGGED SCHOOL."

"Our Ragged School" building or three years ago we taught our purpose, being a sort of barn-like structure, originally used for teetotal purposes. Two or three years ago we taught by candle light; but, as this took too much time for snuffing, and

a consequent distraction from class duty, we brought gas down to the school. We have a "Little Ben" attached to a belfry in the roof, so that we ring our "rags" to instruction after the most approved fashion. "Little Ben." by the way, is no favourite with us teachers; he chimes inside the building as well as out, and is found to be no antidote for headache; in fact, few of us can stand it very long, though we all bear with its inconvenience on account of its utility. It is rung on the voluntary principle, the earliest comers performing the operation with more regard to noise than melody. Be this as it may, however, no sooner are its tones heard than in our "rags" flock as fast as they can.

"Our Ragged School" is open on week evenings for secular instruction; but it is on the Sabbath that it is seen in its greatest glory. Just step in, if you please. "Little Ben" has ceased his noise, and a motley group, of all sizes, shapes, and makes, is forthwith assembled. There they are—old men and women, young men, girls, lads, The sight is both and infants. painful and pleasing-painful, for in many faces the outlines of crime, the bold, unblushing look, and, more painful still, the vacant idiotic stare, are but too plainly visible. But, while we thus see God's image marred, and humanity exhibiting all its varied phases of physical suffering and moral debasement, we may meet also with noble, intellectual countenances and fine foreheads, giving tokens of a future power to be exercised for good or evil. We see men and women who will be either the ornaments or the curses of society. May He who graciously condescends to work by human instrumentality give us to appreciate the responsibility of our office!

We have a capital superintendent at "Our Ragged School," of whom the teachers have rather a high opinion, and who has occupied that position since the school was opened. Possessed of a proper degree of firmness to enable him to govern well, united to a gentleness that secures the affections of his charge, his voice hushes the Babel of tongues which precedes operations, and his command "to have your feet on the ground" precurses a simultaneous rising to There sing the opening hymn. are many ordinary Sabbath schools where there is not half the discipline and order which prevails in N ----- Street, letter S.

And now that we have fairly started, let us introduce you more particularly to our ragged work. We begin with the little infants, who generally come with their brothers and sisters. There are about 100 of these little people stowed away in a gallery, and separated from the rest during teaching time by a curtain drawn across the room. This separation is indeed absolutely necessary; for the teacher who deals with these little creatures has to make much noise in order to gain their attention.

With other classes the work is harder. "Our Ragged School" teachers must exercise much perseverance, as well as possess strong olfactory nerves. The necessity for this latter qualifi-

cation will appear to the visitor no doubtful matter, especially if he chooses a damp, close evening for his visit. A mixture of haddocks and oranges, mortar and soot, of hearthstones and winkles, of rotten rags and herrings-not to mention anything worse-combine to produce a flavour far enough from agree-Then again the appearance of our "rags" is anything They enterbut prepossessing. tain a great objection to water, so that it is not difficult to distinguish the week-day avocations of our scholars when we meet them on the Sabbath. and shoes are not known with many of them, dirt being substituted for leather. Then, as to their attire, it is a nondescript collection of rags, better imagined than described. The clothing of our scholars has always been a matter of difficulty with us; it has, indeed, been our chief care, next in importance to their moral condition. We have tried many schemes to better their ragged state; we have given away clothes, and the receivers have stopped away; we tried to establish a week-evening class to teach the lads to mend and patch for themselves, but that also failed; partly because the workers ignored the use of thimbles, choosing to mend in their own way, but chiefly because we found that nearly all came for the fun of the thing, and little else.

It is this love of fun, which seems to be the prevailing characteristic of ragged humanity, that gives us so much trouble during class instruction. We have no anxiety now respect-

ing the safety of our handkerchiefs, and we are treated with a moderate degree of respect, but we cannot remove the funny element from our school. This. of course, begets inattention and listlessness, and a teacher has need of much tact patience to do his duty properly. We are obliged to check fun in the bud; it will never do to give our "rags" the least part of an inch; and if you yourself should happen to possess a sympathy with the ludicrous, then I pity you. Visitor! you are looking at that lady teacher; you are studying her countenance, and are puzzled to account for the artificial graveness of her face. Well, then, let me tell you that she is only striving to repress her risible propensities, excited by some witty expression or original rendering of a Scripture passage. That "rag" there-Foggy by name—has acquired a habit of imitating the noises of certain animals in his throat, in emitting which he does not move a muscle of his face. Accuse him of it, and he puts on an air of injured innocence, and, in rising to vindicate his character, manages to upset the form with all its occupants. Over they all go, but the quick eye of the superintendent has detected the move, and Foggy is forthwith banished into the darkness of the street, with its concomitants of cold and rain. Next Sunday, however, Foggy is pulling with all his might at "Little Ben."

But the wandering habits of our "rags" hinder success. We export and import at our school. A novel assortment will flock in from other quarters of the metropolis, bringing with them new moves and motives, and new habits also; or we may lose for a time our most regular attendants. Spotty makes his appearance after an interval of some months, and tells his teacher that "he has been in the country;" but Spotty's shortcropped hair reveals more than he cares to acknowledge. autumn, the wheat and hop harvests diminish our numbers, and in winter a frozen pond has more attractions than a Scripture lesson. Then the class forms, as it were, a sort of trysting-place, for our scholars to make their weekly arrangements, and to sympathize with each other in their mutual hard-Truly the work is hard; ships. you may act upon educated, cultivated material, but it requires much labour to deal with the raw, unkempt stock. them a story in their own original language, and they will listen, but the moment you begin to apply truth, off they go; therefore it is best to make the improvement as you go along—to bring out the moral before the end. And yet, how clever and shrewd many of them are! what astonishing memories! quick perceptions what appreciations of motives and haracter! The Irish element is very strong at our schoolstrong in its native energystrong, also, in its drollery and dirtiness.

But still we are doing good; an outward improvement has at least taken place; many happy evenings have been spent, and much truth lodged. There are chords in the ragged heart which

may be touched, sympathies which may be awakened, receptive faculties which may be supplied. The poor outcast has a loving heart beneath a ragged jacket; he respects his teacher, but he really loves his little brothers and sisters, perhaps because he seldom sees them except on the Sabbath, his daily avocations calling him from home from morning to night.

We seldom teach in class longer than three-quarters of an hour, filling up the interval with an address to the whole assembly, from one of our number, or any stranger who may happen to be present. It is a rare treat to witness the perfect order and attention which then prevail; it is the teacher's appropriate opportunity. The gravity of this part of our proceedings was broken for a season, some time back, by the nasal hilarity of a neighbouring donkey, who generally chose that time as the fittest occasion for expressing his joy at his temporary escape from the shafts of a dust-cart: but now this barbarity has ceased, to the no small joy of the teacher, who could ill brook this running commentary on his own oration.

We have also another important feature in "Our Ragged School," in the shape of a class for adults of both sexes, who are taught by a senior teacher, at once earnest, zealous, and devoted. This class has been in existence from the commencement of the work, and still keeps up its numbers and usefulness, dealing with poor men and women who would be otherwise destitute of religious instruction.

Ragged work is not all loss to us teachers either; it is astonishing what a vast amount of popularity we acquire. True, this popularity is not exactly appreciated by us at all times and on every occasion. If, for instance, we are riding to town on an omnibus, in company with our morning friends, we are not anxious to return the loud "Hallo! teacher," which reaches us from some uncouth-looking object forming the crowning point of some donkey-drawn dust-cart; yet this is by no means an uncommon occurrence.

There is another inconvenience, too, associated with this street recognition. Our "rags" expect to be patronised in their professional pursuits. Very good! and where is the teacher who would not have his shoes blackened by one of the brigade? or make use of the crossing without "remembering the poor sweeper"—his little Sunday friend, too? but then, you know, one is not made of money; and if one were, it would never do to take haddocks or hearthstones to the city, or to be continually buying oranges. And, reader, a word of advice, if you intend becoming Ragged a. teacher, and do not like watercresses, winkles, or radishes; if you should happen to be furnished with "a regular dustman," if your rabbit-skins are the perquisites of your cook, or if you have no influence with the Emigration Commissioners or parish officer, then let your residence remain a secret never let your "rags." know

where you live. "Our Ragged School" done much to ameliorate the temporal condition of its attendants. Many of its former followers are now doing well in antipodes, sent thither through its agency; many more have obtained situations at home, filling them with approbation and trust; some have gone or have been sent to sea, others have voluntarily enlisted in Her Majesty's service, and the presence of a red-coat in his former class is an event of frequent occurrence. The outward appearance of nearly all is improved; swearing is seldom heard, and certainly never tolerated: thieves slink back again after a visit to prison, and sweeps make desperate efforts to bleach themselves. Secular instruction is appreciated, and the quick understandings of many have favoured the acquisition of much knowledge. More than this we cannot say with any degree of certainty; perhaps the manifest improvement of the outer man may also be the type of a nobler and diviner work in the inner self. It is ours to work hard and pray hard, and the promised blessing will assuredly follow.—Leisure Hour.

THE LITTLE COAT.

"His mother made him a little cost."-1 SAMUEL ii. 19.

rived when our mothers, like their children little coats.

THE season of the year has ar- | Hannah of old, are making for

Dress, that necessary appendage of the body, constitutes no inconspicuous feature of our earthly life. Wherewithal shall we be clothed? was a Gentile question of old, and in this we are all more or less Gentiles still. The dress becomes an exponent of the mind, which, in its turn, is more or less tinged by what we wear.

Children are easily taught to love dress; and they set just about that value on it which their parents and friends do in their behalf. I have seen children vain of their dresses, but they were not half so vain as their mothers were for them. Some mothers try exceedingly to awaken in their very young children a sensibility to dress, and so attach them to colours Pains are taken to and finery. impress it upon the mind of the child that he has something pretty, and he soon learns to discriminate in such matters. This passion, too, sometimes takes the precedence of a love of goodness, a love of the truly beautiful, a love of nature and God; and, once established, it assumes a haughty sway over Our youths, some of the soul. them, become sadly enslaved in this vice.

When I see young persons devoted to dress, studious of appearances, aiming at effect more by what is external than internal, it is obvious to reflect that their mothers once made them little coats.

In like manner, also, when I see a child imitating the example, yielding to the impress, carrying out the principles, or developing the spirit of a parent, I am re-

minded that the mother once made him a little coat.

We are permitted, then, to leave the letter of the text, and follow out what it may suggest in the spirit.

Clothing, in the Scripture, is frequently mentioned in a figurative or spiritual sense. We are said to be clothed with righteousness, clothed with shame, &c. He that overcometh shall be The clothing clothed in white. stands for the virtues with which we may suppose a man to be in-St. Paul desires to be clothed upon with his house, which is from above; he desires to exhibit the fair and beautiful image of a perfect Christian; that his spirit and character may be, as it were, dressed in heavenly love.

The text and the season of the year remind me, then, of other things than the working of raw materials; or rather, this outward act suggests certain things in the inward life.

Let us, then, say a brief word to the parents.

You are clothing your children for honour or for shame, for righteousness or for waywardness; you are making for them little coats which they must wear a long while; you are fitting that garment of white, in which they shall shine for ever in the kingdom of God; or that of desolation, in which the sinful soul shall be perpetually folded.

I meet a man in the streets, literally clothed in rags, clothed, also, with manifold tokens of a depraved life; I ask, did not his mother, when he was young, make him a little coat?

When I see a person clothed,

as the Scripture has it, in humility, entertaining a modest sense of himself, and a just estimate of others; unostentatiously ataching himself to great principles, meekly waiting the will of God, reverent of truth, and supple to goodness, I am allowed to conceive that when he was young his mother made for him a little coat.

These coats seem to last a long time; though you renew them, as Hannah did, year by year, the pattern and effect are

about the same.

These clothes they shall wear when you are dead; they shall wear them in distant lands; that old family style shall show itself in many places and times. What sort of clothes are you making for your children? You are at some expense and pains in this You give a good deal matter. of thought to the garb of your household, but how after all will they appear? Is their vesture wisdom or folly? Is it the true beauty of goodness, or a poor imitation from the drapers?

They that overcome, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.

Are you educating your children to overcome the world, its evil ways, its perilous usages; to overcome the fear of man, and servility to gain; to overcome the spirit of hatred that, in nations, in society, and among individuals, works, everywhere corrupting the morals as well as captivating the tastes of our young people? Then are you dressing your children to take places in the snowy and lustrous throng that compose the throne of the Most High. We read of ome who was cast out from a cer-

tain place because he had not a suitable garment. God is even now gathing His elect from the four quarters of the earth; He calls the great and the good, the truthful and earnest, to a common festival of love. Are you making a little coat for your son, that he may also join the company of those who are ushering in the kingdom of God here, and hope to enjoy its rewards hereafter?

Paul, speaking of the heavenly vesture, uses this expression:-"If, so being clothed, we shall not be found naked." "We would not be unclothed," he adds. The spirit is as susceptible of clothing as the flesh, and you all help to furnish those garments. Not more do persons differ in one than the other; and you shall find characters as miserable and as rudely clad as ever you saw bodies. It is not a matter of refined speculation, but of simple Gospel teaching, when I say that the inward makes a part of its garb from the outward; that our souls are clad by what is about us.

From all things, from the general tone of society, from the prevalent maxims of the age, from the place where we are reared, from our Sabbaths, our ministers, our creeds, and especially from our household circumstances, from our fathers and mothers, we all derive an inward clothing. The spirit rarely goes nude along time; if it be not folded in beauty it soon takes up with the vestment of deformity.

But, what more immediately concerns us, we are clothing one another, and parents are clothing their children. Your

words, your acts go to make up this clothing. Something you did yesterday becomes part of your garment which your child

must wear many years.

You are not a little troubled about the material clothing of your children; are you never ashamed of their moral clothing? If parents, take the world through, would spend half as much time dressing the minds as they do the bodies of their children, I am sure they would look

a great deal better.

A young man was recently put to death for an awful crime. He lay in prison clothed, as the papers said, in disgrace, wrapped in ignominy; the tokens of guilt and vice he wore about him as a garment. Now it may be, though I know nothing about it, yet I have no doubt, if the case were investigated, we should find that his mother, or some one, when he was a boy made him that same little coat.

Young mother, a naked spirit comes to your hands, as well as a naked body. You have prepared clothing for the last, shall the first go undressed, picking up what it may wear at haphazard? Is the body of your child all you have thought about? Is it yours to dress a new, living spirit; to cut out and make for it celestial attire; it is yours to give it the robe of immortality.

Clothed with immortality is a Scripture phrase. Immortality here does not seem to announce the fact of continued existence. We are immortal by nature; but that immortality by grace is quite another thing, it denotes purity, goodness, Christ-likeness: it signifies a predominance of the superior propensities, a supply of evangelical virtues. is the imperishable vesture of virtues; it is the evergreen leaf of the tree that grows by the

river of God.

This clothing of immortality we begin to put on this side of the grave; we wear it through life, we go, as it were, ready dressed to heaven. Have you inquired what the fashion of the kingdom of God is? Have you, while getting apparel that the moth and rust must so soon corrupt-have you thought of this durable, this beautiful fabric of the Gospel? You would not bring your children to church, or send them to school, without some care of their clothes; they may soon die and enter upon the scenes of another world. are you fitting them to appear suitably in that glorious pre-

Our earthly clothing, how it is abridged, how quickly does it come to nothing! A simple strip of plain cloth suffices for our dissolving bodies at last. many-coloured wardrobe, our varied suits, our multiplied pieces laid aside, they are hung up as mementoes, they are dispersed into other hands, made over for other uses. The clothing of the spirit is not so easily dropped; it cleaves to us in sickness and in health, in life and in death, in time and in eternity. See to it, then, what sort of coats you are making for your children.

In that day who would be found naked? who would be found void of the righteousness of Christ, unprotected by the garments of salvation? would appear in the presence of angels and the redeemed in the ugliness of sin and vice?

The sinner is unclothed, notwithstanding all the tailor may do for him; he is poor, and blind, and naked, for all he may say he is rich and has need of nothing. The shame of his nakedness appears; there are multitudes in beaven and on earth who see it, his deformity cannot be hidden. Not the long robes of the Pharisee, not the broidered work of a backslidden people, can save them from exposure. The spirit of a man and of a people shows through the dress and is seen Our vices sully the costliest robes. A beautiful garment but exposes in strong contrast the hidden turpitude of the wearer. Jerusalem is exhorted, in one instance, to put on her beautiful garments. Our country, my friends, both in its civil and ecclesiastical position, seems to be losing its beautiful garments. Where is our morality, where our honesty, where our religion? where is the true greatness to which we seem to be destined? where those robes of solid worth and widely accredited virtue, in which we might have sat even as a queen on the great white throne of nations? thers, beware what coats you make for your children. Through these children we hope our land will re-appear in her beautiful garments, and thereby those vices, sins, and evils that so disfigure and rend our attire will be abandoned.

The spiritual clothing of some people seems imperfect; they are half clad or redundantly clad, or unsuitably clad. See how bigotry dresses up its people; and ostentation, and sectarianism, and formality! See hypocrisy vainly dodging beneath its disguises; see the mantle of self-righteousness conspicuously bestowed upon the shoulders! Where shall we find the seamless robe of the Saviour; where gracefully put the clean white robe of the saints?

Mothers, think of these things, I say them in no unkind, no cynical temper. Your olderchildren are even now wearing coats you made for them years ago. Do you like them? It is a garment of praise; is it a robe of righteousness; is it seemly and fitting for the kingdom of God? Have they a character which you wish them to wear for ever?

OT EAST 1

But the child whom you are dressing for almost the first time, for whom you are making his first little coat, what shall he be?

Make the little coat, O mother! But remember the child must wear it a long time; make it so that it will fit him in trial, in change, in adversity; make it so that it will be no disgrace to him, before God or his fellowmen, to be seen in it; so make it that it will be to him a robe of dignity and esteem in the world, and a robe spotless and bright in the kingdom of heaven for ever.

THE POWER OF THE WORD OF GOD.

Do not many who desire to warn and instruct sinners feel their inability to speak a word in season? Let such take "the sword of the Spirit," with earnest prayer for a blessing, and they will find it "quick and powerful."

The power of the simple word of God is strikingly shown in the following anecdote, related by a clergyman :-- "I went (said he) to see a young man, the son of godly parents, who doubtless had often offered fervent prayer on his behalf. was one who had imbibed infidel principles, and had gone very far in the ways of sin. I found him very ill, and as soon as I entered his room he exclaimed, 'It is of no use for you to talk to me, for I have no more soul than a pig.'

"I left him, but a few days after called again, talked kindly to him, but said nothing respecting his soul. In the course of two or three days I again visited him, and, after a few kind inquiries with regard to his health, I asked if I should read

a little story to him. To this he gladly assented. I then took a small Testament from my pocket, and read the parable of the Prodigal Son, without one word of comment.

"He started up, exclaiming, while tears rolled down his cheeks, 'What book is that in? It describes my case exactly; I am that son.'

"I replied, 'This is the Word of God, William, which you have so despised.'

"'Is that the Word of God?' said he, 'then give me my mother's Bible.'

"I took his mother's Bible from the shelf, and turned down a leaf at the place by his desire. He was now glad to listen to my conversation, and every time that I afterwards visited him I found that Bible in his hands or on his pillow. And he did not read in vain; he was restored to his Heavenly Father. That bed of suffering became a bed of peace and joy, and he departed with the assurance of pardon and eternal salvation."

"SO EASY TO DIE!"

VERY early one July morning, a lad who had been a thief and in prison lay in an infirmary sick unto death. In the same ward was a rough sawyer whom the youth called to his bedside, and thus accosted him: "Jim, read a piece of the Bible to me,

Isaiah lv. if you can find it." The sawyer found it and read on till he came to the 8th verse. The sick youth then stopped him and said, "Jim, think of them two verses, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is

near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.' Jim, that's good news for us, and that comforts me." Then clasping his hands he continued, ⁻"I am happy; I never thought I should feel like this; it seems so easy to die." Yes, religion can make a person happy. The love of

God shed abroad in a man's heart will make him die easy. It will take away death's sting, and light up with a Saviour's presence the dark valley. The believer in Jesus, whatever may be the attendant circumstances of his death, shall die in peace. His heart's last pulsation is merely the breaking down of the partition wall that separates him from the "exceeding weight of glory."

"ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE."

" All my springs are in Thee," said David. If thou hast all thy springs in God, thy heart will be full enough. If thou dost go to the foot of Calvary, there will thy heart be bathed in love and gratitude. If thou dost frequent the vale of retirement, and there talk with thy God, it is there that thy heart shall be full of calm resolve. If thou goest out with Master to the hill of Olivet, and dost with Him look down upon a wicked Jerusalem, and weep over it with Him, then will thy heart be full of love for neverdying souls. If thou dost continually draw thine impulse, thy life, the whole of thy being, from the Holy Spirit, without whom thou canst do nothing, and if thou dost live in close communion with Christ, there will be no fear of thy having a dry heart. He who lives without prayer—he who lives with little

the Word—he who seldom looks up to heaven for a fresh influence from on high—he will be the man whose heart will become dry and barren; but he who calls in secret on his God—who spends much time in holy retirement—who delights to meditate on the words of the Most High-whose soul is given up to Christ—who delights in His fulness, rejoices in His all-sufficiency, prays for His second coming, and delights in the thought of His glorious advent -such a man, I say, must have an overflowing heart; and as his heart is, such will his life be. It will be a full life; it will be a life that will speak from the sepulchre, and wake the echoes of "Keep thine heart the future. with all diligence," and entreat the Holy Spirit to keep it full; for, otherwise, the issues of thy life will be evil, shallow, and superficial; and thou mayest as well prayer-he who seldom reads | not have lived at all. - Spurgeon.

A WARNING TO PASSIONATE FATHERS.

A FARMER in the Cape Colony | had received a sum of 401. in bank notes, which he left on a table while he went out of the house to see a friend. In the room where the notes were left two or three children were play-During their father's absence, one of them took the notes and put them into the fire. farmer, on re-entering the room, asked where the paper money was? The child answered, "that he thought they were only common pieces of paper, and had burnt them." In the heat of the moment the father struck the child an awful blow on the

ear, and the child fell without a scream. The father took it up, and to his horror found that it was dead. His wife, who was in the next room putting an infant into a bath, rushed out on hearing his exclamation, leaving her child alone. After some minutes she returned, and found that the infant had fallen into the bath, in her absence, and life was already extinct. the terrible tragedy was not yet complete. The unhappy father. on hearing of this second loss, occasioned by his own rashness. took down his gun and shot himself.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

Let men resolve ever so strongly against sin, yet it will creep again into their favour, till the love of sin be quenched in the heart; and this fire will never die of itself, the love of Christ must quench the love of sin; as Jerome says excellently, "One love puts out the other."

—Gurnall.

Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies, whereby the people fall under Thee.—Ps. xlv. 5.

Thine arrows are sharp:—Words transfixing the heart, exciting love. Whence it is said in the Song of Songs, "I am sick of love." She who spake said she was wounded with love. She loved, burned, sighed for the Spouse, from whom the arrow of the word had been received. Saul blasphemed

Christ, he stood erect: he supplicates Christ, he falls, he is prostrate; the enemy of Christ is slain, that the disciple of Christ may live. The arrow was sent from heaven, Saul was wounded in the heart; not yet Paul, still Saul, still erect, not yet prostrate. He received the arrow, he fell in heart. when he fell upon his face did he fall in heart, but when he said, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" But now thou wert going to bind Christians and lead them to punishment; and now thou sayest to Christ, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" O sharp and most strong arrow, which having received, Saul fell, that he might become Paul!"-St. Augustine.

My dear friend must not go in search of his own wretchedness; enough of it will be apparent when God sees fit. Let not your depravity be the chief object of your thoughts. God, as your Friend and Saviour, God, as present in your heart, ought to be that object. And when you are obliged to see and feel your sin, endure it in the presence of God, just as a sick child upon its mother's lap causes the pain it feels to be understood only by the touching expression of its eyes.

The view of ourselves disorders us; our cure is in looking unto God.—Tersteegen's Letters.

Let us receive the discovery of our wretchedness, as a real favour from the hands of God, and endure it courageously, before the eyes of Him whose name is Saviour, without seeking consolation elsewhere. The Lord knows the proper time. Even waiting is an imperceptible advancing.—Ibid.

If the Lord, in His wise dispensations, withdraws the milk of sensible consolation and sweetness, and lets the soul continue for a while in barrenness and darkness, that He may try the fidelity of her love and establish her the more firmly in self-knowledge and humility—the man is then ready to despond and complain, or even to seek comfort elsewhere.

O my brethren, do not sink, do not faint! Be strong, and wait for the Lord!—Ibid.

Prepare yourself to suffer great afflictions, even to be ready for martyrdom, for the sake of our Lord: resolve to give up to Him all that is most precious

to you, if it should please Him to take it: father, mother, brother, husband, wife, children, your own life; for your heart should be ready for all this. But, whilst His Divine Providence does not send you afflictions so great and so painful, while He does not require such offerings, give Him at least the little that you may. bear with sweetness those little hurts, little inconveniences, little unimportant losses, which occur daily; for by means of these little opportunities, gladly and lovingly made use of, you will give your whole heart to Him: these little daily acts of love, a headache, a toothache, a cold, little vexations from relatives, the breaking of a glass, little slights or rudenesses, the loss of a glove or ring, the effort to go to bed in proper time, or to rise early for prayer,—in short, all these little trials, being rightly received and lovingly embraced, will be most lovingly accepted by the Divine goodness of Him who has promised graciously to receive our most imperfect services. And, since these occasions continually present themselves, they afford a great means of obtaining much spiritual wealth.

I have read the Life of one who was remarkable for great spiritual joy and elevation of mind, for her words of wisdom, and the instruction she gave to others: but it gave me equal pleasure to behold her in her father's kitchen, humbly kindling the fire, turning the spit, preparing the meat, baking the bread, and doing the meanest offices of the house, with a stead-

fastness full of love towards her God; and I do not less esteem her for the little reflection which she was accustomed to make when performing these servile offices, than for the heights of joy and contemplation which were given to her as the reward of this lowliness. Her meditation was this: she imagined that in making ready her father's meals, she was doing it, like Martha, for her Lord; thus awakening her heart to heavenly service, and employing herself in mean offices with the greatest sweetness, because she knew that such was the will of God. have spoken of this example. that you may know how important it is to direct all our actions, however mean, to the service of our God and Lord.

What shall be His presence and His countenance in the kingdom of the resurrection?

O Thou, in whose presence to abide, under whose loving gaze to dwell, is heaven, shall we indeed see Thy beauty? Shall I see the wounds which Thou didst show to Thy friends when the doors were shut on the night of the resurrection; and the very print of the nails, and the radiant circle of Thy crown of thorns? And shall I know and feel, "All this was for me, consciously, and with clear intent, suffered upon earth for me?" O love! greater than love of man,—love of God, love eternal, which created me, suffered for me, died for me, bare with me in my long, blind, stubborn rebellions; spared, shielded, restrained, converted me by holy inspirations and the pleadings of

tender upbraiding—do I now see Thee face to face? Art Thou He that has ever blessed me: behind the veil, and spread over me day and night Thy pierced hands, on whose palms my name was graven with the nails of crucifixion, out of whose depths has issued for me nothing but Thy precious blood and Thy cleansing grace all the days of my life? Now I behold Thy beauty, "whom, having not seen," I desired to love; and in whom, though I saw thee not as yet, I rejoiced, so far as my cold, loveless soul, conscious of sin, could rejoice and love. It was my blindness that hid from me Thy beauty. If I had loved, I should have chosen Thy sweetness before all happiness on earth. But Thou hast saved me from my sins and from myself, and hast brought me to this land which is very far off-far off from sorrow and crying, from death and sin, and hast revealed to me Thy beauty in the vision of peace. Lord, it is enough, I can desire no more; be this eternal, and it is enough for ever.

Surely, if we can venture to breathe such things, these will be among thethoughts of those who attain that world and the kingdom of the resurrection.

"True religion," said Bishop Burnet under dying circumstances, "is a perfection of human nature, and the joy and delight of every one that feels it active and strong in him. Of this I write with more concern and emotion, because I have felt this the true, and indeed the only joy which runs through a man's heart and life. It is

that which has been for many years my greatest support. rejoice daily in it, I feel from it the earnest of that supreme joy which I pant and long for. am sure there is nothing else can afford any true or complete happiness. I have, considering my sphere, seen a great deal of all that is most shining and tempting in the world. pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate. Intrigues of state and the conduct of affairs have something in them that is more specious, and I was for some years immersed in these, but still with hopes of reforming the world, and of making mankind wiser and better: but I have found that which is crooked cannot be made straight. I acquainted myself with knowledge and learning, and that in great variety; this yielded not happiness. I cultivated friendship; but this, also, I have found was vanity and vexation of spirit, though it be of the best and noblest sort. The sum is vanity of vanities; all is vanity besides fearing God and keeping His commandments."

Happy the man that hath a heavenly companion, who will watch over thy ways, strengthen thee when thou art weak, cheer thee when thou art drooping, and comfort thee with the comfort wherewith he himself hath been so often comforted by God! This is he that will be blowing at the spark of thy heavenly life, and drawing thy soul to God. Come to this man's house, sit at his table; will be not feed thy soul with spiritual food? travel with him by the way, and will | small things; the bruised reed,

he not quicken thee in thy way to heaven? If thou wrong him, he can pardon thee, remembering that Christ hath pardoned his great offences; if thou be angry, he is meek, considering the meekness of his heavenly Pattern; or, if he fall out with thee, he is soon reconciled, when he recollects that in heaven you must be everlasting friends. This is the Christian of the right stamp, and all about him are better for him.

As the sails of a ship carry it into harbour, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God; but, as sails cannot of themselves speed the progress of the vessel unless filled with a favourable breeze, so the Holy Spirit must breathe upon our hearts, or our prayers will be motionless and useless.

There can be no appearance more hopeful and promising in childhood and youth than a tenderness of conscience respecting small things. A child who is never inclined to plead excuses for what is known to be wrong by saying, "Is it not a little thing?"—he who resists an improper thought, forbids a hasty word, who fears the slightest deviation from the truth—bids fair to rise, by gradual but certain steps, to true excellence. But, whatever may be our view of the subject, it is certain that God does not, in any sense, contemn small things. He looks at motives more than at actions: at thoughts more than at words: and by these we shall be judged. He does not despise the day of

the smoking flax, the grain of mustard-seed, the little leaven over these small beginnings He watches with patient and gracious care, till by little and little they attain to perfection.

"Unto you who believe He is precious," 1 Peter ii. 7.—Jesus lived a life of poverty on earth, that I might share His "riches in glory" in heaven.

Jesus's holy soul was conti-

nually pained whilst dwelling with sinners on earth, that I might live with His saints in glory.

Jesus bore His Father's forsaking frown on the cross, that I might enjoy His smile for ever

in heaven.

"The Father laid on Him the iniquity of us all," while "He suffered, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God;" and it is "by His stripes we are healed."

Intelligence.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY'S HARVEST-HOME.

During the last two or three years the Earl of Shaftesbury has given a series of harvest-homes upon different parts of his extensive estates in the neighbourhood of Wimborne, Dorsetshire. The day this year was beautifully fine, and a more appropriate spot for such a gathering could scarcely be desired, affording, as it does, a magnificent prospect of the surrounding country. After attending Divine service, the labourers, both male and female, to the number of about 430, assembled in a large marquee on the top of the hill, where a bountiful good old English dinner was spread with much taste for their entertainment. His Lordship presided at one of the tables, and several ladies and gentlemen assisted in dispensing the good things provided.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, after impressing upon his hearers the duty of thanking God for the bounties of the harvest and for the good things they had received that day, said,—

My good friends, having you

here, I must take this opportunity of offering to you one or two words of counsel—sound and good counsel—the result of experience, and stimulated by the great desire I have for your welfare. Now, you men, I address you first. I do implore you to turn to good account the advantages you now enjoy. It is within your power greatly to improve your own condition. You are, I am happy to say, now placed in far better circumstances than you used to be; you have more indulgent and more kindly disposed employers, you have a greater amount of occupation offered to you, and, if you will but go zealously into the work before youmore particularly into those large works of drainage I am carrying on now, and shall continue to carry on, for the benefit of the estate—it is in your power to realize such wages as may place you and your families in a far superior condition than hitherto.

But, when you make these wages, recollect they are not to be expended in idleness and indulgence. Above-

all things, beware of the pot-house; above all things, beware of drink. It is the great, the besetting curse of the working population of these realms. I have told you before, and I will tell you again, lest you forget the fact, that the working people of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland expend upon beer, ardent spirits, and tobacco—I am almost ashamed and regret to say it—no less than 65,000,000*l*. every year of their Why, only conceive what such a sum of money would be in the pockets of working men,—only conceive what such a sum of money would be expended in the improvement of their homes, in the education of their children, for the general benefit of themselves, to be laid up in savings' banks for an evil day, or the period of old age! Yet all this you have within your own reach; and that enormous sum of money-which if the Queen were to endeavour to take out of your pockets in the shape of taxation would cause a revolution—you spend yourselves, to your own misery, the misery of your families, and those who come after you.

His lordship then alluded to the system of evening classes which he was endeavouring to extend, urging them to avail themselves of the advantages thus afforded, and

afterwards proceeded:-

Now, my good women, I wish to say a few words on the responsibilities which rest upon you. I wish to impress upon the women, especially the daughters of toil, how great are your responsibilities, how vast your power, and what a wonderful influence you can exert over those committed to your care. Why, you women, are you aware of this, that more depends upon you, upon your conduct, upon your principles, upon the mode in which you treat and bring up your chil-

dren-more depends upon you than upon all the men in the world put together? You have the children under your care, and you have almost absolute command over them until eight or nine years of age; and during that time what is there you may not implant in their minds? What is there you may not teach them to do and believe? Do you discharge this duty, or do you neglect the obligation imposed upon you?

Oh! let me impress upon you that your own happiness, the happiness of your husbands, the happiness of your children-more, the dignity and happiness of the country to which you belong, depend upon the way in which you perform your duties. What makes a great nation? What are lords and ladies—what are all the great folks without a moral and happy people living in the realms? You it is who constitute the strength of a nation; and you it is who will constitute the weakness of a nation if you do not bestow yourselves, by the blessing of Almighty God, to giving to the children committed to your care the advice and instruction you may learn from the lips of your pastors and from the open Bible.

God has committed to every one a duty; and bear in mind your first duty to your children and your husbands imposes upon you the necessity of giving them a cleanly, cheerful, happy home. Many a husband has been driven to the pothouse by indifference to this and the conduct of the wife, and many a husband may be won back by the attractions of a comfortable home and the decent and cheerful demeanour of the wife. Depend upon it, there is nothing more honourable, nothing more dignified, nothing more captivating, nothing more attractive to the heart, nothing that can more deeply impress the mind of a thinking man, than to see the decent, happy home of one of the working classes.

Let me remind you that there sits on the throne of these realms one who is a bright example to every one, even the poorest, in her dominions. There can be nothing more beautiful or more simple than her domestic life—nothing more respectful to her husband—nothing more tender to her children; but of this I am sure, that nothing would give her more delight than that we might be able to say-"After all, good as you are, happy and honourable as your life may be, your Majesty is no better than the rest of your subjects." Would to God we might be able to say it! Do you labour to obtain that happy end? I shall not be wanting, by God's blessing, to aid you in the work. I have done what I can; and, by the blessing of God, I will go on to improve your attention throughout.

dwellings and to take care that every peasant on the estate shall have a dwelling with everything that decency and comfort require. But then, if I do these things at considerable expense and labour, you must join with me and strengthen my hands, and show the work I undertake is not altogether fruitless. My good men, my good women, can I trust and believe that from this day forward you will labour with me in this happy work, for the honour of the estate, for your own comfort, and for the good of all? His lordship concluded with a few words of earnest exhortation, reminding them of the blessings they enjoyed, that they were a free people, a British people, and that it was their own fault if they were not a Christian people.

The observations of the noble earl were listened to with profound

Paetry.

EVENING HYMN.

(From the German of Luther.)

Thou Shepherd of Thy sheep, Whose watchful eye no sleep Nor e'en slumber knows; Thy wondrous goodness still Hath been my shield from ill, From daybreak to its close;

Through the night Watch still-and bright Shall be th' array of heavenly hosts All round me at their posts!

With a kind father's love. Defend me from above, E'en from the Arch-fiend dread; My conscience set at ease. I rest my head in peace, Since Thy Son The work hath done. By His deep wounds all borne for me, From wrath to set me free.

My affections, too, I pray, Let no ill turn away,

They are Thine and mine! Take body, spirit, soul, Lord! Thou possess the whole,

To Thee I all resign!

I with Thee. And Thou with me: So shall our union never cease, And I shall rest in peace.

What if this night my bed Be a grave for my head-One moment here, next gone? If, Lord, thou callest me, Fit t' appear should I be Before Thy white throne?

If to sin dead, I'm pardonéd; Look I but on Christ's wounds by faith. I die an hourly death!

Hush! now my room I'll close, To take my sweet repose, Which may no trouble break, Safely me sheltering 'Neath thy almighty wing-Thy little child take! Lord, thou 'lt be

My lock and key: And, if another day I see, Thou 'lt further care for me!

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

81. Where is death spoken of as the "King of Terrors"? 82. Where did Paul go immediately after his conversion?

83. What was the prayer of the man "full of leprosy," who came to Jesus to be cleansed?

84. For what purpose was the "Son of man lifted up"?

85. Where are these words, "Thy Spirit is good"? 86. By whom, and when shall these words be said, "He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths "?

87. What is it by which "no flesh shall be justified?"

88. Who is it who specially "committeth himself" unto God?

Answers to Questions of last Month.

(73.) Matt. xxviii. 13. (74.) Hos. xiii. 14. (75.) Isa. xlvi. 4. (76.) Ps. xxxix. 7. (77.) 2 Kings xxiii. 25. (78.) 1 Sam. xx. 2, 3. (79.) Matt. xviii. 15. (80.) Rem. viii. 37.

THE

FRIENDLY VISITOR,

EDITED BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

WILL YOU BE SAVED?

You need salvation. You need nothing so much. No man ever needed health or friends, or help from man, so much as you need salvation. Without it you have before you an undone eternity. Your sins rise up like the mountains. Unless they be pardoned, they will like a mighty millstone sink you to an eternal hell. Unless they be subdued, they will torment and defile you for ever. Your natural ignorance of God, if it continue, will be as fatal as heathenism. Oh, you need salvation. You must be saved. Your soul is worth too much to allow it to be for ever lost. You cannot afford to be damned. Will you be saved?

You may be saved. God says so in many parts of His blessed Word. He also tells you how rich are the provisions of His grace. You have no wants but can be supplied from the vast storehouse of His mercy. Twenty-six times in one psalm of as many verses it is said, "His mercy endureth for ever." His Son has died. Heaven calls you. Others are entering. There yet is room. Will you be saved?

You must be saved soon, or not at all. The day of grace will not last for ever. God's Spirit will not always strive with man. There is but one lifetime on earth given to any man, and that is very short. Life ended without an interest in Christ, eternity must be awful. This moment God waits

to be gracious. Beware how you lightly esteem the most glorious offers ever made to sinners, even by God Himself. Oh, will you now be saved?

If you are saved, it must be by the blood and merits of Christ. There is no safety for any sinner who attempts to go through the trials of the last day in any other righteousness but that of Christ. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags;" "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified;" "The just shall live by faith;" "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth"—these are some of the forms in which God's word shuts us up to the faith of Christ. No blood, no merits, no advocacy, no priesthood, no sacrifice but Christ's can avail. Will you be saved by Christ? Will you?

Nor can you be saved without a new heart. You must be born again, you must be converted. Your will and affections must be changed by the power and energy of the Holy Ghost. He can take away the heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh. He can destroy the love of sin within you, and write the love of God on your heart. He can purify your affections, and make you fit for the heavenly inheritance. He only can effect so great a change. Will you be saved by the power of the Holy Spirit?

Will you be saved? I hope you will. Many are praying that you may. God invites; mercy calls; hell threatens. Your case is urgent. No mortal can state any case more so. If you die in your sins, you will mourn at the last, when your flesh and your body are consumed, and say, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me." Oh, will you be saved?

Some one says that hell is the truth seen too late. Will you not see the truth in time to be saved by it? Open your eyes. Oh, think; oh, consider. If you die without the salvation of the Gospel of Christ, you die "without mercy." Why will you pull down ruin on your poor perishing soul?

I ask again—it may be the last time any mortal will ever ask, time is running on fast—WILL YOU BE SAVED?

BLIND JEMMY.

As Shaw, the Yorkshire colporteur, was passing a bookstall one afternoon in London, in the course of his rounds he observed a blind man led by a dog (to whom he spoke as "Blucher"), turning over some little books, which the boy in attendance appeared to have reserved for him as a well-known customer. They were small religious books for children, and the blind man from time to time requested the boy to read to him a paragraph here and there, selecting for purchase those from which a sentence seemed to please him.

After watching him for a little time, Shaw addressed some question to the blind man on the nature of the books he was buying, and a smile brightened over his face, though not in his eyes, as he recognised the dialect of a fellow-countryman. "Do you know Staley-bridge and Dukinfield?" said he in reply.

"How came you to think I

did?" said Shaw.

"Oh, I knowed you by your tongue. I come myself from thereabouts. Let's come and talk over a cup of tea, and then you can read me some more of these books. Stay," said he; "how do you get your living?"

"I, too, sell books," said Shaw; "but they are all of one kind. I am a Bible-seller. sell this book for tenpence

(putting one into the man's hand). It is a beautiful looking book, as you can feel, perhaps; but not one that you can read. You have not a Bible, I

suppose?"

"O yes, I have the Gospels in raised letters, and I sometimes carry one with me, and sit down to read it to the children in a quiet place, and they gather round and listen, and I want these little books to sell to them. I sell a great many, and so do some good, and turn a penny for myself, which sadly I want since poor Fanny died. Fanny was my wife, you know, and I lost her last Christmas."

So Shaw went home with him to tea, not for the sake of the tea, but the companionship. He found he lived in a little very clean back room in Portpool-lane. The tea was only herb tea, but it was given with a welcome. The man said he was well known in London as "Blind Jemmy," and that he had many friends. He had lost his sight twelve years ago, having been an engine-fitter on the London and North-Western Railway, and in chipping metal facing another man, one of his eyes had been chipped out, and the other not long after had decayed away. He had had the best medical aid afforded him by the Company, but his sight was irrecoverably gone.

"I had lost," said poor Jem-

my, "my working sight, but not long afterwards God gave me my spiritual sight. I lived then with some uncles and aunts down in your parts, and they were pious people, and taught me the true comfort. I remember well a solitary place—a little running brook in Rochdale-where I first knelt down and could say, 'Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine; and He has cared for me ever since. Soon afterwards he gave me Fanny, and He has never suffered me to want my humble People often say to me, specially since I lost Fanny, 'Jemmy, why don't you go into the workhouse?' 'I do go there,' I answer, 'once a week, but it is to carry sixpence to a man who used, when he was able, to give me my two shillings, so I never forget him; but may God keep me from abiding beneath that hard and heavy knocker."

"Your place is very clean, Jemmy," said Shaw. "You tell me that you're out all day going your rounds with Blucher, how do you have it so clean?"

"I am always up at five," said Jemmy, "I can't sleep any longer. I have to wash myself and say my prayers. I clean it as Fanny did, on a Friday, that I may not have so much to contend with on a Saturday, and that I may be ready for Sunday. I tie a cord across the floor, that I may know how far I have scrubbed, and not do it over again; but, ah, since Fanny died, I've often been in my difficulties. If the buttonholes of my coat are worn out I have to mend them myself."

Much more of interesting

detail passed.

How God has His children scattered about in the most unlikely places!

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

A DREAM.

I DREAMT that I was walking in a nobleman's park, the tall trees were in clusters, and their arches everywhere admitted light and shade in beautiful contrast. The wild birds had their home here, and even the timid deer were seen bounding from one thicket to another, without uttering the wild whistle which we hear in forests when a deer sees a man. In the midst of all that was lovely stood the old family mansion, and there it had stood for cen-

turies,—its towers, its wings, its great niche for the family plate, its gardens and stables, and its thousand conveniences and elegances. But all around the house was still. The clock in the tower was stopped, the horses in the stable were unharnessed, and the domestics were gathered round in whispering groups; the bell and the knocker were bandaged, and I knew that death was looking into the windows, or that he had already entered

the door. On entering the lofty rooms, pannelled and stuccoed after the fashion of other days, you of necessity associated it all with great wealth. In the antiquated but beautiful furniture, you saw at a glance, that in no generation had the possessor been called upon for self-denial. In one of the most remote rooms, whose doors were curiously inlaid with variegated wood-whose carpet rendered the heaviest tread a velvet one, lay an old man, the possessor of all this estate. He was tall, noble in mien, but trouble had most evidently known him long. His countenance was sunken and haggard, the lips colourless, and the breast scarcely moving as he breathed with great difficulty. It was difficult to say whether he was weighed down most heavily by bodily or mental agony. Friends were standing near him, but they were not near him in blood. Servants were in waiting, anxiously waiting, but their sorrows were not those which children have A large for a dying father. scroll of parchment was lying on the table, it was the will of the dying nobleman. The gentleman named in it as executor was carefully reading it over.

"Mr. Douglas," said the dying man, "I know you will scrupulously observe all the directions of that instrument. I believe I have been minute and particular. As to that son—my only child!—the memory of the past is overwhelming. I have cared for him and loved him. Oh, what returns have I received from

him! Ungrateful, disobedient, prone to all that is evil, giving himself up to every vice, he grew more and more vile, till at last he fled from me and from his country, and for many years has lived in a foreign land, amid society and scenes which I dare not think of. During all these years I have supplied his necessary wants, and have tried to recal him; but he scorns every overture I can make. For the last six months I have sent by every mail, sometimes writing, sometimes sending special messengers, urging him to return to me, promising him that I will forgive all, and make him my heir if he will return. have taken the pains to be assured that my messages and letters have been put into his hands, as many as one a week for a long time. that will, Mr. Douglas, I have directed that if he returns before my death, even if it be but an hour before I die he shall still be my son and heir. If he does not, the reason is that he is unworthy, and I have cut him off from all part in the inheritance. You understand me, do you not, sir?"

"I do, sir; I shall follow your directions to the letter."

At that moment the sufferer was seized with anguish, and the pain brought large drops of cold sweat upon his forehead. It seemed as if his end must be at hand.

My dream was changed. I seemed to be ascending the creaking stairs of an old building in one of the narrowest

and most filthy streets in New 1 All around seemed dirty, decaying, and vile. These stairs led up into a comfortless attic story. It was about noon. The room had an old table, a few broken chairs, a cot bed. as its furniture, while bottles that were empty, and cards scattered round, showed that it was a miserable haunt of dissipation. A young man sat leaning on the table, who wore a torn coat, dirty shirt, and slovenly garments to correspond. A large letter lay before him. His eyes were red, his countenance haggard and woful, and everything about him distressing. He was musing over the letter. He would read it, or a part of it, and then get up and hurriedly walk across the room. Again he would sit down and read. After doing so repeatedly, he suddenly stopped, and said aloud: "Yes, it is so. I have tried this course a great while. My companions are friends just as long as my money lasts, and they forsake me till I receive more. Once more I am stripped, and they have helped to strip me, and have even proposed to me to commit robbery, in order to replenish their wants and mine! When have they ministered to me? have been in the hospital, and in prison, and not one of them ever came to me! And yet my good father-how differently has he done! It is plain, too, that he is very near his end. The physician says there is no hope of my reaching him alive, unless I do it within thirty days from this very day.

If I reach him I may receive his pardon, his blessing, and his property; if I fail, I lose all. And now what shall I do? And the packet—the last packet sails this very day! Here I am a beggar, when I might there be the possessor of all the heart could wish. Nothing but my sins have kept me from all this. Can I give these up? I will make the trial. will make one effort more to recover and save myself. This letter insures the payment of my passage when I reach home. And at twelve o'clock the packet sails. She must be already down at the harbour, and the steamboat must in a few minutes leave the wharf with the passengers and the mails. I have not a moment to lose."

He waited and thought, and waited: he could not make up his mind. At length away went the young man down the stairs, and down the alley, with nothing but a small bundle of clothing under his arm. Towards the wharf I saw him rush. Panting and pale he went onward. Some thought him deranged—some thought him a thief—all thought him to be in a hurry. At length he sees the wharf, and hears the hissing of the steam of the boat that is to carry the passengers down to the ship already under sail. There is the boat — and there! — they are just letting her off from her moorings! Away he darts, and reaches the wharf. she is off, and he is just one minute too late! In agony he saw it all, and cried: "Too late! too late!" and sank down in despair. It was too late, and he lost the inheritance for ever. What a dream!

Reader, you have a Father, and you may have an estate. Take care that you be not too late to obtain it. God is your Father—you are His wayward and rebellious child. You have crossed a very ocean of sin to be away from Him, and you have tried to drown all thoughts of Him in pleasure—in business —in dissipation—in indifference. He has sent after you many messages, beseeching you to return and be reconciled, and promising to make you heir of all things; nay, He has sent a vessel to bring you over,

free of trouble and expense, if vou will but come. Hitherto you may have despised His love and refused His offers. He sends you yet another message; and the vessel is still waiting - even the Covenant Ark; will ye not arise and enter, and go to your Father? Ye may not have another message sent, and this very day the vessel may depart. You will wish then you had gone, but it will be "too late." "Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation." Beware lest the ocean of sin, which separates between you your Father, rise and sweep you into wrath.

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

An eminent living divine lays down, with respect to public amusements generally, six principles, to be measures or standards of reference, by which, when any amusement or pleasure is proposed, it shall directly stand or fall. They are these :-1. Whatever corrupts or impairs the body, is wrong. 2. Whatever vitiates, enfeebles, or dissipates the mind, is wrong. Whatever draws away the mind from higher privileges than those which we already enjoy, wrong. 4. Whatever encourages vice or induces danger to others, is wrong. 5. Whatever involves an enjoyment which is merely selfish, is wrong. 6. Whatever by its indulgence detracts from our power of benefiting others, is wrong.

Applying this standard to theatrical representations, as they at present exist, he maintains that, by the second principle, since they are, too generally, "but an excitement of glitter, untrue situations of vulgar life, stimulants to the passions, and provocations to the derision of things holy," they must, as at present exhibited among us, be cast aside.

Further, he contends that, upon the same principle, the society that is commonly to be met with at theatres, must produce an effect that is, on every account, to be guarded against. "The knowledge of corruption round about you," he observes, "must sully and stain the purity which is within you, and the whiter the purity the more visi-

ble the stain. It is just as possible for a man in sound health to breathe an impure gas and remain in sound health, as it is for pure minds to breathe the atmosphere of theatres and remain pure."

It can scarcely be denied, either, that such indulgences are calculated to draw the mind from higher duties, to encourage vice or produce danger to others; and hence, two more of the principles referred to are clearly violated. While as certainly is

the further principle also violated, that "whatever, by its indulgence, detracts from our power of benefiting others is wrong;" for how, as he well asks, "can a faithful and good Christian reconcile it to himself to deny to the good works of Christianity, which are put before him, the supply required for their maintenance, on the ground that he has not the means, when those means have been exhausted at the amusement of a theatre?"

THE LITURGY.

JOHN WESLEY says:—"I believe there is no liturgy in the world which breathes more of a solid, Scriptural, rational piety, than the Common Prayer of the Church of England—its language is not only pure, but strong and elegant in the highest degree."

Dr. Doddridge says:—"The language is so plain as to be level to the capacities of the meanest, and yet the sense is so noble as to raise the conception

of the greatest."

Robert Hall (a Baptist) says of the liturgy:—"I believe that the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastened fervour of its devotion, and the majestic simplicity of its language have combined to place it in the very first rank of uninspired compositions."

Grotius says our liturgy comes so near the primitive pattern that none of the Reformed Churches can compare with it. The members of the Dutch Reformed denominations give this testimony:—" Her spirit-stirring liturgy, and a scrupulous adherence to it, has, under God, notwithstanding the mutations of men and things, and all the aspersions cast upon her, as coldness, formality, and a want of evangelical feeling—we say a scrupulous adherence to her liturgy has preserved her integrity beyond any denomination of Christians since the Reformation."

Bucer:—"When I thoroughly understood the liturgy, I gave thanks to God who had granted to the Church to reform her rites to that degree of purity."

The Divines of the Synod of Dort say:—"We have a great honour for the good order and discipline of the Church of England, and heartily wish that we could establish ourselves upon this model."

Baxter:—"I constantly join in my parish church in liturgy and sacraments."

Watson, a Methodist also, says:- "Such a liturgy makes the service of God's house appear more like our true business on the Lord's day."

Dr. Adam Clarke:—"The doctrine of the Church of England I most conscientiously acknowledge, as constituting the true Christian creed. I never had anything to unlearn when, with a heart open to conviction, I read in parallel the New Testament and the liturgy of the Church."

In a letter to Mrs. Wilkinson:- "Again, the rite itself (confirmation) is useful to call these things (our Christian obligations) to remembrance, and who knows how much grace may be received during the performance of the ceremony, and especially by having a holy man's hand laid on your head, and the blessing and protection of God solemnly invoked in your behalf? Tell these things to your dear daughters and sons—tell them another thing, of which few would think—namely, that, not having the opportunity of being confirmed when I had arrived at the age in which I had ecclesiastic right to receive it, I was determined not to be without it, and therefore went and received confirmation, even since I became a Methodist preacher. You see now, my good sister, both from my teaching and from my practice, what I think of the rite of confirmation."

Dr. Adam Clarke:-" It (the liturgy) is almost universally esteemed by the devout and pious of every denomination; a work which all who are acquainted with it deem superior to everything of the kind produced either by ancient or modern times, and several of the and services prayers were in use from the first ages of Christianity, and many of the best of them before the name of Pope or Popery was known in the earth—next to the Bible it is the book of my understanding and of my heart."

In writing to the Rev. Mr. G., April 2, 1761, vol. xii., 246, Wesley says :- "I quite agree, we neither can be better men, nor better Christians, than by continuing members of the Church of England."

"Now I beseech you, brethren," says the inspired Apostle, "by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no division among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." "Mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which we have learned, and avoid them." "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." "Whoso is wise will ponder these things."

THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

WE slip along you busy street | It seems like a wave upon the with the teeming multitude. restless sea, heaving and moanmg onward ever. Look at the care in each man's face—the busy troubled eye, and anxious glance: see how hurried are our fellow-men, as though they were engaged in a contest with time, and it was outstripping them like a racer on the course. See how changing is everything. Few years may have elapsed since we last looked on that scene, but at every step we see something new. Old landmarks swept away; the familiar places of our earliest days have given room to novelties. We look upon the homes where those we loved once lived, but they are gone. Strange faces that stare cold ignorance into our eyes give us no welcome now by the hearth that was our childhood's

home, and consecrated with its tenderest remembrances. Our fathers, where are they? our friends, where are they? time writing its wrinkles upon every brow, and death stretching its hand over everything we love? and change its sharp scythe to the roots of all the early blossoms of her hope? So it is; there is nothing permanent; we feel that the very earth beneath us is moving, changing, restless, and trembling under our feet to engulf us, as soon it will; we look above us, and the fleeting clouds are sailing over us, now dark, now light, but passing ever; and we exclaim, "Will nothing rest? will nothing stay?"

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

" The Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me." - Psalm xlii. 8. (In the night will declare it.)-There is not leisure to hear in the time of trouble; listen while it is well with you; hear when it is well with you; learn, when all is tranquil, the instruction of wisdom, and lay up the word of God as food. When any one is in trouble, that should be his help which he has heard when in security. For in prosperous things God commands His lovingkindness, if thou servest Him faithfully; for He delivers thee from trouble. But it is in the night that He declares to thee that mercy which He sent to thee in the

day. When trouble shall come. He will not leave thee: He will show thee the truth of that which He sent to thee in the day. His help would not be known to thee unless trouble came, from which thou shouldest be delivered by Him who made His promise to thee in the day. Therefore let us imitate the ant. For as prosperity is signified by the day, and adversity by the night, so also is prosperity signified by summer, and adversity by winter. And what doth the ant? lays up in summer what it may use in winter. Thus, when it is summer-when it is well with you, when you are tranquil-hear the word of God. For how should it be that, in

the tempests of this life, you should cross the whole sea without tribulation? How could it be? To whom among men has it happened? If it has so happened to any one, that very calm was more to be feared. (v. 8.)—"And my prayer unto the God of my life." (With me is prayer to the God of my life.)—This, then, I do, a hart thirsting and panting after the water brooks. remembering the sweetness of that voice by which I have been led through the tabernacle even to the house of God: so long as this corruptible body presseth down the soul, "with me is prayer to the God of my life." For, that I may make supplication to God, I am not about to buy aught from places across the sea; nor, in order that my God should hear me. shall I set sail to bring frankincense and spices from afar, or the calf or the ram from my flock. "With me is prayer to the God of my life." I have a victim within that I may sacrifice: I have incense within that I may offer: the sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit. Hear the utterance of this sacrifice of a troubled spirit. (v. 9.) "I will say unto God my rock, Why hast Thou forgotten me?"—For I am troubled, as if Thou hadst forgotten me. But Thou triest me thus; and I know that, though Thou delayest, Thou takest not away from me that which Thou hast promised. Yet, "why hast Thou forgotten me?" Such also was the cry of our Head, speaking with our voice—" My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"-St. Augustine on the Psalms.

From a Letter of the Rev. C. Simeon to the Bishop of Calcutta. 1832.—It is, doubtless, a most joyful thought, that we have redemption through the blood of our adorable Saviour, even the forgiveness of sins. have no less comfort in the thought that He is exalted to give repentance and remission of sins. I would not wish for the latter without the former. I scarcely ask for the latter in comparison of the former. feel willing to leave the latter altogether in God's hands, if I may but obtain the former. Repentance is in every way so desirable, so necessary, so suited to honour God, that I seek that above all.

The tender heart, the broken and contrite spirit, are to me far above all the joys that I could ever hope for in this vale of tears.

I long to be in my proper place; my hand on my mouth and my mouth in the dust. I would rather have my seed-time here, and wait for my harvest till I myself am carried to the granary of heaven. I feel this to be safe ground. If I have erred all my days, I cannot err here.

I am sure that whatever God may despise (and I fear that there is much which passes under the notion of religious experience that will not stand very high in His estimation), He will not despise the broken and contrite heart. I love the picture of the heavenly hosts, both saints and angels; all of them are upon their faces before the throne. I think we hardly set this forth in our

sermons as we ought to do. At all events, for me, I think this is the proper posture now, and will be to all eternity.

On the 80th Psalm.—On the burden of this Psalm, so to call it (see verses 3, 7, 19), it may be observed, that we get the person of the Lord strikingly revealed through Scripture. Thus, regarded in different lights. He is both the answerer of prayer and the suppliant. He receives the Spirit, and pours out the Spirit (Zech. xii. 10; Acts ii. 22, 23). He is the Rock (Matt. xvi. 18), and yet He looks to God as the Rock (Ps. lxii.). He is one of the flock (Ps. xxiii.), and yet the Shepherd of the flock (John x.). He is on the throne praised, and yet the leader of the people's praise (Ps. cxvi.: Rev. v.). He is a Priest, and yet the redeemed are priests to Him (Rev. xx. 6). In one respect he is a Jew, desiring, as here, the Divine favour for His nation, and waiting for the face of Jehovah to be turned against His people (Isa. viii. 19). another respect, He is as Jehovah Himself, the God of Israel, with His face turned away from His people (Matt. xxiii. 39); thus strikingly revealed in both His Divine and human place both as the expectant head of Israel, and yet as Israel's God. All this can be understood when the great mystery of "God manifest in the flesh." and its glorious results, are understood. But who can utter it all? See Psalm xviii.

"There is no peace, saith my

God, to the wicked:" "they are like the troubled sea that cannot rest:" in storms a raging ocean, and in summer's screnest day ebbing or flowing and breaking its billows, like the world's joys and happiness, on a beach of wrecks and withered weeds. Seek Christ—seek your peace through Him-seek it in Him, and, saved yourself— yourself plucked from the wreck-oh, remember the perishing: let the first breath and effort of your new life be spent for others. I give you an example: and in the words spoken for a fellow-sufferer's life, see what you should do for a fellow-sinner's soul.

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there might yet be life on board. With all their faults no men are more alive to humanity than our rough and hardy mariners, and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about; and presently a boat is lowered, and starts with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of a roaring sea: they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls from that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt

within the ample clothes; so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it. These feelings suddenly change into astonishment. It shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutters in a deep sepulchral voice, "There is another man." served himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. Oh! learn this blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world, which is drifting down to rain, there lives an unconverted one, there is "another man," let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ, and plead for that man; the cry, "Lord, save me, I perish," changed into one as welcome to a Saviour's ear, "Lord, save them, they perish."—Guthrie's "Gospel in Ezekiel."

Dr. Johnson would not admit a quotation in his Dictionary from works which were dangerous to religion or morality, lest any one should be entired into consulting the originals, and perchance have their minds misled for ever: a great example, which it is to be wished was more followed.

Intelligence.

MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA. -Come for a walk into the city of Canton, in company with a Shanghae missionary. Our way lies through deserted houses, and over heaps of bricks and mortar, the only remains of what was once a large and busy suburb. It lay too near the walls, however, and has all been burnt down by the rebels. Now and then you may see a skull peeping out from the ruins, or the remains of an old coffin, burnt with the house; for the Chinese often keep their dead for many months. while looking out for a good bargain in the way of a grave.

At last we come out in full view of the city walls, with gay-coloured flags fluttering in the wind, red, black, white, and blue. Some have on them the characters of the Tae

Ping T'een Kwoh, or "Celestial Kingdom of Universal Peace." Others profess to restore the old " Ming," or native Chinese dynasty, which flourished some 230 years ago. But to neither of these titles have our Shanghae rebels any claim. They are only a band of robbers and pirates, the scum of Canton and Fokien. However, we must be civil to them, for our work's sake. So as the gentry go trotting by on their ponies, dressed in silks and satins, scarlet, and blue, and green, and armed with English fire-arms, you can do no less than nod to them in return for their "Chin chin."

And here is the gate—the only one out of six that is allowed to be opened. The others are all too near the Imperial camps, and have

been stopped up with earth. This is the Siam Toong Mung, or Little East Gate; and small enough you'll say it is, for, if a tall man, you cannot march through without putting your hat in danger. But see! the gate is a double one. Having passed through the strong wicket outside (armed with cannon, so as to sweep the whole length of the wall), you turn sharp round a large bastion, and enter under the low thick arch of the gate proper. Just in front, taking up one side of the square court in which we find ourselves, is the guard-house; more flags, more firearms, and two more cannon, loaded you may be sure. The powder lies in a heap on one side, the shot on the other, and a lighted match, with men smoking, uncomfortably near. How careless these Chinese are!

Again we turn round, to the left this time, and another low arch at least ten feet thick, ends in the last gate, made of enormous timbers, studded with large iron nails.

"No admittance to-day."

"Why not?"

"Going out to fight the Im-

perials."

"But I must come in. It is my fighting day as well as yours, for I have to fight the Devil, and all

error and wickedness."

Then you hear a laugh from the Shanghae men standing round, for they are always ready to be pleased with the pleasantries of the foreign teachers, and the "old brother" who has charge of the gate comes forward. His is a very important post, and you can see by his very long hair and his determined face, that he is the right man in the right place. He is a good friend of ours, and gives a significant nod as we creep under the bar, and squeeze ourselves between the partly-opened gates.

And now we are in the besieged

city. Just in front of us are planted two more loaded cannon, with pieces of red cloth, the rebels' badge, tied round their muzzles. A few doors further on, on the right hand, you see the gate-guard, a band of fierce-looking Fokien men, who have taken possession of a large handsome house, formerly a rich silk mercer's. Some of them are gambling, others smoking, others sleeping, and most of them talking very loud in their peculiar sharp dialect. Now as we pass along, what a dead silence in the once noisy streets! Every shop and house is close shut up, except one here and there with the door open, where vegetables or meat is sold. And now and then you meet a miserable creature slinking along close to the houses, who has been to buy the oil, &c., for his daily How different from the sleek, well-to-do tradesman he once was—cheeks shrunken, face sallow, eyes staring, and knees trembling beneath him. In place of the cleanshaven heads of the Chinese outside, the hair stands up like stubble, the growth of many months; for, by order of the rebel chiefs, no barber is allowed to shave the people's heads, on pain of losing his own. The poor man shrinks from us as we attempt to speak to him, and soon disappears in his house, close barring the door. Oh, how we long to impart unto these poor creatures the Gospel of God, which could cheer them in their sad estate, and give hope to the most despairing! See here! how vain it is to bar their doors in the hope of escaping plunderers. There is a small band of rebels, some of whom have forced their way in by this broken door; some stand without, to carry off the goods and money as they are thrown forth. A Canton man, their leader, stands with loaded pistol in hand, on the opposite side of the street, and eyes

us sulkily as we pass. He would have very little objection to lodging the bullet in our heads if we attempted to interfere. Crash go the boxes and chests under the heavy axe, and you may, perhaps, hear the earnest voice of the owner imploring and supplicating, or the screams of the poor women and childen. The former will be fortunate if he be not taken off to torture till he reveals the hidingplace of his treasures. Some of these poor Chinamen I have known even to die under the torture rather than tell where those riches are, which they could never hope to enjoy. What foolishness is in the worldly heart!

"Whor-o-o-osh!"—Every head is unconsciously bent low. "Craa-ash!"-all feel relieved again, for we know the cannon-shot has lodged itself somewhere. must make up our minds to these visits, just as the besieged ones have done, for there are batteries on three sides of the city, and one at least is always at work. But at the same time we must hurry on, for only in the path of duty is the bath of safety. Notice again the death-like stillness, for we hear our footsteps echo again in these deserted streets. Now and then a window cautiously opens above, or a rebel leader

dashes past on his pony, with a few dirty attendants, and all is still There, on that open space, are two corpses. One is that of a townsman, killed last night by a stray shot, the other was blown up with gunpowder. No one cares to bury them. A little beyond are a few children digging up grass-roots, to save themselves from famishing. In a house hard by some one has hanged himself, to escape the same fate. On all sides are heaps of filth and refuse which cannot be carried forth for manure as in times of peace, and are destined to add pestilence, next summer, to all the plague of war and famine.

And so we pass on to our church, gatherour congregation at the sound of a gong, tell some fifty or sixty souls of that hell which a besieged city but faintly prefigures, and of those promises of pardon, life, and happiness which it is our blessed privilege to announce. We have some inquirers to meet in the little vestry, and then we make the best of our way homeward; and the last sound we hear as we pass under the wall outside, is the roar of a gun fired over our heads; and the last sight is that of two young women lying on the bank of the moat, shot dead in trying to escape from the "besieged city!"

Church Missionary Gleaner.

Pætry.

HYMN.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it round the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here or there;
O'er hill and dale, by spots 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive, The late or early sown; Grace keeps the precious germ alive, When and wherever grown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Then when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven sing "Harvest home."

Hymns of the Church Militant.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 89. What was Aaron to bear upon his two shoulders before God?
- 90. With what was it that David said he would be "satisfied?"
- 91. Of whom was it said, that "no man repented him of his wickedness, saying, What have I done?"
- 92. Where is the day of the Lord called "a cloudy day?"
- 93. For what purpose was Jesus baptized by John?
- 94. Why does Jesus tell us we should "watch?"
- 95. In what Epistle have we a declaration of the fervency of our Lord's prayer?
- 96. What are we to account the "longsuffering of our Lord?"

Answers to Questions of last Month.

(81). Job xviii. 14. (82). Gal. i. 17. (83). Luke v. 12. (84). John iii. 14, 15. (85). Psa. cxliii. 10. (86). Isa. ii. 3. (87). Gal. ii. 16. (88). Psa. x. 14.

